THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

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CONTAINING

TWELFTH-NIGHT.
THE WINTER'S TALE.
MACBETH.
KING JOHN.

LONDON: PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN,
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M DCC XC.

TWELFTH-NIGHT

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Perſons Repreſented.

Orſino, *Duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young gentleman, brother to* Viola.
Antonio, *a ſea-captain, friend to* Sebaſtian.
A ſea-captain, friend to Viola.
Valentine, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
Curio, }
Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.
Malvolio, *ſteward to* Olivia.
Fabian, } *ſervants to* Olivia.
Clown, }

Olivia, *a rich counteſs.*
Viola, *in love with the Duke.*
Maria, Olivia's *woman.*

Lords, Prieſt, Sailors, Officers, Muſicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a city in Illyria; *and the ſea-coaſt near it.*



TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, CURIO, *and Lords*; *Musicians attending.*

Duke. If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:

[1] There is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of *Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques*. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, July 15, 1596, that there was a version of "Epitomes des *cent Histoires Tragiques*, partie extraictes des actes des Romains, et autres, &c." Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. The comick scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare. Ben Jonson, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, seems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth-Night* in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, at the end of Act III. sc. vi. where he makes *Mitis* say, "That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting-maid: *some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving-man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." STEEVENS.

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1614. If however the foregoing passage was levelled at *Twelfth-Night*, my speculation falls to the ground. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

O, it came o'er my ear like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour[2].—Enough; no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoever[3],
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! ſo full of ſhapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantaſtical[4].

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O, when my eyes did ſee Olivia firſt,
Methought, ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart[5];

And

[2] *O, it came o'er my ear like the ſweet* ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.] Milton, in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, b. iv. has very ſucceſsfully introduced the ſame image:

" —— now gentle gales,
" Fanning their odoriferous wings, diſpenſe
" Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
" Thoſe balmy ſpoils."

The old copy reads—ſweet *ſound*, which Mr. Rowe changed into *wind*, and Mr. Pope into *ſouth*. STEEVENS.

Here Shakſpeare makes the ſouth ſteal odour from the violet. In his 99th *Sonnet*, the violet is made the thief:

" The forward violet thus did I chide:
" Sweet thief, whence didſt thou ſteal thy ſweet that ſmells,
" If not from my love's breath?" MALONE.

[3] *Of what* validity *and pitch ſoever,*] *Validity* is here uſed for *value*. See Vol. III. p. 471, n. 3. MALONE.

[4] *That it alone is* high-fantaſtical.] *High-fantaſtical*, means no more than *fantaſtical to the height*. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

" My *high-repented* blames
" Dear ſovereign, pardon me." STEEVENS.

[5] *That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart*;] This image evidently alludes to the ſtory of Actæon, by which Shakſpeare ſeems to think men cautioned againſt too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Actæon, who

And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat[6],
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft[7]
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections[8] else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections[9],) with one self-king[1]!—

Away

who saw Diana naked, and was torn in pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of princes, by shewing, that those who know that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. JOHNSON.

6 *The element itself, till seven years* heat,] *Heat* for *heated*. The air, till it shall have been warmed by seven revolutions of the sun, shall not &c. So, in *King John*:

"The iron of itself, though *beat* red hot—."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"—— And this report
"Hath so *exasperate* the king—." MALONE.

7 *How will she* love, *when the rich* golden shaft—] So, Milton, *Par. Lost*, B. iv:

"Here *Love* his *golden shafts* employs—. MALONE.

8 — *the* flock *of all affections*—] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*:

"— has the *flock* of unspeakable virtues." STEEVENS.

9 *Her sweet perfections*,—] *Liver, brain*, and *heart*, are admitted in poetry as the residence of *passions, judgment*, and *sentiments*. These are

what

Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Sea-coaſt.

Enter VIOLA[2], Captain, *and Sailors*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what ſhould I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elyſium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, ſailors?
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourſelf were ſav'd.
Vio. O my poor brother! and ſo, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure yourſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and this poor number ſav'd with you[3],
Hung on our driving boat, I ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt, that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.

what Shakſpeare calls, *her ſweet perfections,* though he has not very clearly expreſſed what he might deſign to have ſaid. STEEVENS.

[1] —*with one* ſelf-*king!*] Thus the original copy. The editor of the ſecond folio, who in many inſtances appears to have been equally ignorant of our author's language and metre, reads—*ſelf-ſame* king; a reading, which all the ſubſequent editors have adopted. The verſe is not defective. *Perfections* is here uſed as a quadriſyllable. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"Methinks I feel this youth's *perfections*—."

Self-king means *ſelf-ſame* king; one and the ſame king. So, in *King Richard II:*

"——— that *ſelf*-mould that faſhioned thee,
"Made him a man." MALONE.

[2] *Enter* Viola,] *Viola* is the name of a lady in the fifth book of *Gower de Confeſſione Amantis.* STEEVENS.

[3] — *and* this *poor number ſav'd with you,*] The old copy has—and *thoſe* poor number—. For the preſent emendation I am anſwerable. The ſailors who were ſaved, enter with the captain. MALONE.

Vio.

Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's gold:
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke in nature, as in name [4].

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orſino.

Vio. Orſino! I have heard my father name him;
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 'twas freſh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the leſs will prattle of,)
That he did ſeek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's ſhe?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd ſome twelve-month ſince; then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dy'd: for whoſe dear love,
They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the ſight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I ſerv'd that lady;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow,
What my eſtate is [5]!

Cap. That were hard to compaſs;
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No, not the duke's.

4 *A noble duke in nature, as in name.*] I know not whether the nobility of the name is comprifed in *duke*, or in *Orſino*, which is, I think, the name of a great Italian family. JOHNSON.

5 *And might not be deliver'd to the world*, &c.] I wiſh I might not be *made publick* to the world, with regard to the *ſtate* of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my deſign.

Viola ſeems to have formed a very deep deſign with very little premeditation: ſhe is thrown by ſhipwreck on an unknown coaſt, hears that the prince is a bachelor, and reſolves to ſupplant the lady whom he courts. JOHNSON.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke[6];
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service[7].
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life[8].

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted[9].

6 —*I'll serve this duke;*] Viola is an excellent schemer, never at a loss; if she cannot serve the lady, she will serve the duke. Johnson.

7 *That will* allow *me*—] To *allow* is to *approve*. So, in *King Lear:*
" ——— if your sweet sway
" *Allow* obedience"—. Steevens.

8 —*care's an enemy to life.*] Alluding to the old proverb, *Care will kill a cat.* Steevens.

9 —*let her except before excepted.*] A ludicrous use of the formal *law-phrase.* Farmer.

It is the usual language of leases: " To have and to hold the said demised premises &c. with their and every of their rights, members &c. (*except before excepted*)." Malone.

Mar.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man [1] as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo [2], and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural [3]: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath a gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink

[1] —*as* tall a man—] *Tall* means *stout, courageous.* STEEVENS. See Vol. I. p. 214, n. 4; and p. 228, n. 9. MALONE.

[2] —*viol-de-gambo,*] The *viol-de-gambo* seems, in our author's time, to have been a very fashionable instrument. In *The Return from Parnassus,* 1606, it is mentioned, with its proper derivation:

> "Her *viol-de-gambo* is her best content,
> "For *'twixt her legs* she holds her instrument." COLLINS.

[3] *He hath, indeed,—*almost *natural:*] Mr. Upton proposes to regulate this passage differently:

> He hath indeed, *all, most* natural. MALONE.

to

to her, as long as there's a paſſage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coyſtril[4], that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a pariſh-top[5]. What, wench? Caſtiliano vulgo[6]; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet ſir Andrew!

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair ſhrew.

Mar. And you too, ſir.

Sir To. Accoſt, ſir Andrew, accoſt[7].

Si,

4 —*and a* coyſtril,] A *coyſtril* is a paltry groom, only fit to carry arms, but not to uſe them. So, in Holinſhed's Deſcription of England, Vol. I. p. 162: *Coſterels* or bearers of the arms of barons, or knights: Vol. III. p. 272.—"women, lackies, and *coiſterels* are conſidered as the unwarlike attendants on an army." For its etymology, ſee *couſtille* and *couſtillier* in Cotgrave's Dictionary. TOLLET.

A *coyſtrel* or *coyſtril* is properly the ſervant of a man at arms, or life-guard of a prince. Each of the life-guards of Henry VIII. had a coyſtrel that attended upon him. Hence it came to ſignify a low mean man. MALONE.

5 —*like a* pariſh-top.] This is one of the cuſtoms now laid aſide. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in froſty weather, that the peaſants might be kept warm by exerciſe, and ou tof miſchief, while they could not work. STEEVENS.

"To ſleep like a *town-top*," is a proverbial expreſſion. A top is ſaid *to ſleep*, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a ſmooth humming noiſe. BLACKSTONE.

6 — Caſtiliano *vulgo*;] We ſhould read—*volto*. In Engliſh, put on your *Caſtilian* countenance; that is, your grave, ſolemn looks. WARBURTON.

I meet with the word *Caſtilian* and *Caſtilians* in ſeveral of the old comedies. It is difficult to aſſign any peculiar propriety to it, unleſs it was adopted immediately after the defeat of the Armada, and became a cant term capriciouſly expreſſive of jollity or contempt. *The hoſt*, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, calls Caius a *Caſtilian-king Urinal*; and in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, one of the characters ſays, "Ha! my *Caſtilian* dialogues!" In an old comedy called *Look about you*, 1600, it is joined with another toper's exclamation very frequent in Shakſpeare;

"And *Rivo* will he cry, and *Caſtile* too."

So again, in Heywood's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Hey, *Rivo Caſtiliano*, man's a man." STEEVENS.

7 Accoſt, *ſir Andrew*, accoſt.] To *accoſt*, had a ſignification in our author's time that the word now ſeems to have loſt. In the ſecond part of *The Engliſh Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655, in which the reader "who

is

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her[8], woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again; Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir[9].

is desirous of a more refined and elegant speech," is furnished with *hard* words, "*to draw near*," is explained thus: "To *accost*, appropriate, appropinquate." See also Cotgrave's Dict. in v. *accoster*. MALONE.

[8] — *board her*,] Dr. Johnson observes in his Dictionary, that one of the senses of to *board* is, to attack, or make the first attempt upon a person;—*aborder quelqu'un*. In the common French Dictionaries, "*aborder* une femme," is translated "to board a woman, to pick her up." To *board*, as it is explained by Dr. Johnson, is evidently derived as Mr. Steevens has observed, from the original naval term. Our author is frequent in this use of the word. "I would, he had *boarded* me," says Beatrice; and Mrs. Page uses the same expression. Again, in *All's well that ends well:*

"And *boarded* her in the wanton way of youth." MALONE.

[9] *It's dry, sir.*] She may intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution. JOHNSON.

The Chief Justice in the second part of *King Henry IV.* enumerates a *dry hand* among the characteristicks of debility and age. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Charmian says: "—if an *oily palm* be not *a fruitful prognostication*, I cannot scratch mine ear." These passages serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's supposition. STEEVENS.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature [1].

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

[1] — *it will not* curl by *nature.*] The old copy reads—*cool my* nature. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

Sir

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the ſtrangeſt mind i'the world; I delight in maſques and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man[2].

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take duſt, like miſtreſs Mall's picture[3]? why doſt thou not go to

2 — *and yet I will not compare with an old man.*] *Ague-cheek*, though willing enough to arrogate to himſelf ſuch experience as is commonly the acquiſition of age, is yet careful to exempt his perſon from being compared with its bodily weakneſs. In ſhort, he would ſay with Falſtaff,—"*I am old in nothing but my underſtanding.*" STEEVENS.

3 — *miſtreſs* Mall's *picture?*] The real name of the woman whom I ſuppoſe to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Frith*. The appellation by which ſhe was generally known, was *Mall Cut-purſe*. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a proſtitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of ſtolen goods, &c. &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, Auguſt 1610, is entered—"A Booke called the Madde Prancks of Merry *Mall* of the Bankſide, with her walks in man's apparel, and to what purpoſe. Written by John Day." Middleton and Decker wrote a comedy, of which ſhe is the heroine. The title of this piece is—*The Roaring Girl, or, Moll Cut-purſe*; *as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his players*, 1611. The frontiſpiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, ſmoaking tobacco. As this extraordinary perſonage appears to have partaken of both ſexes, the *curtain* which *Sir Toby* mentions, would not have been unneceſſarily drawn before ſuch a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characteriſtick. STEEVENS.

In our author's time, I believe, curtains were frequently hung before pictures of any value. So, in Webſter's *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"I yet but draw the *curtain*;—now to your picture."

Mary Frith was born in 1584, and died in 1659.—In a MS. letter in the Britiſh Muſeum, from John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, dated February 11, 1611—12, the following account is given of this woman's doing

to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace[4]. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock[5]. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart[6].

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*

doing penance: "This last Sunday *Moll Cut-purse*, a notorious baggage, that used to go in men's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place, [St. Paul's Cross,] where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of sack, before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe of Brazen-nose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court, than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear Moll Cut-purse than him." MALONE.

4 — a *sink-a-pace.*] i. e. a *cinque-pace*; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five. The word occurs elsewhere in our author. SIR J. HAWKINS.

5 — flame *colour'd stock.*] The old copy reads—*a* dam'd *colour'd stock.* *Stockings* were in Shakspeare's time called *stocks*. So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

" — or would my silk *stock* should lose his gloss else." STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

6 Taurus? *that's sides and heart.*] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular constellations. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's clothes.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, CURIO, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; What then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspéct.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,

That ſay, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part[7].
I know, thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myſelf am beſt,
When leaſt in company:—Proſper well in this,
And thou ſhall live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my beſt,
To woo your lady:—yet, [*aſide.*] a barrful ſtrife[8]!
Who-e'er I woo, myſelf would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips, ſo wide as a briſtle may enter, in way of thy excuſe: my lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours[9].

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten anſwer[1]: I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good miſtreſs Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom, that have it; and thoſe that are fools, let them uſe their talents.

[7] — *a woman's part.*] That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women were then perforated by boys. JOHNSON.

[8] — *a* barrful *ſtrife!*] i. e. a conteſt full of impediments. STEEV.

[9] — *fear no colours.*] This expreſſion frequently occurs in the old plays. STEEVENS.

[1] — lenten *anſwer:*] A *lean,* or as we now call it, a *dry* anſwer. JOHNSON.

Mar.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being ſo long abſent; or, to be turn'd away [2], is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let ſummer bear it out [3].

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither; but I am reſolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break *, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaſkins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way: if ſir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's fleſh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA, *and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Thoſe wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man: For what ſays Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a fooliſh wit [4].—God bleſs thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: beſides, you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna [5], that drink and good counſel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is

[2] —*or, to be turn'd away.*] The editor of the ſecond folio omitted the word *to*, in which he has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[3] —*and, for* turning away, *let* ſummer *bear it out.*] It is common for unſettled and vagrant ſerving men, to grow negligent of their buſineſs towards ſummer; and the ſenſe of the paſſage is: *If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching ſummer will bear out, or ſupport all the inconveniences of diſmiſſion; for I ſhall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge.* STEEVENS.

* —*if one break,*] *Points* were laces with metal tags, by which the trunk-hoſe, or breeches, were faſtened to the doublet. MALONE.

[4] —*Better a witty fool, than a fooliſh wit.*] Hall, in his *Chronicle*, ſpeaking of the death of Sir Thomas More, ſays, "that he knows not whether to call him *a fooliſh wiſe man, or a wiſe fooliſh man.*" JOHNSON.

[5] —*Madonna,*] Ital. miſtreſs, dame. So, *La Maddona*, by way of pre-eminence, the *Bleſſed Virgin.* STEEVENS.

the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd [6]: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

6 —*Any thing, that's mended, is but* patched:] Alluding to the *patch'd* or particoloured garment of the fool. MALONE.

Mal. I marvel your ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a ſtone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt, I take theſe wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, Malvolio, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools [7]!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the count Orſino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinſman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he ſpeaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a ſuit from the count, I am ſick, or not at home; what you will, to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you ſee, ſir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldeſt ſon ſhould be a fool: whoſe ſcull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes [8], one of thy kin, has a moſt weak *pia mater!*

[7] *Now* Mercury *indue thee with* leaſing, *for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools!*] *May Mercury teach thee to lie, ſince thou lieſt in favour of fools.* JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—with *learning*. MALONE.

[8] —*for here* he *comes*,—] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors have omitted the word *he*. MALONE.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here[9]—A plague o'these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat[1] makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clown. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

9 *'Tis a gentleman here*—] Sir Toby was going to describe the gentleman, but is interrupted by the effects of his *pickle-herring*. STEEV.

1 —*above heat*—] i. e. above the state of being warm in a proper degree. STEEVENS.

Mal

Mal. He has been told so; and he says; he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post [2], and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water [3], between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house,

2 —*stand at your door like a sheriff's post,*] It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other publick Acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication. So, Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"————— put off
"To the lord Chancellor's tomb, or the *shrives posts.*"
WARBURTON.

Dr. Letherland was of opinion, that "by this post is meant a post to mount his horse from, a horseblock, which, by the custom of the city, is still placed at the sheriff's door." STEEVENS.

3 —*'tis with him e'en standing water,*] The old copy has—*in.* The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In the first folio *e'en* and *in* are very frequently confounded. See Vol. III. p. 373, n. 9. MALONE.

for I never ſaw her: I would be loth to caſt away my ſpeech; for, beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very comptible[4], even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, ſir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp myſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp yourſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve. But this is from my commiſſion: I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were ſaucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in ſo ſkipping a dialogue[5].

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, ſir? here lies your way.

4 — *I am very comptible,*] Viola begs ſhe may not be treated with ſcorn, becauſe ſhe is very ſubmiſſive, even to lighter marks of reprehenſion. STEEVENS.

5 — ſkipping *a dialogue.*] Wild, frolick, mad. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"The *ſkipping* king, he ambled up and down," &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice:*

"———— take pain
"To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty,
"Thy *ſkipping* ſpirit." MALONE.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here [6] a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant [7], sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind [8].

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

6 — *I am to* hull *here*—] To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. STEEVENS.

7 *Some mollification for your giant,*] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant. JOHNSON.

Viola likewise alludes to the diminutive size of *Maria*, who is called on subsequent occasions, *little villain, youngest wren of nine*, &c. STEEVENS.

So Falstaff to his page: "Sirrah, you *giant*, &c." *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act I. MALONE.

8 *Tell me your mind.*] These words, which in the old copy make part of Viola's last speech, were rightly attributed to Olivia by Dr. Warburton. MALONE.

Mind signifies either *business* or *inclination*. Viola, taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word, replies as if Olivia had used it in the latter sense. WARBURTON.

As a messenger, she was not to speak her own mind, but that of her employer. MASON.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done [9]? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent [1], whose red, and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand lay'd on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy [2].

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labell'd to my will:

[9] *Look you, sir, such a one I* was *this present: Is't not well done?*] She says, I *was* this present, instead of saying I *am*; because she had once shewn herself, and personates the beholder, who is afterwards to make the relation. STEEVENS.

I suspect the author intended that Olivia should again cover her face with her veil, before she speaks these words. MALONE.

[1] *'Tis beauty truly* blent,] i. e. blended, mix'd together. *Blent* is the antient participle of the verb to *blend*. STEEVENS.

[2] *If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.*] Shakspeare has copied himself in his 11th sonnet:

"She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
"Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die."

Again, in the 3d sonnet:

"Die single, and thine image dies with thee." STEEVENS.

Again, in his 9th sonnet:

"Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
"The world will wail thee like a makeless wife;
"The world will be thy widow, and still weep
"*That thou no form of thee hast left behind.*"

Again, in the 13th sonnet:

"O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
"No longer yours than you yourself here live:
"Against this coming end you should prepare,
"*And your sweet semblance to some other give.*" MALONE.

as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me [3]?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adoration's fertile tears [4],
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire [5].

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd [6], free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

3 — *to 'praise me?*] i. e. to *appraise*, or *appretiate* me. The foregoing words, *schedules*, and *inventoried*, shew, I think, that this is the meaning. So again, in *Cymbeline*: "I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the *catalogue* of his endowments had been *tabled* by his side, and I to peruse him by *items*." MALONE.

4 *With adoration's fertile tears,*] *Tears* is here used as a dissyllable, like *fire*, *hour*, *swear*, &c. See Vol. II. p. 269, n. 3; and p. 379, n. 2. Mr. Pope, to supply a supposed defect in the metre, reads—

With adorations, *with* fertile tears,—

which the subsequent editors have adopted. MALONE.

5 *With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.*] This line is worthy of Dryden's *Almanzor*, and, if not said in mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule on a passage in Chapman's translation of the first book of HOMER, 1598:

"Jove *thunder'd out a sigh*;"

or, on another in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592:

"The winds of my deepe sighes
"That *thunder* still for noughts, &c." STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"O, that forc'd *thunder* from his heart did fly!" MALONE.

6 *In voices well divulg'd,*] Well spoken of by the world. MALONE.

In

In your denial I would find no ſenſe,
I would not underſtand it.
Oli. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love [7],
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills [8],
And make the babling goſſip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.
Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more;
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: ſpend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd poſt [9], lady; keep your purſe;
My maſter, not myſelf, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you ſhall love;
And let your fervour, like my maſter's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewel, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*
Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.—I'll be ſworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,

7 *Write loyal* cantons *of contemned love,*] The old copy has—*cantons*; which Mr. Capell, who appears to have been entirely unacquainted with our ancient language, has changed into *canzons*.—There is no need of alteration. *Canton* was uſed for *canto* in our author's time. So, in *The London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605: "What-do-you-call-him has it there in his third *canton*." Again, in Heywood's Preface to *Britaynes Troy*, 1609: "—in the judicial peruſal of theſe few *cantons*," &c. MALONE.

8 *Holla your name to the* reverberate *hills,*] Mr. Upton well obſerves, that Shakſpeare frequently uſes the adjective paſſive, *actively*. STEEV.

9 *I am no fee'd* poſt,] *Poſt*, in our author's time, ſignified a meſſenger. MALONE.

Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast;—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man [1].—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man [2]: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord [3],
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, Malvolio.
Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit*.
Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind [4].
Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit*.

1 —*soft! soft!*
Unless the master were the man.] Unless the dignity of the master were added to the merit of the servant, I shall go too far, and disgrace myself. Let me stop in time. MALONE.

2 *The county's man:*] *County* and *count* in old language were synonymous. See Vol. III. p. 13, n. 4. The old copy has *countes*, which may be right: the Saxon genitive case. MALONE.

3 —*to flatter with his lord,*] This was the phraseology of the time. So, in *King Richard II:*
"Shall dying men flatter *with* those that live?"
Many more instances might be added. MALONE.

4 *Mine eye* &c.] I believe the meaning is, I am not mistress of my own actions; I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and flatter the youth without my consent, with discoveries of love. JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is, I fear that my eyes will seduce my understanding; that I am indulging a passion for this beautiful youth, which my reason cannot approve. MALONE.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you ſtay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'ſooth, ſir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs myſelf[5]: You muſt know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebaſtian, which I call'd Rodorigo; my father was that Sebaſtian of Meſſaline[6], whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in an hour; If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had ſo ended! but you, ſir, alter'd that; for, ſome hour before you took me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, ſir, though it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with ſuch eſtimable wonder[7], over-far be-

5 — *to expreſs myſelf*:] That is, *to reveal myſelf.* JOHNSON.

6 — *Meſſaline,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer very judiciouſly offers to read *Metelin*, an iſland in the Archipelago; but Shakſpeare knew little of geography, and was not at all ſolicitous about orthographical nicety. The ſame miſtake occurs in the concluding ſcene of the play:

"Of *Meſſaline*; Sebaſtian was my father." STEEVENS.

7 — *with ſuch eſtimable wonder,*] Shakſpeare often confounds the active and paſſive adjectives. *Eſtimable wonder* is *eſteeming wonder*, or *wonder and eſteem*. The meaning is, that he could not venture to think ſo highly as others of his ſiſter. JOHNSON.

So Milton uſes *unexpreſſive* notes, for *unexpreſſible*, in his hymn on the Nativity. MALONE.

lieve

'lieve that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother[8], that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!—
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so[9].

[8] *— I am yet so near the manners of my mother,*] So, in another of our author's plays:

"And all my *mother* came into my eyes." MALONE.

[9] *Receive it so.*] One of the modern editors reads, with some probability, receive it, *sir*. But the present reading is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

Vio. She took the ring of me! I'll none of it [1].

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed so much,
That, sure [2], methought her eyes had lost her tongue [3],
For

[1] *She took* the *ring of me!—I'll none of it.*] This passage has been hitherto thus pointed:—She took the ring of me, I'll none of it; which renders it, as it appears to me, quite unintelligible. The punctuation now adopted was suggested by an ingenious friend, and certainly renders the line less exceptionable: yet I cannot but think there is some corruption in the text. Had our author intended such a mode of speech, he would probably have written—

She took *a* ring of me!—I'll none of it.

Malvolio's answer seems to intimate that Viola had said she had not given any ring. We ought therefore, perhaps, to read,

She took *no* ring of me;—I'll none of it.

So afterwards: "I left *no* ring with her." Viola expressly denies her having given Olivia any ring. How then can she assert, as she is made to do by the old regulation of the passage, that the lady had received one from her?

Since I wrote the above, it has occurred to me that the latter part of the line may have been corrupt, as well as the former: our author might have written—

She took *this* ring of me! *She*'ll none of it!

So before: "—he left *this* ring;—tell him, I'll none of it." And afterwards: "None of my lord's ring!"—Viola may be supposed to repeat the substance of what Malvolio has said. Our author is seldom studious on such occasions to use the very words he had before employed. MALONE.

[2] *That,* sure,] *Sure,* which is wanting in the old copy, was added, to complete the metre, by the editor of the second folio. The author of *Remarks &c. on the text and notes of the last edition of Shakspeare,* very confidently asserts, that the word was *added* by our author. He speaks as if he had been at Shakspeare's elbow; and this same *addition* must have been made by the old bard sixteen years after his death. But not to dwell upon such trifles, I shall only observe, that whoever shall take the trouble to compare the second folio with the first, will find proofs amounting almost to demonstration that all the additions, alterations, &c. which are found in the second folio, were made without any authority whatsoever. *Sure* in the present instance is not very likely to have been the word omitted in the first copy, being found in the next line but one. MALONE.

[3] — *her eyes had* lost *her tongue,*] We say a man *loses* his company when

For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis,)
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy [4] does much.
How easy is it, for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms [5]!
Alas,

when they go one way and he goes another. So Olivia's tongue lost her eyes; her tongue was talking of the duke, and her eyes gazing on his messenger. JOHNSON.

4 — *the pregnant enemy*—] Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. JOHNSON.

Pregnant is certainly *dexterous*, or *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*:
"How *pregnant* sometimes his replies are!" STEEVENS.

5 *How easy is it, for the* proper-false
In women's waxen hearts *to set their* forms!] Viola has been condemning those who disguise themselves, because Olivia had fallen in love with a specious appearance. How easy is it, she adds, for those who are at once *proper*, (i. e. fair in their appearance,) and *false*, (i. e. deceitful,) to make an impression on the hearts of women?—The *proper-false* is certainly a less elegant expression than the *fair deceiver*, but seems to me in the same thing. *A proper man*, was the ancient phrase for a *handsome man*:
"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." *Othello.*

To *set their forms* means, to plant their images, i. e. to make an impression on their easy minds. Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in this interpretation. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:
"— men have marble, *women waxen minds*,
"And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
"The weak oppress'd, the *impression of strange kinds*
"Is *form'd* in them by force, by *fraud*, or skill:
"Then call them not the authors of their ill—."
Again, in *Measure for Measure*:
"Nay, call us ten times frail,
"For we are *soft* as our complexions are,
"And *credulous to false prints*." MALONE.

Viola's reflection, how easy it was for those who are handsome to make an impression on the waxen hearts of women, is a natural sentiment for a girl to utter, who was herself in love.—An expression similar

Alas, our frailty [6] is the cauſe, not we;
For, ſuch as we are made of, ſuch we be [7].
How will this fadge [8]? My maſter loves her dearly;
And I, poor monſter, fond as much on him;
And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maſter's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, ſir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo ſurgere* *, thou know'ſt,—

lar to that of "proper-falſe" occurs afterwards in this very play, when Antonio ſays,

Virtue is beauty, but the *beauteous-evil*
Are empty trunks o'er-flouriſh'd by the devil. MALONE.

[6] *Alas, our frailty*—] The old copy has—Alas, *O frailty*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] *For ſuch as we are made of, ſuch we be.*] The old copy reads—made *if*. The very happy emendation now adopted, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Tyrwhitt. So, in the *Tempeſt* (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's;)

" ———— we are ſuch ſtuff
" As dreams are *made of*."

Of and *if* are frequently confounded in the old copies. Thus in the folio, 1632, *King John*, p. 6: "Lord of our preſence, Angiers, and *if* you." [inſtead of—*of* you.]
Again, *of* is printed inſtead of *if*. *Merchant of Venice*, 1623:

"Mine own I would ſay, but, *of* mine, then yours."

In *As you like it* we have a line conſtructed nearly like the preſent, as now corrected:

" Who ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour." MALONE.

[8] *How will this fadge?*] To *fadge* is to ſuit, to fit. So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "All this *fadges* well." STEEVENS.
See Vol. II. p. 307, n. 2. MALONE.

* —*diluculo ſurgere,*] *ſaluberrimum eſt.* This adage our author found in Lilly's Grammar, p. 51. MALONE.

Sir

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements [9]?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop [1] of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clown. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three [2]?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast [3]. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and

9 *Do not our lives consist of the four elements?*] So, in our author's 45th sonnet:

"My life being made of four, with two alone
"Sinks down to death, &c."

So also, in *King Henry V*: "He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." MALONE.

1 — *a* stoop—] A *stoop*, cadus, à στoππα, Belgis stoop. Ray's Proverbs, p. 111. In Hexam's Low Dutch Dictionary, 1660, a *gallon* is explained by *een kanne van twee stoopen*. A *stoop*, however, seems to have been something more than half a gallon. In a catalogue of the rarities of the Anatomy-Hall at Leyden, printed there, quarto, 1701, is "The bladder of a man containing four *stoop*, (which is something above two English gallons) of water." REED.

2 — *the picture of* we three?] I believe Shakspeare had in his thoughts a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited, with this inscription under it: "*We three* loggerheads be." The spectator or reader is supposed to make the third. The clown means to insinuate, that Sir Toby and Sir Andrew had as good a title to the name of *fool* as himself. MALONE.

3 *By my troth, the fool has an excellent* breast] *Breast*, is *voice*. So, in the Statutes of Stoke College, founded by Archbishop Parker, 1535, *Strypes Parker*, p. 9—"Which said queristers, after their *breasts* are changed," &c. that is, after their voices are broken. T. WARTON.

Again in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"Boy, *sing* aloud, make heaven's vault to ring
"With thy *breast's* strength." MALONE.

ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. In ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpokeſt of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians paſſing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I ſent thee ſix-pence for thy leman[4]; Had'ſt it?

Clown. I did impeticos thy gratillity[5]; for Malvolio's noſe is no whip-ſtock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now, a ſong.

Sir To. Come on; there is ſix-pence for you: let's have a ſong.

Sir And. There's a teſtril of me too: if one knight give a—

4 —*for thy* leman;] The old copy has *lemon*. The emendation, if it may be called ſo, was made by Mr. Theobald. *Leman* was frequently ſpelt *lemmon* in our author's time. So, in a *Looking Glaſs for London and England*, a play by T. Lodge and R. Greene:

"Venus' *Lemmon* arm'd in all his pomp." MALONE.

The money was given him for his *leman*, i. e. his miſtreſs. STEEV.

5 *I did* impeticos *thy gratillity*;] [illegible], Sir T. Hanmer tells us, is the ſame with *impocket thy gratuity*. He is undoubtedly right; but we muſt read: *I did* impeticoat *thy* gratuity. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the alluſion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not underſtand. JOHNSON.

Figure 12 in the plate of the *Morris-dancers*, at the end of *King Henry IV*. P. II. ſufficiently proves that *petticoats* were not always a part of the dreſs of *fools* or *jeſters*, though they were of ideots, for a reaſon which I avoid to offer.

He ſays he did *impeticoat* the gratuity, i. e. he gave it to his *petticoat companion*; for (ſays he) *Malvolio's noſe is no whipſtock*, i. e. Malvolio may ſmell out our connection, but his ſuſpicion will not prove the inſtrument of our puniſhment. *My miſtreſs has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes*, i. e. my miſtreſs is handſome, but the houſes kept by officers of juſtice, are no places to make merry and entertain her at. Such may be the meaning of this whimſical ſpeech. A *whipſtock* is, I believe, the handle of a whip, round which a ſtrap of leather is uſually twiſted, and is ſometimes put for the *whip* itſelf. STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, I did *impeticoat* or *impocket* thy *gratuity*; but the reading of the old copy ſhould not, in my opinion, be here diſturbed. The clown uſes the ſame kind of fantaſtick language elſewhere in this ſcene. Neither *Pigrogromitus*, nor the *Vapians* would object to it. MALONE.

Clown

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life[5]?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clown. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clown. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty[6]*;*
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty[7]*,*
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

[5] —*of* good life?] I do not suppose that by a song of *good life*, the Clown means a song of *a moral turn*; though sir Andrew answers to it in that signification. *Good life*, I believe, *is harmless mirth or jollity*. It may be a Gallicism: we call a jolly fellow a *bon vivant*. STEEV.

From the opposition of the words in the Clown's question, I incline to think that *good life* is here used in its usual acceptation. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor* these words are used for a *virtuous character*:

"Defend your reputation, or farewell to your *good life* for ever."

MALONE.

[6] *In* delay *there lies no plenty*;] *Delay* is certainly right. No man will ever be worth much, who *delays* the advantages offered by the present hour, in hopes that the future will offer more. So, in *King Richard III.* Act IV. sc. iii:

"*Delay* leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary." STEEVENS.

[7] *Then come kiss me*, sweet and twenty,] In some counties *sweet and twenty*, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Wit of a Woman*, 1604:

"*Sweet and twenty*: all sweet and sweet." STEEVENS.

Again, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1632:

"God ye good night, *and twenty*, sir."

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Good even, *and twenty*." MALONE.

Sir

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance [8] indeed? Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver [9]? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clown. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight [1].

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

8 — *make the welkin dance*—] That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round. JOHNSON.

9 — *draw three souls out of one weaver?*] Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have shewn the cause of it elsewhere. [See *K. Henry IV.* Act II. sc. iv.] This expression of the power of musick is familiar with our author. *Much ado about Nothing: "Now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheep's-guts should* hale souls out of men's bodies?" Why he says, *three souls,* is, because he is speaking of a catch in three parts. And the peripatetic philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls: the *vegetative* or *plastick,* the *animal,* and the *rational.* To this, too, Jonson alludes, in his *Poetaster: "What, will I turn shark upon my friends? or my friends' friends? I scorn it* with my three souls." WARBURTON.

In a popular book of the time, Carew's translation of Huarte's *Trial of Wits,* 1594, there is a curious chapter concerning the *three souls,* "*vegetative, sensitive,* and *reasonable.*" FARMER.

I doubt whether our author intended any allusion to this division of souls. In the *Tempest* we have—"*trebles* thee o'er;" i. e. makes thee thrice as great as thou wert before. In the same manner, I believe, he here only means to describe sir Toby's catch as so harmonious, that it would hale the soul out of a weaver (the warmest lover of a song) *thrice over*; or in other words, give him thrice more delight than it would give another man. Dr. Warburton's supposition that there is an allusion to the catch being in *three* parts, appears to me one of his unfounded refinements. MALONE.

1 — *to call thee knave, knight.*] The catch above mentioned to be sung by sir Toby, sir Andrew, and the Clown, from the hints given of it, appears to be so contrived as that each of the singers calls the other knave. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Clown.

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin. [*They sing a catch*[2].

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian[3], we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey[4], and *Three merry men be we*[5]. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood?

[2] *They sing a catch.*] We are informed by Sir John Hawkins that this catch, beginning *Hold thy peace*, together with the musical notes, is preserved in a book, entitled DEUTEROMELIA, printed in 1609. MALONE.

[3] — *a Cataian*,] Mr. Steevens observes, that it is in vain to seek the precise meaning of this term of reproach. The different opinions of the commentators concerning its import may be found in Vol. I. p. 225, n. 1. Whatever was the origin of the expression, it probably was used, in process of time, as a vague term of reproach, without any determinate meaning. MALONE.

[4] — *Peg a-Ramsey*,] In Durfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy* is a very obscene old song, entitled *Peg-a-Ramsey*. See also Ward's *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College*, p. 207. PERCY.

Nash mentions *Peg of Ramsey* among several other ballads. It appears from the same author, that it was likewise a dance performed to the musick of a song of that name. STEEVENS.

[5] — Three merry men &c.] *Three merry men be we*, is likewise a fragment of some old song, which I find repeated in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, and by B. and Fletcher in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

"Three merry men
"And three merry men
"And *three merry men be we*." STEEVENS.

Three merry men be we, may, perhaps, have been taken originally from the song of *Robin Hood and the Tanner*. *Old Ballads*, Vol. I. p. 89:

"Then *Robin Hood* took them by the hands,
"*With a hey* &c.
"And danced about the oak-tree;
"For three merry men, and three merry men,
"*And three merry men we be.*" TYRWHITT.

But perhaps the following in the *Old Wives Tale*, by George Peele, 1595, may have been the original. *Antiche*, one of the characters, says, "let us rehearse the old proverb,

"Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
"And three merrie men be wee;
"I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
"And Jack sleepes in the tree." STEEVENS.

Tilly-valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady*[6]! [*Singing.*

Clown. Beſhrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be diſpoſed, and ſo do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, *the twelfth day of December,*— [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-houſe of my lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your coziers' catches[7] without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? Is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time, in you?

Mal.

6 *Tilly-valley*, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon*, lady, lady!] The ballad of SUSANNA, from whence this line [*There dwelt* &c.] is taken, was licenſed by T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of "The goodly and conſtant wyfe Suſanna." There is likewiſe a play on this ſubject. T. WARTON.

Tilly-valley was an interjection of contempt which Sir Thomas More's lady is recorded to have had very often in her mouth. JOHNSON.

Tilly-valley is uſed as an interjection of contempt in the old play of *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, and is likewiſe a character in a comedy, entitled *Lady Alimony*. STEEVENS.

Maria's uſe of the word *lady* brings the ballad to ſir Toby's remembrance. *Lady, lady*, is the *burthen*, and ſhould be printed as ſuch. My very ingenious friend, Dr. Percy, has given a ſtanza of it in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 204. Juſt the ſame may be ſaid, where Mercutio applies it, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. iv. FARMER.

The oldeſt ſong that I have ſeen with this burthen is in the old Morality, entitled *The Trial of Treaſure*, quarto, 1567. The following is one of the ſtanzas:

"Helene may not compared be,
"Nor Creſſida that was ſo bright,
"Theſe cannot ſtain the ſhine of thee,
"Nor yet Minerva of great might;
"Thou paſſeſt Venus far away,
"*Lady, lady*;
"Love thee I will, both night and day,
"My dere *lady*."

7 — coziers' *catches*—] A *cozier* is a taylor, from *coudre* to ſew, part. *couſu*, French. JOHNSON.

4 Our

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up[8]!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. *Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone*[9].

Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clown. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clown. What an if you do?

Our author has again alluded to their love of vocal harmony in *King Henry IV.* P. I. "*Lady.* I will not *sing*. Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn *tailor*, or be redbreast teacher."

A *cozier*, it appears from Minshieu, signified a *botcher*, or mender of old clothes, and also a cobler.—Here it means the former. MALONE.

8 *Sneck up!*] Of this cant phrase it is not easy to ascertain the meaning. It occurs in many of the old comedies. From the manner in which it is used in all of them, it seems to have been synonymous to the modern expression, *Go and hang yourself.* MALONE.

The modern editors seem to have regarded this unintelligible expression as the designation of a *hiccup*. It is however used in B. and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, as it should seem, on another occasion: "let thy father go *sneck up*, he shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again while he lives."

Again, in the same play: "— Give him his money, George, and let him go *sneck up*." Again, in *Wily Beguiled:* "An if my mistress would be ruled by him, Sophos might go *snick up*." Again, in *The two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: "—if they be not, let them go *snick up*." Again, in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631, *Blunt Master Constable*, 1602, &c.

Perhaps in the two former of these instances, the words may be corrupted. In *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Falstaff says, "The prince is a Jack, a *Sneak-cup*." i. e. one who takes his glass in a sneaking manner. I think we might safely read *sneak-cup*, at least, in sir Toby's reply to Malvolio. I should not however omit to mention that *sneck the door* is a north country expression for *latch the door*. STEEVENS.

9 *Farewel, dear heart*, &c.] This entire song, with some variations, is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clown. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time, sir[1]! ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale[2]?

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums[3]:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule[4]; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar.

[1] *Out o'time, sir!*] The old copy reads—out o'*tune*. The emendation now adopted has been lately propos'd by Mr. Malon, who observes that this speech evidently refers to what Malvolio had said before: "Is there no respect of place—nor *time* in you? *Sir To.* We did keep *time*, sir, in our catches." The same correction, I find, had been silently made by Theobald, and was adopted by the three subsequent editors. Sr Toby is here repeating with indignation Malvolio's words.

In the Mss. of our author's age, *tune* and *time* are often quite undistinguishable; the second stroke of the *u* seeming to be the first stroke of the *m*, or *vice versa*. Hence in *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. ult. edit. 1623, we have "This *time* goes manly," instead of "This *tune* goes manly." MALONE.

[2] *Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?*] It was the custom on holidays or saints' days to make cakes in honour of the day. The *Puritans* called this, superstition, and in the next page Maria says, that *Malvolio is sometimes a kind of Puritan*. See Quarlous's *Account of Rabbi Busy*, Act I. sc. iii. in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*. LETHERLAND.

[3] —*rub your* chain *with crums:*] That stewards anciently wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants, may be proved from the following passage in the *Martial Maid* of B. and Fletcher:

"Dost thou think I shall become the *steward's* chair? Will not these slender haunches shew well in a *chain?*" Again, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:—"Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him to *scour* his gold *chain*."—The best method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by *rubbing it with crums*. STEEVENS.

[4] — rule;] *Rule* is method of life; so *misrule* is tumult and riot. JOHNSON.

Rule, on this occasion, is something less than common *method of life*. It occasionally means the arrangement or conduct of a festival or merry-making, as well as behaviour in general. So, in the 27th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*: "Cast

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword [5], and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us [6], possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass [7], that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

" Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,
" And at each pause they kiss; was never seen such *rule*
" In any place but here, at bon-fire or at yeule."

There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called *Lord of Misrule*. In the country, at all periods of festivity, an officer of the same kind was elected. STEEVENS.

5 — *a* nayword,] A *nayword* is what has been since called a *bye-word*, a kind of proverbial reproach. STEEVENS.

6 *Possess us,*] That is, *inform us, tell us*, make us masters of the matter. JOHNSON.

7 — *an* affection'd *ass,*] *Affection'd* means *affected*. In this sense, I believe, it is used in *Hamlet*—" no matter in it that could indite the author of *affection*." i. e. affectation. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 392, n. 1; and p. 414, n. 8. MALONE.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure epiſtles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I ſmell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is, indeed, a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an aſs [8].

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter; obſerve his conſtruction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Pentheſilea [9].

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to-bed, knight.—Thou had'ſt need ſend for more money.

[8] Sir And. *And your horſe now* &c.] This conceit, though bad enough, ſhews too quick an apprehenſion for *ſir Andrew*. It ſhould be given, I believe, to *ſir Toby*; as well as the next ſhort ſpeech: *O, 'twill be admirable.* *Sir Andrew* does not uſually give his own judgment on any thing, till he has heard that of ſome other perſon. TYRWHITT.

An anonymous writer aſks, "does the ingenious critick imagine it probable that Maria would call ſir Toby an aſs?" My learned friend is above taking notice of ſuch ſlender criticiſm. Maria in the ſubſequent ſpeech is not ſpeaking of ſir Andrew, or ſir Toby, but of *Malvolio*. MALONE.

[9] —*Pentheſilea*] i. e. amazon. STEEVENS.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut[1].

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come knight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, *and Others.*

Duke. Give me some musick:—Now, good morrow, friends:—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected[2] terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

[1] — *call me* Cut.] i. e. call me a *horse*. So Falstaff in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "—spit in my face, call me *horse*." That this was the meaning of this expression is ascertained by a passage in *the Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634, act III. sc. iv:

"He'll buy me a white *Cut* forth for to ride,
"And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide."

Again in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: "But master, 'pray ye, let me ride upon *Cut*." *Curtal*, which occurs in another of our author's plays, (i. e. a horse, whose tail has been docked,) and *Cut*, were probably synonymous. MALONE.

This contemptuous expression occurs in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612, The *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599, and several times in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know no body*, 1633, P. II. STEEVENS.

[2] — *recollected*—] Studied. WARBURTON.

I rather think that *recollected* signifies, more nearly to its primitive sense, *recalled*, *repeated*, and alludes to the practice of composers, who often prolong the song by repetitions. JOHNSON.

Duke.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit* CURIO.—*Musick.*

Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd[3].

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour[4].

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take
An elder than herself[5]; so wears she to him,

3 — *to the seat*
Where Love is thron'd.] i. e. to the heart. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" My bosom's lord [i. e. *Love*] sits lightly on his *throne*."
Again, in *Othello*:
" Yield up O *Love*, thy crown, and *hearted throne*—."
So before, in the first act of this play:
" —— when liver, brain and *heart*,
" These sovereign *thrones*, are all supply'd and fill'd
" (Her sweet perfections) with one self-king." MALONE.

4 —*favour.*] The word *favour* ambiguously used. JOHNSON.
For its ancient sense, see Vol. V. p. 79, n. 4. MALONE.

5 *An elder than herself*;] Our author did not in this instance follow his own doctrine. His wife was seven years older than him.
MALONE.

So

So ſways ſhe level in her huſband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn [6],
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roſes; whoſe fair flower,
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the ſong we had laſt night:—
Mark it, Ceſario; it is old, and plain:
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free [7] maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chaunt it; it is ſilly ſooth [8],
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age [9].

Clown. Are you ready, ſir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, ſing. [*Muſick.*

[6] —*loſt and* worn,] Though *loſt and worn* may mean *loſt and worn out*, yet *loſt and won* being, I think, better, theſe two words coming uſually and naturally together, and the alteration being very ſlight, I would ſo read in this place with Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

[7] —*free*—] is, perhaps, *vacant*, *unengaged*, *eaſy in mind*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *free* means here—not having yet ſurrendered their liberty to man;—unmarried. MALONE.

[8] —*ſilly ſooth*,] It is plain, ſimple truth. JOHNSON.

[9] *And* dallies *with the innocence of love,*
Like the old age.] i. e. ſports and plays with a love ſubject, as they did in old times. EDWARDS.

To *dally* is to play harmleſsly. So, in Act III. "They that *dally* nicely with words." STEEVENS.

The *old age* is the *ages paſt*, the time of ſimplicity. JOHNSON.

SONG.

SONG.

Clown. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in sad cypress let me be laid [1];
Fly away, fly away [2], *breath*;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it [3].

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true-lover [4] *ne'er find my grave,*
To weep there.

Duke

[1] *And in sad cypress let me be laid*;] In the books of our author's age the thin transparent lawn called *cyprus*, which was formerly used for scarfs and hatbands at funerals, [See *Supp. to Shakspeare*, Vol. II. p. 523.] was, I believe, constantly spelt *cypress*. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, edit. 1623:

" *Cypresse black* as e'er was crow,—"

where undoubtedly *cyprus* was meant. So again, in the play before us, edit. 1623, (as Mr. Warton has observed)

" —— a *cypresse*, not a bosom,
" Hides my heart."

See also Minsheu's *Dict.* in v. " *Cypres* or *Cypress*, a fine curled linen."

It is from the context alone therefore that we can ascertain whether *cyprus* or *cypress* was intended by our old writers. Mr. Warton has suggested in his late edition of Milton's *Poems*, that the meaning here is,—" Let me be laid in a shroud made of *cyprus*, not in a coffin made of *cypress* wood." But in a subsequent line of this song the shroud, we find, is *white*. There was indeed white cyprus as well as black; but the epithet *sad* is inconsistent with white, and therefore I suppose the wood to have been here meant. MALONE.

[2] Fly *away*, fly *away*,—] The old copy reads—*Fie* away. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

[3] *My part of death no one so true*
Did share it.] Though *death* is a *part* in which every one acts his *share*, yet of all these actors no one is *so true* as I. JOHNSON.

[4] *Sad true* lover—] Mr. Pope rejected the word *sad*, and other

modern

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clown. No pains, ſir; I take pleaſure in ſinging, ſir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleaſure then.

Clown. Truly, ſir, and pleaſure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal[5]!—I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent every where[6]; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewel.

[*Exit* Clown.

Duke. Let all the reſt give place.—Once more, Ceſario,

[*Exeunt* CURIO *and Attendants.*

Get thee to yon ſame ſovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in[7], attracts my ſoul.

Vio. But, if ſhe cannot love you, ſir?

modern editors have unneceſſarily changed true *lover* to—true *love*. By making *never* one ſyllable, the metre is preſerved. MALONE.

5 — *a very* opal!] The *opal* is a gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed in different lights.

"In the *opal* (ſays P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat Hiſt.* b. xxxvii. c. 6.) you ſhall ſee the burning fire of the carbuncle or rubie, the glorious purple of the amethyſt, the green ſea of the emeraud, and all glittering together mixed after an incredible manner." STEEVENS.

6 —*that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent* every *where*;] An intent *every* where, is much the ſame as an intent *no* where, [the reading propoſed by Dr. Warburton] as it hath no one particular place more in view than another. HEATH.

7 *But 'tis that* miracle, *and* queen of gems,
That nature pranks *her in*,—] The *miracle and queen of gems* is her beauty. Shakſpeare does not ſay [as Dr. Warburton has aſſerted,] that nature pranks her in a miracle, but in the miracle of gems, that is, in a gem miraculouſly beautiful. JOHNSON.

To *prank* is to deck out, to adorn. See Lye's *Etymologicon.* HEATH.

Duke.

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd[8].

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt[9];
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe.
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud[1]

Feed

[8] I *cannot be* &c.] The folio reads—*It* cannot be &c. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I am not sure that it is necessary, though it has been adopted in the late editions. The Duke may mean, My *suit* cannot be so answered. However, Viola's reply strongly supports the emendation. MALONE.

[9] *That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt*;] The Duke has changed his opinion of women very suddenly. It was a few minutes before that he said they had more constancy in love than men. MASON.

Mr. Mason would read—suffers; but there is no need of change. *Suffer* is governed by *women*, implied under the words "*their* love." The love of women &c. *who* suffer—. MALONE.

[1] — *like a worm i'the bud,*] So, in the 5th sonnet of Shakspeare:
"Which, like a *canker* in the fragrant rose,
"Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name." STEEVENS.

Again,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought[2];
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief[3]. Was not this love, indeed?

We

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Why should the *worm* intrude the maiden *bud?*"

Again, in *King Richard II:*

"But now will *canker* sorrow *eat* my *bud,*
"And chase the native beauty from his *cheek.*" MALONE.

[2] *She pin'd in* thought;] *Thought* formerly signified *melancholy.* So, in *Hamlet:*

"Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of *thought.*"

Again, in *the Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet,* 1562:

"The cause of this her death was inward care and *thought.*" MALONE.

[3] *She sat like* patince *on a monument,*
Smiling at grief.] So Chaucer:

"And her besidis wonder discreetlie
"Dame *Patience* ysitting there I fonde,
"With face pale upon a hill of sonde." THEOBALD.

This celebrated image was not improbably first sketched out in the old play of *Pericles:* (I think Shakspeare's hand may be traced in the latter part of it, and there only:)

" ——— thou [*Marina*] dost look
"Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
"Extremity out of act." FARMER.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"So mild, that *Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.*"

In the passage in the text, our author perhaps meant to personify GRIEF as well as PATIENCE; for we can scarcely understand "*at* grief" to mean "*in* grief:" as no statuary could, I imagine, form a countenance in which smiles and grief should be at once expressed. Shakspeare might have borrowed his imagery from some ancient monument on which these two figures were represented.

The following lines in *the Winter's Tale* seem to countenance such an idea:

"I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
"False accusation blush, and TYRANNY
"Tremble *at* PATIENCE."

In *King Lear,* we again meet with the two personages introduced in the text:

"*Patience* and *Sorrow* strove,
"Who should express her goodliest."

Again, in *Cymbeline,* the same kind of imagery may be traced:

 " —— nobly

We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

"—— nobly he yokes
"A *smiling* with a *sigh*.
"—— I do note
"That *Grief* and *Patience*, rooted in him both,
"Mingle their spurs together."

I am aware that Homer's δακρυόεν γελάσασα, and a passage in *Macbeth*,—

"—— My plenteous joys
"Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
"In drops of sorrow—"

may be urged against this interpretation; but it should be remembered, that in these instances it is *joy* which bursts into tears. There is no instance, I believe, either in poetry or real life, of *sorrow* smiling in anguish. In *pain* indeed the case is different: the suffering Indian having been known to smile in the midst of torture.—But, however this may be, the sculptor and the painter are confined to one point of time, and cannot exhibit successive movements in the countenance.

Dr. Percy however thinks, that "*grief* may here mean *grievance*, in which sense it is used in Dr. Powel's *History of Wales*, quarto, p. 356. "Of the wrongs and *griefs* done to the noblemen at Stratolyn" &c. In the original, (printed at the end of Wynne's *History of Wales*, octavo,) it is *gravamina*, i. e. grievances."—The word is likewise often used by our author in the same sense, (So, in *King Henry IV*. P. I.

—— the king hath sent to know
The nature of your *griefs*;)

but never, I believe, in the singular number.

In support of what has been suggested, the authority of Mr. Rowe may be adduced, for in his life of Shakspeare he has thus exhibited this passage:

"*She sat like* Patience *on a monument*,
"*Smiling at* Grief."

In the observations now submitted to the reader I had once some confidence, nor am I yet convinced that the objection founded on the particle *at*, and on the difficulty, if not impossibility, of a sculptor forming such a figure as these words are commonly supposed to describe, is without foundation. I have therefore retained my note; yet I must acknowledge, that the following lines in *K. Richard II*. which have lately occurred to me, render my theory somewhat doubtful, though they do not overturn it:

"His face still combating with *tears* and *smiles*,
"The badges of his *grief* and *patience*."

Here we have the same idea as that in the text; and perhaps Shakspeare never considered whether it could be exhibited in marble. MALONE.

And

And all the brothers too[4];—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay[5]. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE V.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my metal of India[6]?

4 *I am all the daughters of my father's house, And all the brothers too*;] This was the most artful answer that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer, must have raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, *that the sister died of her love*; she (who passed for a man) saying, she was all the daughters of her father's house. WARBURTON.

5 — denay.] *Denay* is *denial*. To *denay* is an antiquated verb sometimes used by Hollinshed, and also by Warner in his *Albion's England*, 1602. STEEVENS.

6 — *my* metal *of India*?] My precious girl, my girl of gold. STEEVENS.

So, in *K. Henry IV*. P. I. "Lads, boys, *hearts of gold*," &c. The old copy has *mettle*. The two words are very frequently confounded in the early editions of our author's plays. The editor of the second folio arbitrarily changed the word to *nettle*; which all the subsequent editors have adopted. MALONE.

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the ſun, practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow, this half hour: obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Cloſe, in the name of jeſting! [*The men hide themſelves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that muſt be caught with tickling. [*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, ſhe did affect me; and I have heard herſelf come thus near, that, ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complexion. Beſides, ſhe uſes me with a more exalted reſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. What ſhould I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets [7] under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could ſo beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I ſay.

Mal. To be count Malvolio:—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Piſtol him, piſtol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the ſtrachy [8] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir

7 —*how he* jets—] To *jet* is to ſtrut, to agitate the body by a proud motion. So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"Is now become the ſteward of the houſe,
"And bravely *jets* it in a ſilken gown."

Again, in *Buſſy D'Ambois*, 1607:

"To *jet* in others' plumes ſo haughtily." STEEVENS.

8 — *the lady of the* ſtrachy—] Here is an alluſion to ſome old ſtory which I have not yet diſcovered. JOHNSON.

Perhaps a letter has been miſplaced, and we ought to read—*ſtarchy*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once moſt complicated operation of *ſtarching*. I do not know that ſuch a word exiſts; and yet it would not be unanalogically formed from the ſubſtantive *ſtarch*. In *Harſnett's Declaration*, 1603, we meet with "a yeoman of the *ſprucery*;" i. e. wardrobe; and in the *Northumberland Houſehold Book*, *nurſery* is

ſpelt

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him [8].

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my ſtate *,—

Sir To. O for a ſtone-bow [9], to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed [1], where I have left Olivia ſleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimſtone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of ſtate: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they ſhould do theirs,—to aſk for my kinſman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and ſhackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

ſpelt, *nurcy*. *Starchy*, therefore, for *ſtarchery*, may be admitted. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the place where *paſte* was made, is called the *paſtry*. The *lady* who had the care of the linen, may be ſignificantly oppoſed to the *yeoman*, i. e. an inferior officer of the wardrobe. While the *five different coloured ſtarches* were worn, ſuch a term might have been current. In the year 1564, a Dutch woman profeſſed to teach this art to our fair country-women. "Her uſual price (ſays Stowe) was four or five pounds to teach them how to *ſtarch*, and twenty ſhillings how to ſeeth *ſtarch*." The alteration was ſuggeſted to me by a typographical error in *The World toſs'd at Tennis*, 1620, by Middleton and Rowley; where *ſtraches* is printed for *ſtarches*. I cannot fairly be accuſed of having dealt much in conjectural emendation, and therefore feel the leſs reluctance to hazard a gueſs on this deſperate paſſage. STEEVENS.

The place in which candles were kept, was formerly called the *chandry*; and in B. Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, a ginger-bread woman is called *lady of the baſket*.—The great objection to this emendation is, that from the *ſtarchy* to the *wardrobe* is not what Shakſpeare calls a very "heavy declenſion." In the old copy the word is printed in Italicks, as the name of a place,—*Stracby*. MALONE.

8 —*blows him.*] i. e. puffs him up. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ———— on her breaſt
" There is a vent of blood, and ſomething *blown*." STEEVENS.

* — *my* ſtate,—] i. e. a ſumptuous chair with a canopy over it. See *Macbeth*, Act III. ſc. iv. " Our hoſteſs keeps her *ſtate*." MALONE.

9 —*ſtone-bow*,] That is, a croſs-bow, a bow which ſhoots ſtones. JOHNSON.

1 —*from a* day-bed,] i. e. a couch. MALONE.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch [2], or play with my some rich jewel: Toby approaches; court'sies there to me [3]:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars [4], yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech*;—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. *You must amend your drunkenness.*

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. *Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight*;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. *One Sir Andrew*:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

2 — *wind up my watch*,—] In our author's time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion that a watch was found upon him. JOHNSON.

Again, in the *Alchemist*, 1610:

" And I had *lent* my *watch* last night to one
" That dines to-day at the sheriff's." STEEVENS.

Pocket-watches were brought from Germany into England about the year 1580. MALONE.

3 — court'sies *there to me*:] In a note on *King Henry IV.* P. I. I have observed that the term to *court'sie* was applied to both sexes. So again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" The homely villain *court'sies* to her low—." MALONE.

4 *Though our silence be drawn from us with* cars,] In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one of the Clowns says, " *I have a mistress, but who that is*, a team of horses *shall not* pluck from me." So, in this play: " *Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together.*" JOHNSON.

It may be worth remarking, perhaps, that the leading ideas of *Malvolio*, in his *humour of state*, bear a strong resemblance to those of *Alnaschar* in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*. Some of the expressions too are very similar. TYRWHITT.

Mal. What employment have we here [5]?

[*taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s[6]. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: Why that?

Mal. [*reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes*: her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft; and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] *Jove knows, I love:*
But who?
Lips do not move,
No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers alter'd! *No man must know*: if this should be thee, Malvolio?

5 *What employment have we here?*] A phrase of that time, equivalent to our common speech of—*What's to do here.* WARBURTON.

6 —*her great* P's.] In the direction of the letter which Malvolio reads, there is neither a C, nor a P, to be found. STEEVENS.

This was perhaps an oversight in Shakspeare; or rather, for the sake of the allusion hinted at in the following note, he chose not to attend to the words of the direction. It is remarkable that in the repetition of passages in Letters, which have been produced in a former part of a play, he very often makes his characters deviate from the words before used, though they have the paper itself in their hands, and though they appear to recite, not the substance, but the very words. So, in *All's well that ends well*, Act V. Helen says,

"— here's your letter; This it says:
"*When from my finger you can get this ring,*
"*And are by me with child*;"—

yet in Act III. sc. ii. she reads this very letter aloud; and there the words are different, and in plain prose: "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body, &c." Had she spoken in either case from memory, the deviation might easily be accounted for; but in both these places, she reads the words from Bertram's letter. MALONE.

I am afraid some very coarse and vulgar appellations are meant to be alluded to by these capital letters. BLACKSTONE.

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock [7]!

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:*
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel [8] checks at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity [9]. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end;—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly;—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter [1] will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

7 —*brock!*] i. e. badger. STEEVENS.

8 —*stannyel*—] The name of a kind of hawk is very judiciously put here for a *stallion*, by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

Here is one of at least a hundred instances of the transcriber of these plays being deceived by his ear. The eye never could have confounded *stannyel* and *stallion*. MALONE.

To *check*, says Latham in his book of Falconry, is "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawke, she forsaketh her natural flight, to fly at them." The *stannyel* is the common stone-hawk which inhabits old buildings and rocks; in the North called *stanchil*. I have this information from Mr. Lambe's notes on the ancient metrical history of the battle of Floddon. STEEVENS.

9 — formal *capacity.*] i. e. any one in his senses, any one whose *capacity* is not dis-arranged, or out of *form*. See Vol. II. p. 117, n. 8. STEEVENS.

1 Sowter—] *Sowter* is here, I suppose, the name of a hound. *Sowterly*, however, is often employed as a term of abuse. A *sowter* was a cobler. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, This fellow will, notwithstanding, catch at and be duped by our device, though the cheat is so *gross* that any one else would find it out. Our author, as usual, forgets to make his simile answer on both sides; for it is not to be wondered at that a hound should cry or give his tongue, if the scent be as rank as a fox. MALONE.

Mal.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope[3].

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I*;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great*[4], *some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite*[5] *with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the*

[3] *And* O *shall end, I hope.*] By *O* is here meant what we now call a *hempen collar.* JOHNSON.

I believe he means only, *it shall end in sighing*, in disappointment. So, somewhere else:

"How can you fall into so deep an *Oh?*"

Again, in *Hymen's Triumph* by Daniel, 1623:

"Like to an *O*, the character of woe." STEEVENS.

[4] —*are* born *great*,] The old copy reads—*are* become *great*. STEEVENS.

This necessary emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. It is justified by a subsequent passage in which the clown recites from memory the words of this letter. MALONE.

[5] *Be* opposite—] That is, be *adverse, hostile.* An *opposite* in the language of our author's age meant an *adversary*. See a note on *K. Ricard III.* Act V. sc. iv. To be opposite *with* was the phraseology of the time. So, in Sir T. Overbury's *Character of a Precisian*, 1616: "He will be sure to be in opposition *with* the papist" &c. MALONE.

trick

trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings[6]*; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd*[7]*: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee,*

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champian discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice[8] the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and

6 —*yellow stockings*;] Before the civil wars, yellow stockings were much worn. PERCY.

So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. II. 1615: "What *stockings* have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not *yellow*, change them."—The yeomen attending the earl of Arundel, lord Windsor, and Mr. Fulke Greville, who assisted at an entertainment performed before Q. Elizabeth, on the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week 1581, were dressed in *yellow worsted stockings*. The book from which I gather this information, was published by Henry Goldwell, gent. in the same year. STEEVENS.

See also B. Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, Act II. sc. ii. MALONE.

7 —*cross-garter'd*:] It appears, that the ancient puritans affected this fashion. Thus *Barton Holyday*, speaking of the ill success of his TEXNOΓAMIA, says:

"Had there appear'd some sharp *cross-garter'd* man,
"Whom their loud laugh might nick-name *puritan*,
"Cas'd up in factions breeches, and small ruffe,
"That hates the surplice, and defies the cuffe, &c.

In a former scene Malvolio was said to be an affecter of puritanism. STEEVENS.

8 —*I will be* point-de-vice] i. e. with the utmost possible *exactness*. This phrase is of French extraction;—*a points-devisez*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 393, n. 5. MALONE.

my

my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.*—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy [9].

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device;

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip [1], and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ [2] with a midwife.

9 — *a pension of thousands to be paid from the* Sophy.] Alluding, as Dr. Farmer observes, to Sir Robert Sherley, who was just returned in the character of *Embassador from the Sophy.* He boasted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmost splendour. STEEVENS.

See further on this subject in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. where, since the first edition of that piece, I had made the same remark. MALONE.

1 — *at* tray-trip,] The following passage might incline one to believe that *tray-trip* was the name of some game at tables, or draughts. "There is great danger of being taken sleepers at *tray-trip*, if the *king* sweep suddenly." Cecil's *Correspondence*, Lett. x. p. 136. B. Jonson joins *tray-trip* with *mum-chance*. *Alchemist*, Act V. sc. iv. TYRWHITT.

The truth of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture will be established by the following extract from *Machiavel's Dogge*, a Satire, quarto, 1617:

"But leaving cardes, let's go to dice a while,
"To passage, *treitripe*, hazard, or mum-chance." REED.

2 — *aqua-vitæ*—] is the old name of *strong waters*. JOHNSON.

Mar.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests [3]; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter VIOLA, *and* Clown *with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir, I live by the church [4].

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar [5], if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

3 — cross-garter'd, *a fashion she detests*;] Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a *footman* without *gards* on his coat, represents him as "more upright than any *crosse-garter'd* gentleman-usher." FARMER.

4 — *by thy tabor?* Clown. *No, sir, I live by the church.*] The *Clown*, I suppose, wilfully mistakes his meaning, and answers, as if he had been asked whether he lived by the *sign of the tabor*, the ancient designation of a musick shop. STEEVENS.

It was likewise the sign of an eating-house kept by Tarleton, the celebrated clown or fool of the theatre before our author's time; who is exhibited in a print prefixed to his *Jests*, quarto, 1611, with a *tabor*. Perhaps in imitation of him the subsequent stage-clowns usually appeared with one. MALONE.

5 — *the king* lies *by a beggar*,] *Lies* here as in many other places in old books, signifies—*dwells*, *sojourns*. See *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. sc. ii. MALONE.

Clown. You have ſaid, ſir.—To ſee this age!—A ſentence is but a cheveril glove[6] to a good wit; How quickly the wrong ſide may be turn'd outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would therefore, my ſiſter had had no name, ſir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clown. Why, ſir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my ſiſter wanton: But, indeed, words are very raſcals, ſince bonds diſgraced them.

Vio. Thy reaſon, man?

Clown. Troth, ſir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown ſo falſe, I am loth to prove reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and careſt for nothing.

Clown. Not ſo, ſir, I do care for ſomething: but in my conſcience, ſir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, ſir, I would it would make you inviſible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. No, indeed, ſir; the lady Olivia has no folly: ſhe will keep no fool, ſir, till ſhe be married; and fools are as like huſbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the huſband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the count Orſino's.

Clown. Foolery, ſir, does walk about the orb, like the ſun; it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, ſir, but the fool ſhould be as oft with your maſter, as with my miſtreſs: I think, I ſaw your wiſdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou paſs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, ſend thee a beard!

6 — *a cheveril glove*—] i. e. a glove made of kid leather: *chevreau*, Fr. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "— a wit of *cheveril*—." Again, in a proverb in Ray's collection: "He hath a conſcience like a *cheverel's* ſkin." STEEVENS.

Vio.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir[7]?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clown. I would play lord Pandarus[8] of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar[9]. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard[1], check at every feather

7 — *have bred, sir?*] I believe our author wrote—have *breed*, sir. The clown is not speaking of what a pair *might have* done, had they been kept together, but what they *may* do hereafter in his possession; and therefore covertly solicits another piece from Viola, on the suggestion that *one* was useless to him, without another to *breed out of*. Viola's answer corresponds with this train of argument: she does not say—"if they *had been* kept together" &c. but, "being kept together," i. e. Yes, they *will* breed, if you keep them together. MALONE.

8 — *Pandarus*—] See our author's play of *Troilus and Cressida*. JOHNSON.

9 — *Cressida was a* beggar.]
" ——— great penurye
" Thou suffer shalt, and as a *beggar* dye."
Chaucer's *Testament of Cresceyde*.
Cressida is the person spoken of. MALONE.
Again, *ibid.*
" Thus shalt thou go *begging* from hous to hous,
" With cuppe and clappir, like a Lazarous." THEOBALD.

1 — *the* haggard,] The hawk called the *haggard*, if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without distinction. STEEVENS.
The meaning may be, that he must catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk strikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly: Not *like the haggard*—. He must choose persons and times, and observe tempers, he must fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed *haggard*, to seize all that comes in his way. JOHNSON.

That

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise men's folly, fall'n [2], quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur* [3].

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list [4] of my voyage.

Vio.

[2] *But wise men's folly, fall'n,*] The sense is: *But wise men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion.* HEATH.

I explain it thus: The folly which he shews with proper adaptation to persons and times, *is fit*, has its propriety, and therefore produces no censure; but the folly of wise men when it *falls* or *happens*, taints their wit, destroys the reputation of their judgment. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*taint*; whence Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures, with great probability, that "Shakspeare possibly wrote—But *wise men*, folly-fallen, &c. i. e. wise men fallen into folly. Mr. Pope introduced *taints*, which all the subsequent editors have adopted. MALONE.

[3] *Sir And.* Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.] Mr. Theobald thinks it absurd that Sir Andrew, who did not know the meaning of *pourquoi* in the first act, should here speak and understand French; and therefore has given three of Sir Andrew's speeches to Sir Toby, and *vice versa*, in which he has been copied by the subsequent editors; as it seems to me, without necessity. The words,—"Save you, gentleman,—" which he has taken from Sir Toby, and given to Sir Andrew, are again used by Sir Toby in a subsequent scene; a circumstance which renders it the more probable that they were intended to be attributed to him here also.

With respect to the improbability that Sir Andrew should understand French here, after having betrayed his ignorance of that language in a former scene, it appears from a subsequent passage that he was a picker up of phrases, and might have learned by rote from Sir Toby the few French words here spoken. If we are to believe Sir Toby, Sir Andrew "could speak three or four languages word for word without book." MALONE.

[4] —*the list*—] is the *bound, limit, farthest point.* JOHNSON.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir [5], put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear [6].

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and *vouchsafed*:—I'll get 'em all three all ready [7].

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* MARIA.] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;

5 Taste *your legs, sir,*] Perhaps this expression was employed to ridicule the fantastick use of a verb, which is many times as quaintly introduced in the old pieces, as in this play, or in *The true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*, 1594:

"A climbing tower that did not *taste* the wind."

Again, in Chapman's version of the 21st Odyssey:

"———— he now began
"To *taste* the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg'd hard." STEEV.

6 — *most* pregnant *and* vouchsafed *ear.*] *Pregnant* means *ready*, as in *Measure for Measure*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

Vouchsafed for *vouchsafing*. MALONE.

7 — *all ready.*] The old copy reads—*already*. For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. The editor of the third folio reformed the passage by reading only—*ready*. But omissions ought always to be avoided if possible. The repetition of the word *all* is not improper in the mouth of Sir Andrew. MALONE.

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—
Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than musick from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady,—
Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you[8]: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here[9],
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,

[8] — *'beseech you:*] This ellipsis occurs so frequently in our author's plays, that I do not suspect any omission here. The editor of the third folio reads—*I* beseech you; which supplies the syllable wanting, but hurts the metre. MALONE.

[9] —*you did* here,] The old Copy has—*heare*. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. The two words are very frequently confounded in the old editions of our author's plays, and the other books of that age. See the last line of *King Richard III.* quarto, 1613:

"That she may long live *heare*, God say amen."

Again, in *The Tempest*, folio, 1623, p. 3, l. 10:

"*Heare*, cease more questions."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1623, p. 139:

"Let us complain to them what fools were *heare*."

Again, in *All's Well that ends well*, 1623, p. 239:

"That hugs his kicksey-wicksey *heare* at home."

Again, in Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, Vol. I. p. 205:

"—to my utmost knowledge, *heare* is simple truth and verity."

I could add twenty other instances, were they necessary. Throughout the first edition of our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, which was probably printed under his own inspection, the word we now spell *here*, is constantly written *heare*.

Let me add, that Viola had not simply *heard* that a ring had been sent (if even such an expression as—"After the last enchantment, you did *heare*," were admissible); she had *seen* and *talked* with the bearer of it. MALONE.

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving[1]
Enough is shewn; a cyprus[2], not a bosom,
Hides my heart: So let me hear you speak[3].

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice[4]; for 'tis a vulgar proof[*],
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe[5]:
Grace, and good disposition, attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!

1 *To one of your* receiving] i. e. to one of your *ready apprehension.* She considers him as an arch page. WARBURTON.

2 — *a cyprus,*] is a transparent stuff. JOHNSON.

3 *Hides my heart: So let me* hear *you speak.*] The word *hear* is used in this line, like *tear, dear, swear,* &c. as a dissyllable. See p. 25, n. 4. The editor of the second folio, to supply what he imagined to be a defect in the metre, reads—Hides my *poor* heart; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his interpolation. MALONE.

4 —*a* grice;] is a *step,* sometimes written *greese* from *degres,* Fr. JOHNSON.

* —'*tis a* vulgar *proof,*] That is, it is a *common* proof. The experience of every day shews that &c. See Vol. II. p. 114, n. 2. MALONE.

5 *Then* westward-hoe:] This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. He was assisted in it by Webster, and it was acted with great success by *the children of Pauls,* on whom Shakspeare has bestowed such notice in *Hamlet,* that we may be sure they were rivals to the company patronized by himself. STEEVENS.

 Vio.

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wiſh it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt ſhews not itſelf more ſoon
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.
Ceſario, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that, maugre [6] all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For, that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But, rather, reaſon thus with reaſon fetter:
Love ſought is good, but given unſought is better.
Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has [7]; nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, ſir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your niece do more favours to the count's ſerving-man, than ever ſhe beſtowed upon me; I ſaw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while [8], old boy; tell me that?

6 *—maugre—*] i. e. in ſpite of. STEEVENS.

7 *And that no woman has*;] And that *heart* and *boſom* I have never yielded to any woman. JOHNSON.

8 *Did ſhe ſee thee the while,*] *Thee* is wanting in the old copy. It was ſupplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o'me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist [9], as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

9 — *as lief be a* Brownist,] The *Brownists* were so called from Mr. *Robert Browne*, a noted separatist in queen Elizabeth's reign. See Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. III. p. 15, 16, &c. In his life of Whitgift, p. 323, he informs us, that *Browne*, in the year 1589, "went off from the separation and came into the communion of the church." GREY.

The *Brownists* seem, in the time of our author, to have been the constant objects of popular satire. STEEVENS.

Sir

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand [1]; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice [2], it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo* *: Go.

[*Exit Sir* ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

[1] — *in a* martial hand;] *Martial hand*, seems to be a careless scrawl, such as shewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curst*, is petulant, crabbed. A curst cur, is a dog that with little provocation snarls and bites. JOHNSON.

[2] — *taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou* thou'st *him some thrice*,] These words seem to me directly levelled at the attorney-general Coke, who, in the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, [1603,] attacked him with all the following indecent expressions:—"*All that he did was by thy instigation*, thou *viper*; *for I* thou *thee*, thou *traytor!*" (Here, by the way, are the poet's *three* thou's.) "*You are an odious man.*"—"*Is he base? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf.*"—"*O damnable atheist!*" "*Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart.*"—"*Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thyself art a spider of hell.*"—"*Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident'st traitor that ever came at a bar*, &c." Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet satyrically prescribes to sir Andrew's ink? THEOBALD.

The resentment of our author, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, might likewise have been excited by the contemptuous manner in which Lord Coke has spoken of players, and the severity he was always willing to exert against them. Thus in his *Speech and Charge at Norwick, with a discoverie of the abuses and corruption of officers*, Nath. Butter, quarto, 1607: "Because I must hast unto an end, I will request that you will carefully put in execution the statute against *vagrants*; since the making whereof I have found fewer theeves, and the gaole less pestered than before.—The abuse of *stage-players*, wherewith I find the country much troubled, may be easily reformed; they having no commission to play in any place without leave: and therefore if by your willingnesse they be not entertained, you may soone be rid of them." STEEVENS.

* — *at* the *cubiculo*:] I believe, we should read—at *thy* cubiculo. MALONE.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite [3], the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes [4].

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turn'd heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murtherer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady

[3] *And his* opposite,] *Opposite* in our author's time was used as a substantive, and synonymous to *adversary*. MALONE.

[4] *Look, where the youngest wren of* nine *comes.*] The women's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies. WARBURTON.

The *wren* generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatch'd of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood. So, in a *Dialogue of the Phœnix*, &c. by R. Chester, 1601:

"The little *wren* that *many young ones* brings."

The old copy however reads—wren of *mine*. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania*, a poem, by N. Breton, 1606:

"The titmouse, and the *multiplying wren*."

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

will

will ſtrike him[5]; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
More ſharp than filed ſteel, did ſpur me forth;
And not all love to ſee you, (though ſo much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealouſy what might befal your travel,
Being ſkilleſs in theſe parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable: My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other anſwer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Oft good turns[6]
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth[7], as is my conſcience, firm,

5 — *I know my lady will* ſtrike *him*;] We may ſuppoſe, that in an age when ladies ſtruck their ſervants, the box on the ear which queen Elizabeth is ſaid to have given to the earl of Eſſex, was not regarded as a tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of common behaviour. STEEVENS.

6 *And thanks, and ever* thanks: *Oft good turns*—] The ſecond *thanks*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Theobald, to ſupply the metre.—He added at the ſame time the word *and* [*and* oft &c.] unneceſſarily. *Turns* was, I have no doubt, uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

7 *But were my* worth,] *Worth* in this place means *wealth* or *fortune*. So, in *the Winter's Tale*:
"—— and he boaſts himſelf
"To have a *worthy* feeding."
Again, in Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*:
"Such as the ſatyriſt paints truly forth,
"That only to his crimes owes all his *worth*." MASON.

You ſhould find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go ſee the relicks of this town [8]?

Ant. To-morrow, ſir; beſt, firſt, go ſee your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us ſatisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk theſe ſtreets:
Once, in a ſea-fight, 'gainſt the Count his gallies [9],
I did ſome ſervice; of ſuch note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.

Seb. Belike, you ſlew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's ſake,
Moſt of our city did: only myſelf ſtood out:
For which, if I be lapſed in this place,
I ſhall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, ſir, here's my purſe:
In the ſouth ſuburbs, at the Elephant,
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there ſhall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purſe?

Ant. Haply, your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your ſtore,

8 — *the* relicks *of this town?*] I ſuppoſe he means the *relicks of ſaints*, or the remains of ancient fabricks. STEEVENS.

The words are explained by what follows:

"——— let us ſatisfy our eyes
"With the memorials, and the things of fame,
"That do renown this city." MALONE.

9 — *the* count his *gallies,*] I ſuſpect our author wrote—*county's* gallies, i. e. the gallies of the county, or count; and that the tranſcriber's ear deceived him. However, as the preſent reading is conformable to the miſtaken grammatical uſage of the time, I have not diſturbed the text. MALONE.

I think,

I think, is not for idle markets, ſir.

Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you for An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have ſent after him: He ſays, he'll come[1];
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is ſad, and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam;
But in very ſtrange manner. He is ſure, poſſeſt, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but ſmile: your ladyſhip were beſt
To have ſome guard about you, if he come,
For, ſure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,

Enter MALVOLIO.

If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.—
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*ſmiles fantaſtically.*

Oli. Smil'ſt thou?
I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be ſad: This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood, this croſs-gartering; But what of that? if it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

[1] *He ſays, he'll come;*] i. e. I ſuppoſe now, or admit now, he ſays he'll come. WARBURTON.

Oli.

Oli. Why, how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think, we do know the ſweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft [2]?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your requeſt? Yes; Nightingales anſwer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatneſs*:—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great*,—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some atchieve greatneſs*,—

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. *And ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them.*

Oli. Heaven reſtore thee!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow ſtockings*;—

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. *And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd.*

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo*;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.*

Oli. Why, this is very midſummer madneſs [3].

[2] — *kiſs thy hand ſo oft?*] This fantaſtical cuſtom is taken notice of by Barnaby Riche, in *Faults and nothing but Faults*, quarto, circa 1606, p. 6: "—and theſe *flowers of courteſie*, as they are full of affectation, ſo are they no leſs formall in their ſpeeches, full of fuſtian phraſes, many times delivering ſuch ſentences, as do betray and lay open their maſter's ignorance: and they are ſo frequent with *the kiſs on the hand*, that word ſhall not paſs their mouthes, till they have clapt their fingers over their lippes." REED.

[3] — *midſummer madneſs.*] Hot weather often turns the brain, which is, I ſuppoſe, alluded to here. JOHNSON.

'Tis midſummer moon with you, is a proverb in Ray's collection, ſignifying, you are mad. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Serv.] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she;—*be opposite*[4] *with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang*[5] *with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity*;—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her[6], but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to:* Fellow[7]! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

4 —*be opposite*—] See p. 57, n. 5. MALONE.

5 — *let thy tongue* tang &c.] Here the old copy reads—*langer*; but it should be—*tang*, as I have corrected it from the letter which Malvolio reads in a former scene. STEEVENS.

The second folio reads—*tang*. TYRWHITT.

6 — *I have* limed *her*,] I have entangled or caught her, as a bird is caught with *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

7 — *Fellow!*] This word, which originally signified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense. JOHNSON.

Re-enter

Re-enter MARIA, *with Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of ſanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himſelf poſſeſs'd him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: How is't with you, ſir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I diſcard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does ſhe ſo?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we muſt deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What man! defy the devil: conſider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you, an you ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry, and it ſhall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not loſe him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal. How now, miſtreſs?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not ſee, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleneſs; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly uſed.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how doſt thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me [8]. What man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit [9] with Satan: Hang him, foul collier [1]!

Mar.

[8] *Ay, Biddy, come with me*] *Come, Bid, come,* are words of endearment uſed by children to chickens and other domeſtick fowl. An anonymous writer, with little probability, ſuppoſes the words in the text to be a quotation from ſome old ſong. MALONE.

[9] — cherry-pit—] *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-ſtones into a little hole. STEEVENS.

[1] *Hang*

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen[2]. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning[3].

[1] *Hang him, foul* collier!] *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the highest reproach. STEEVENS.

The devil is called *Collier* for his blackness; *Like will to like, says the Devil to the Collier.* JOHNSON.

[2] —*finder of madmen.*] If there be any doubt whether a culprit is become *non compos mentis*, after indictment, conviction, or judgment, the matter is tried by a jury; and if he be *found* either an ideot or *lunatick*, the lenity of the English law will not permit him, in the first case, to be tried, in the second, to receive judgment, or in the third, to be executed. In other cases also inquests are held for the *finding of madmen.* MALONE.

[3] *More matter for a* May morning.] It was usual on the first of *May* to exhibit metrical interludes of the comick kind, as well as the *morris-dance*, of which a plate is given at the end of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

Sir

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*reads.*] *Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow:*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee ſo, for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comeſt to the lady Olivia, and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly: but thou lieſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſe-leſs.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'ſt me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy ſide of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our ſouls! He may have mercy upon mine[4] *; but my hope is better, and ſo look to thyſelf. Thy friend, as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy,* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't; he is now in ſome commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, ſir Andrew; ſcout me for him at the corner

4 —*He may have mercy upon mine*;] We may read: *He may have mercy upon* thine, *but my hope is better.* Yet the paſſage may well enough ſtand without alteration.

It were much to be wiſhed that Shakſpeare in this and ſome other paſſages, had not ventured ſo near profaneneſs. JOHNSON.

He may have mercy upon my ſoul, in caſe I ſhould be killed by you; but my hope is that I ſhall ſurvive the combat, and that you will fall; ſo look to yourſelf, for on yours he can have no mercy. Such, I ſuppoſe, is the knight's meaning. MALONE.

of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible[5]: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt Sir* T. FAB. *and* MAR.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out[6]:
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'havour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me[7], 'tis my picture;
Refuse

5 — *swear* horrible:] Adjectives are often used by our author and his contemporaries adverbially. See Vol. III. p. 441, n. 2. MALONE.

6 — *too unchary* out:] The old copy reads—*on't*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

7 — *wear this* jewel *for me*,] *Jewel* does not properly signify a single *gem*, but any precious ornament or superfluity. JOHNSON.

So,

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration [8]; but he is a devil in private brawl:

So, in Markham's *Arcadia*, 1607: "She gave him a very fine *jewel*, wherein was set a most rich diamond." See also Warton's *Hist. of English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 121. STEEVENS.

[8] *He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration;*] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling not on the ground, as in war, but on a *carpet*. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war. JOHNSON.

In

brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nob[9], is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

In Francis Markham's *Booke of Honour*, fol. 1625, p. 71. we have the following account of Carpet Knights. "Next unto these [i. e. those whom he distinguishes by the name of *Dunghill or Truck Knights*] in degree, but not in qualitie, (for these are truly for the most part vertuous and worthie,) is that rank of knights which are called *Carpet Knights*, being men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of peace; by the imposition or laying on of the king's sword, having by some special service done to the commonwealth —deserved this great title and dignitie" He then enumerates the several orders of men on whom this honour was usually conferred; and adds— "those of the vulgar or common sort are called *Carpet Knights*, because (for the most part) they receive their honour from the king's hand in the court, and upon *carpets*,—*which howsoever a curious envie may wrest to an ill sense*, yet questionless there is no shadow of disgrace belonging to it, for it is an honour as perfect as any honour whatever, and the services and merits for which it is received as worthy and well deserving both of the king and country, as that which hath wounds and scarres for his witnesse." Reed.

Greene uses the term—*Carpet-knights*, in contempt of those of whom he is speaking; and in *The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, it is employed for the same purpose. In Barrett's *Alvearie*, 1580: "—those which do not exercise themselves with some honest affaires, but serve abominable and filthy idlenesse, are as we use to call them, *Carpet-Knightes*." B. ante O. Steevens.

— *with* unhatch'd *rapier*,] The modern editors read—*unhack'd*. It appears from Cotgrave's Dictionary in v. *hacher*, [to hack, hew &c.] that to *hatch* the hilt of a sword, was a technical term.—Perhaps we ought to read—with *an hatch'd* rapier, i. e. with a rapier, the hilt of which was richly *engraved* and ornamented. Our author, however, might have used *unhatch'd* in the sense of *unhack'd*; and therefore I have made no change. Malone.

9 —*hob, nob*,] This adverb is corrupted from *hap ne hap*; as *would ne would*, *will ne will*; that is, *let it happen or not*; and signifies at random, at the mercy of chance. See Johnson's Dictionary. Steev.

So, in Holinshed's *Hist. of Ireland*: "The citizens in their rage—shot *habbe or nabbe*, at *random*." Malone.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itſelf out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his deſire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs you undertake that with me, which with as mu[illegible]ty you might anſwer him: therefore, on, or ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked; for meddle you muſt [1], that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as ſtrange. I beſeech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior Fabian, ſtay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir* TOBY.

Vio. Pray you, ſir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incenſed againſt you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, ſir, the moſt ſkilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with ſir prieſt, than ſir knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY, *with Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not ſeen ſuch a virago [2]. I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard, and

1 — meddle *you muſt,*] So afterwards, Sir Andrew ſays, "Pox on't, I'll not *meddle* with him." See Vol. I. p. 8, n. 3. The vulgar yet ſay "I'll neither *meddle* nor make with it." MALONE.

2 — *I have not ſeen ſuch a* virago.] *Virago* cannot be properly uſed here, unleſs we ſuppoſe ſir Toby to mean, I never ſaw one that had ſo much the look of woman with the prowes of man. JOHNSON.

Why may not the meaning be more ſimple, "I have never ſeen the moſt furious woman ſo obſtreperous and violent as he is?" MALONE.

The old copy reads—*firago.* A *virago* always means a female war-

and all, and he gives me the ſtuck-in[3], with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you[4] as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on: They ſay, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good ſhew on't; this ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls: Marry, I'll ride your horſe as well as I ride you. [*Aſide.*

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horſe [*to* Fab.] to take up the quarrel; I have perſuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him[5]; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, ſir; he will fight with you for his oath ſake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now ſcarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vow; he proteſts, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*aſide.*

Fab. Give ground, if you ſee him furious.

rior, or, in low language, a ſcold, or turbulent woman. If Shakſpeare (who knew Viola to be a woman, though ſir Toby did not) has made no blunder, Dr. Johnſon has ſupplied the only obvious meaning of the word. *Virago* may however be a ludicrous term of Shakſpeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

[3] — *the* ſtuck—] The *ſtuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *ſtoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. STEEVENS.

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "— thy *ſtock*, thy reverſe, thy montant." MALONE.

[4] — *he* pays *you*—] i. e. he *hits* you. See Vol. I. p. 281, n. 6; and Vol. V. p. 174, n. 4. MALONE.

[5] *He is as* horribly conceited *of him*;] That is, he has as horrid an idea or conception of him. MALONE.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello[6] avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker[7], I am for you. [*draws.*

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir. To. I'll be with you anon. [*to* Antonio.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1. *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

6 —*by the* duello—] i. e. by the laws of the *duello*, which, in Shakspeare's time, were settled with the utmost nicety. STEEVENS.

7 *Nay, if you be an* undertaker,] But why was *an undertaker* so offensive a character? I believe this is *a touch upon the times*, which may help to determine the date of this play. At the meeting of the parliament in 1614, there appears to have been a very general persuasion, or jealousy at least, that the king had been induced to call a parliament at that time, by certain persons, who *had undertaken*, through their influence in the house of commons, to carry things according to his majesty's wishes. These persons were immediately stigmatized with the invidious name of *undertakers*; and the idea was so unpopular, that the king thought it necessary, in two set speeches, to deny positively (how truly, is another question,) that there had been any such *undertaking*. *Parl. Hist.* Vol. V. p. 277, and 286. Sir Francis Bacon also (then attorney-general) made an artful, apologetical speech in the house of commons upon the same subject; *when the house* (according to the title of the speech) *was in great heat, and much troubled about the undertakers.* Bacon's Works, Vol. II. p. 236, quarto edit. TYRWHITT.

2. *Off.* Antonio, I arreſt thee at the ſuit
Of count Orſino.

Ant. You do miſtake me, ſir.

1. *Off.* No, ſir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no ſea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey.—This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy; I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? Now my neceſſity
Makes me to aſk you for my purſe: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myſelf. You ſtand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2. *Off.* Come, ſir, away.

Ant. I muſt entreat of you ſome of that money.

Vio. What money, ſir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhew'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething: my having * is not much;
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? Do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babbling drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themſelves!

2. *Off.* Come, ſir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee here,
I ſnatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;

* —*my* having—] See Vol. I. p. 253, n. 5. MALONE.

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil [8].

1. *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him. Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt* Officers *with* ANTONIO.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I [9].
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

8 — *o'erflourish'd by the devil.*] In the time of Shakspeare, trunks, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, or other obscure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in which company was received I have seen more than one of these, as old as the time of our poet. They were richly ornamented on the tops and sides with scroll work, emblematical devices, &c. and were elevated on feet. Shakspeare has the same expression in *Measure for Measure*:

" —— your title to him
" Doth *flourish* the deceit——". STEEVENS.

Again, in his 60th Sonnet:

" Time doth transfix the *flourish* set on youth." MALONE.

9 — *so do not I.*] This, I believe, means, I do not yet believe myself, when, from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life. JOHNSON.

Fab. A coward, a moſt devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

Clown. Will you make me believe, that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not ſent to you by my lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your name is not maſter Ceſario; nor this is not my noſe neither.—Nothing, that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe;
Thou know'ſt not me.

Clown. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney [1].—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy ſtrangeneſs, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, fooliſh Greek [2], depart from me;

[1] *I am afraid this great lubber the world &c.*] That is, affectation and foppery will overſpread the world. JOHNSON.

[2] —*fooliſh* Greek,] *Greek*, was as much as to ſay bawd or pander. He underſtood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-houſe was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians, which words occur frequently in Shakſpeare, eſpecially in *Timon of Athens*, and *K. Henry IV*. WARBURTON.

Can our author have alluded to St. Paul's Epiſtle to the Romans, Chap. i. v. 23: " —— to the *Greeks fooliſhneſs*. STEEVENS.

There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I ſhall give worſe payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou haſt an open hand:—These wiſe men, that give fools money, get themſelves a good report after fourteen years' purchaſe[3].

Enter Sir ANDREW, *Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, ſir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*ſtriking* Sebaſtian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [*ſtriking Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, ſir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the houſe.

Clown. This will I tell my lady ſtraight: I would not be in ſome of your coats for two pence. [*Exit* Clown.

Sir To. Come on, ſir; hold. [*holding* Sebaſtian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery againſt him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtruck him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, ſir, I will not let you go. Come, my young ſoldier, put up your iron: you are well fleſh'd; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now? If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword. [*draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I muſt have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*draws.*

3 — *get themſelves a good report after fourteen years' purchaſe.*] This ſeems to carry a piece of ſatire upon *monopolies*, the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was ſuſpected that money gained favourable reports from thence. WARBURTON.

This paſſage may be conſidered as a further corroboration of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, that *Twelfth-Night* was written in 1614. The grievance of monopolies, though long complained of, had, it ſhould ſeem, riſen to a greater height at that time than ever, for next to *the undertakers*, it was the great ſubject of parliamentary debate, during the ſhort ſeſſion of that year. Mr. Heath however thinks the meaning is, "— purchaſe a good report [or character] at a very extravagant price." MALONE.

Enter

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.
Sir To. Madam?
Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my ſight!
Be not offended, dear Ceſario:—
Rudeſby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.
Let thy fair wiſdom, not thy paſſion, ſway
In this uncivil and unjuſt extent[4]
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe;
And hear thou there how many fruitleſs pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up[5], that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not chooſe but go;
Do not deny: Beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee[6].
Seb. What reliſh is in this[7]? how runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream:—

4 *In this uncivil and unjuſt extent*] *Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are ſeized for the king. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general. JOHNSON.

5 *This ruffian hath botch'd up,*] A coarſe expreſſion for *made up*, as a bad taylor is called a *botcher*, and to botch is to make clumſily. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——— if you'll *patch* a quarrel
" As matter whole you've not to make it with."
Again, in *King Henry V*:
" Do *botch* and bungle up damnation." STEEVENS.

6 *He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.*] I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between *heart* and *hart*. The ſenſe however is eaſy enough. *He that offends thee, attacks one of my hearts*; or, as the ancients expreſſed it, *half my heart*. JOHNSON.

The equivoque ſuggeſted by Dr. Johnſon was, I have no doubt, intended. *Heart* in our author's time was frequently written *hart*; and Shakſpeare delights in playing on theſe words. See Vol. III. p. 178, n. 8. MALONE.

7 *What reliſh is in this?*] How does this taſte? What judgment am I to make of it? JOHNSON.

Let

Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteep;
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thou'dſt be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in OLIVIA's *Houſe.*

Enter MARIA, *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art ſir Topas [8] the curate; do it quickly: I'll call ſir Toby the whilſt. [*Exit* MARIA.

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf [9] in't; and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well [1]; nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent: but to be ſaid, an honeſt man, and a good houſe-keeper, goes as fairly, as to ſay, a careful man [2], and a great ſcholar. The competitors [3] enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bleſs thee, maſter parſon.

Clown. Bonos dies, ſir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague,

[8] —ſir Topas *the curate*;] The name of *ſir Topas* is taken from Chaucer. STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 188, n. 9; and Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2. MALONE.

[9] — *I will diſſemble myſelf*—] i. e. diſguiſe myſelf. MALONE.

[1] *I am not* tall *enough to become the function well*;] This cannot be right. The word wanted ſhould be part of the deſcription of *a careful man*. I ſhould have no objection to read—*pale*. TYRWHITT.

Tall enough, perhaps means *not of ſufficient height to overlook a pulpit.* STEEVENS.

[2] — *a* careful *man*,] I believe means a man who has ſuch a regard for his character as to intitle him to ordination. STEEVENS.

[3] *The* competitors—] That is, the confederates or aſſociates. The word *competitor* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *K. Richard III.* and in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. MASON.

See Vol. I. p. 140, n. 7. MALONE.

Prague, that never ſaw pen and ink, very wittily ſaid to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*[4]: ſo I, being maſter parſon, am maſter parſon; For what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, ſir Topas.

Clown. What, hoa, I ſay,—Peace in this priſon!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to viſit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, ſir Topas, good ſir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexeſt thou this man? talkeſt thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well ſaid, maſter parſon.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good ſir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clown. Fye, thou diſhoneſt Sathan! I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms; for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will uſe the devil himſelf with courteſy; Say'ſt thou, that houſe[5] is dark?

Mal. As hell, ſir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay windows[6] tranſparent as bar-

4 — *very wittily ſaid—That, that is, is:*] This is a very humorous banter of the rules eſtabliſhed in the ſchools, that all reaſonings are *ex præcognitis & præconceſſis*, which lay the foundation of every ſcience in theſe maxims, *whatſoever is, is*; *and it is impoſſible for the ſame thing to be and not to be*; with much trifling of the like kind. WARBURTON.

5 — *that* houſe—] That manſion, in which you are now confined. The clown gives this pompous appellation to the ſmall room in which Malvolio, we may ſuppoſe, was confined, to exaſperate him. The word *it* in the clown's next ſpeech plainly means Malvolio's chamber, and confirms this interpretation. MALONE.

6 — *it hath* bay-windows—] A *bay-window* is the ſame as a *bow-window*; a window *in a receſs*, or *bay*. See *A. Wood's Life*, publiſhed by T. Hearne, 1730, p. 548 and 553. STEEVENS.

See Minſheu's DICT. in v. "A *bay-window*,—becauſe it is builded in manner of a baie or rode for ſhippes, that is, round, L. *Cavæ feneſtræ*. G. Une feneſtre ſortant hors de la maiſon." MALONE.

ricadoes,

ricadoes, and the clear ſtones[7] towards the ſouth-north are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, ſir Topas; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou erreſt: I ſay, there is no darkneſs, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I ſay, this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay, there was never man thus abuſed: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any conſtant queſtion[8].

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well: Remain thou ſtill in darkneſs: thou ſhalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock[9], leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, ſir Topas,—

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite ſir Topas!

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters[1],

Mar.

7 — *the clear* ſtones—] The old copy has—*ſtores*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

8 — *conſtant queſtion.*] A ſettled, a determinate, a regular queſtion. JOHNSON.

Rather, in any regular *converſation*, for ſo generally Shakſpeare uſes the word *queſtion*. MALONE.

9 — *to kill a* woodcock,] The clown mentions a *woodcock* particularly, becauſe that bird was ſuppoſed to have very little brains, and therefore was a proper anceſtor for a man out of his wits. MALONE.

1 *Nay, I am for all waters.*] I can turn my hand to any thing; I can aſſume any character I pleaſe; like a fiſh, I can ſwim equally well in all waters. Montaigne, ſpeaking of Ariſtotle, ſays, that "he hath *an oar in every water*, and meddleth with all things." Florio's tranſlation,

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard and gown; he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now ſo far in offence with my niece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot *. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY *and* MARIA.

Clown. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin* [2],
Tell me how thy lady does. [*ſinging*.

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. *Alas, why is ſhe ſo?*

Mal. Fool, I ſay;—

Clown. *She loves another*—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clown. Maſter Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

tion, 1603. In Florio's *Second Fruites*, 1591, I find an expreſſion more nearly reſembling that of the text: "I am a *knight for all ſaddles*." The equivoque ſuggeſted in the following note may, however, have been alſo in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

The word *water*, as uſed by jewellers, denotes the colour and luſtre of diamonds and pearls, and from thence is applied, though with leſs propriety, to other precious ſtones. I think that Shakſpeare in this place alludes to this ſenſe of the word *water*. The clown is complimented by Sir Toby for perſonating Sir Topas ſo exquiſitely, to which he replies that he can put on all colours, alluding to the word Topas, which is the name of a jewel, and was alſo that of the curate. MASON.

* — *to the upſhot.*] The word *to* was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

2 *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*] This ſong ſhould certainly begin:

"Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me
"How does thy lady do?—
"My lady is unkind, perdy.—
"Alas, why is ſhe ſo?" FARMER.

Clown. Alas, ſir, how fell you beſides your five wits [3]?

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abuſed: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me [4]; keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Adviſe you what you ſay; the miniſter is here. —Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens reſtore! endeavour thyſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clown. Maintain no words with him [5], good fellow.—Who, I, ſir? not, I, ſir. God b'w'you, good ſir Topas. —Marry, amen.—I will, ſir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay,—

Clown. Alas, ſir, be patient. What ſay you, ſir? I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you [6].

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day,—that you were, ſir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, ſome ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will ſet down to my lady; it ſhall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

[3] —*your* five wits?] The *Wits*, Dr. Johnſon ſome where obſerves, were reckoned *five* in analogy to the five ſenſes. From Stephen Hawes's poem called *Graunde Amoure*, ch. xxiv. edit. 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were—"common wit, imagination, fantaſy, eſtimation, and memory." *Wit* in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power. MALONE.

[4] —*property'd me*;] They have taken poſſeſſion of me as of a man unable to look to himſelf. JOHNSON.

[5] *Maintain no words with him*,] Here the clown in the dark acts two perſons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himſelf and Sir Topas.—*I will, ſir, I will*, is ſpoken after a pauſe, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas had whiſpered. JOHNSON.

[6] —*I am* ſhent &c.] i. e. *rebuked*. MALONE.

Clown. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit[7]?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clown. *I am gone, sir,* [*singing.*
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice[8],
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! *to the devil:*
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil[9]. [*Exit.*

SCENE

7 *— tell me true, are you not mad—or do you but counterfeit?*] If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by declaring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to insult him, I think, asks, *are you mad, or do you but counterfeit?* That is, *you look like a madman, you talk like a madman: Is your madness real, or have you any secret design in it?* This, to a man in poor Malvolio's state, was a severe taunt. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, in my apprehension, misinterprets the words, "— do you but counterfeit?" They surely mean, "do you but counterfeit *madness,*" or, in other words, "assume the appearance of a madman, though not one."—Our author ought, I think, to have written, either, "— are you *mad* indeed, *or* do you but counterfeit?" or else, "— are you not *not* mad indeed, *and* do you but counterfeit?" But I do not suspect any corruption; for the last I have no doubt was what he *meant,* though he has not expressed his meaning accurately. He is often careless in such minute matters. Mr. Mason supposes that, "— do you but counterfeit," means "— do you only pretend to be *in your senses?*" This interpretation removes the difficulty; but, considering the words that immediately precede, is very harsh, and appears to me inadmissible. MALONE.

8 *Like to the old* vice,] *Vice* was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are still preserved in puppet-shows, and by country mummers. JOHNSON.

This

SCENE III.

Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:

This character was always acted in a *mask*; it probably had its name from the old French word *vis*, for which they now use *visage*, though they still retain it in *vis-a-vis*, which is, literally, *face to face.* STEEVENS.

9 *Adieu, goodman, devil.*] This last line has neither rhime nor meaning. I cannot but suspect that the fool translates Malvolio's name, and says:

Adieu, goodman mean-evil. JOHNSON.

We have here another old catch; apparently, I think, not of Shakspeare. I am therefore willing to receive the common reading of the last line: *Adieu, goodman* drivel.

The name of *Malvolio* seems to have been form'd by an accidental transposition in the word, *Malivolo.*

I know not whether a part of the preceding line should not be thrown into a question, " pare thy nails, dad?"

In *K. Henry V.* we again meet with " this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may *pare his nails* with a wooden dagger." FARMER.

In the old translation of the *Mænechmi*, 1595, Menæchmus says to Peniculus: " Away filthie mad *drivell*, away! I will talk no longer with thee." STEEVENS.

The last two lines of this song have, I think, been misunderstood. They are not addressed in the *first* instance to Malvolio, but are quoted by the clown, as the words, *ah, ah!* are, as the usual address in the old Moralities to the Devil. I do not therefore suspect any corruption in the words " goodman *Devil.*" We have in *the Merry Wives of Windsor*:—" No *man* means evil but the *devil*;" and in *Much ado about Nothing*, " God's a good *man.*"

The reason why the Vice exhorts the Devil to pare his nails, is, because the Devil was supposed from choice to keep his nails always unpared, and therefore to pare them was an affront. So, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1615:

" I will follow mine own minde and mine old trade;
" Who shall let me? *the divel's nailes are unparde.*" MALONE.

4 Yet

Yet there he was; and there I found this credit [1],
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse [2],
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust [3], but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,
That is deceivable [4]. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA, *and* Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul

[1] *Yet there he was; and there I found this* credit,] i. e. I found it justified, credibly vouched. Whether the word *credit* will easily carry this meaning, I am doubtful. The expression seems obscure; and though I have not disturbed the text, I very much suspect that the poet wrote:

—— *and there I found this* credent.

He uses the same term again in the very same sense in the *Winter's Tale*:

" ——— *Then 'tis very* credent,

" *Thou may'st cojoin with something*, &c. THEOBALD.

Perhaps *credit* is here used for *credited*. So in the first scene of this play, *beat* for *beated*, and in *Hamlet*, *hoist* for *hoisted*. MALONE.

[2] —*all* instance, *all* discourse,] *Discourse*, for reason. WARBURTON. *Instance* is *example*. JOHNSON.

[3] *To any other trust*,] To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion. JOHNSON.

[4] —deceivable.] Our author licentiously uses this word for *deceptious*. MALONE.

May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles[5] you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth[6], ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens so shine[7],
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Before Olivia's *House.*

Enter Clown, *and* FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clown. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

5 *Whiles*—] is *until*. This word is still so used in the northern counties. It is, I think, used in this sense in the preface to the Accidence. JOHNSON.

It is used in this sense in Tarleton's *News out of Purgatorie.* See the novel at the end of *the Merry Wives of Windsor.* MALONE.

6 —truth,] *Truth* is *fidelity.* JOHNSON.

7 —*heavens so shine,* &c.] Alluding perhaps to a superstitious supposition, the memory of which is still preserved in a proverbial saying: "*Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines, and blessed the corpse upon which the rain falls.*" STEEVENS.

Duke.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives[8], why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

Clown. *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex,* sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells[9] of St. Bennet[1], sir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke.

[8] —conclusions *to be as* kisses, *if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,*] One cannot but wonder, that this passage should have perplexed the commentators. In Marlowe's *Lust Dominion,* the Queen says to the Moor:

—— "Come, let's kisse.

Moor. "Away, away.

Queen. "No, no, sayes, *I;* and *twice away,* sayes *stay.*"

Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon this thought in the sixty-third stanza of his *Astrophel and Stella.* FARMER.

[9] —or, *the bells*—] That is, if the other arguments I have used are not sufficient, the bells of St. Bennet, &c. MALONE.

[1] —*bells of St. Bennet,*] When in this play he mentioned the *bed of Ware,* he recollected that the scene was in Illyria, and added, *in England;* but his sense of the same impropriety could not restrain him from the bells of St. Bennet. JOHNSON.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clown. Marry, ſir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, ſir; but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs: but, as you ſay, ſir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter ANTONIO, *and* Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, ſir, that did reſcue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the ſmoke of war:
A bawbling veſſel was he captain of,
For ſhallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which ſuch ſcathful* grapple did he make
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loſs,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1. *Off.* Orſino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tyger board,
When your young nephew Titus loſt his leg:

Shakſpeare's improprieties and anachroniſms are ſurely venial in compariſon with thoſe of contemporary writers. Lodge, in his *True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla*, 1594, has mentioned *the razors of Palermo*, and *St. Paul's ſteeple*, and has introduced a *Frenchman*, named *Don Pedro*, who, in conſideration of receiving *forty crowns*, undertakes to poiſon Marius. Stanyhurſt, the tranſlator of four books of Virgil, in 1582, compares Chorœbus to a *bedlamite*; ſays, that old Priam girded on his ſword *Morglay*; and makes Dido tell Æneas, that ſhe ſhould have been contented had ſhe been brought to bed even of a *cockney*.

Saltem ſi qua mihi de te ſuſcepta fuiſſet
Ante fugam ſoboles———
" —— yf yeet ſoom progenye from me
" Had crawl'd, by the father'd, yf a *cockney* dandiprat hopthumb."
STEEVENS.

* —*ſcathful*—] i. e. miſchievous, deſtructive. STEEVENS.

Here

Here in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame, and ſtate[3],
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſs, ſir; drew on my ſide;
But, in concluſion, put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou ſalt-water thief!
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear,
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. Orſino, noble ſir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confeſs, on baſe[4] and ground enough,
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ingrateful boy there by your ſide,
From the rude ſea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or reſtraint,
All his in dedication: for his ſake,
Did I expoſe myſelf, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverſe town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

3 —*deſperate of ſhame, and ſtate,*] Unattentive to his character or his condition, like a deſperate man. JOHNSON.

4 —*on* baſe—] *Baſe* is here a ſubſtantive, *baſis*. I give the explication of ſo ſimple a term, leſt any one ſhould ſuppoſe, as I once did, that we ought to read—and on baſe ground enough. MALONE.

Enter OLIVIA, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear[5],
As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out[6],
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love[7]; a savage jealousy,

That

5 —*as* fat *and fulsome*—] *Fat* means *dull*; so we say a *fatheaded fellow*; *fat* likewise means *gross*, and is sometimes used for *obscene*. JOHNSON.

6 — hath *breath'd out*,] Old Copy—*have*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

7 *Like to the* Egyptian thief, *at point of death*,
Kill what I love;] Our author was indebted for this allusion to Heliodorus's Æthiopicks. This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with

That ſometime ſavour'd nobly? But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument,
That ſcrews me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breaſted tyrant, ſtill;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpight.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpight a raven's heart within a dove. [*going.*

Vio. And I, moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would die. [*following.*

Oli. Where goes Ceſario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife:
If I do feign, you witneſſes above,
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, deteſted! how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Haſt thou forgot thyſelf? Is it ſo long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Duke. Come, away. [*to* Viola.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Ceſario, huſband, ſtay.

Duke. Huſband?

Oli. Ay, huſband; Can he that deny?

Duke. Her huſband, ſirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear,

with his treaſure. It was cuſtomary with thoſe barbarians, *when they deſpaired of their own ſafety, firſt to make away with thoſe whom they held dear,* and deſired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealouſy, and anger, went to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, ſo ſoon as he heard himſelf anſwer'd towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the perſon by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (ſuppoſing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his ſword into her breaſt. THEOBALD.

That makes thee strangle thy propriety [8]:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant, and Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love [9],
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case [1]?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

8 —strangle *thy* propriety:] Suppress or disown thy property. MALONE.

9 *A contract of eternal bond of love,*] I once suspected we should read —A contract *and* eternal &c. but I now believe the text is right. The meaning is only, A contract, promising love and eternal *union*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"The sealing day between my love and me,
"For *everlasting bond of fellowship.*"

In *Troilus and Cressida* we have "a bond of air,"—for words that *bind* or *tie* the attention of the hearer to the speaker. MALONE.

1 — case?] *Case* is a word used contemptuously for *skin*. We yet talk of a *fox case*, meaning the stuffed skin of a fox. JOHNSON.

So, in Cary's *Present State of England,* 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies? —He answered, as I like my silver-haired conies at home; the *cases* are far better than the bodies." MALONE.

Enter

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a ſurgeon; ſend one preſently to ſir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head acroſs, and has given ſir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, ſir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Ceſario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Ceſario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by ſir Toby.

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me, without cauſe;
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

Here comes ſir Toby halting, you ſhall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir. To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didſt ſee Dick ſurgeon, ſot?

Clown. O he's drunk, ſir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were ſet at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a paſſy-meaſures pavin[2]: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli.

[2] *Then he's a rogue, and a* paſſy-meaſures pavin :] The old copy has —*panyn*; either, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, "from the u being accidentally reverſed at the preſs," or from the compoſitor's eye deceiving him; for between *n* and *u* in the Mſs. of Shakſpeare's age, there is not the ſmalleſt difference. The ſame miſtake has happened often in theſe plays. See Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9.

With reſpect to the terms here uſed, there appears to me no difficulty. The author probably did not intend that Sir Toby ſhould on this occaſion utter any thing very profound, or that his enunciation ſhould be very

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be drest together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin-faced knave, a gull[3]!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, *Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

very distinct and accurate. Hence we have passy-measures for *passing-measures*, or *passa*-measure, a corruption, as Sir John Hawkins supposes, of *passamezzo*, which Florio in his Italian Dictionary, 1598, explains thus: "A *passa*-measure in dancing a cinque pace." The *Measures*, as may be collected from Beatrice's description, were solemn, slow dances, "full of state and ancientry." See Vol. II. p. 225, and p. 405, n. 4. The *pavin*, as appears from Florio, who spells the word as Shakspeare does, was in Italian *Pavana*. It likewise, says Sir John Hawkins, was "a grave majestick dance, from *Pavo*, a peacock. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in their gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail.—This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the steps in the *Orchesographia* of Thoinet Arbeau. Every pavan has its galliard a lighter kind of air made out of the former."

From what has been stated, I think, it is manifest that Sir Toby means only by this quaint expression, that the surgeon is a rogue, and a *grave solemn coxcomb*. It is one of Shakspeare's unrivalled excellencies, that his characters are always consistent. Even in drunkenness they preserve the traits which distinguished them when sober. Sir Toby in the first act of this play, shewed himself well acquainted with the various kinds of the dance.

The editor of the second folio, who, when he does not understand any passage, generally cuts the knot, instead of untying it, arbitrarily reads —"*after* a passy-measures pavyn I hate a drunken rogue." In the same manner, in the preceding speech, not thinking "an hour agone" good English, he reads—"O he's drunk, sir Toby, *above* an hour agone." There is scarcely a page of that copy in which similar interpolations may not be found. Malone.

It is in character that Sir Toby should express a strong dislike of *serious dances*, such as the *passa-mezzo* and the *pavan* are described to be. Tyrwhitt.

3 —*An ass-head and a coxcomb*, &c.] I believe, Sir Toby means to apply all these epithets either to the surgeon or Sebastian; and have pointed the passage accordingly. It has been hitherto printed, "Will you help an ass head," &c. but why should Sir Toby thus unmercifully abuse himself? Malone.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am ſorry, madam, I have hurt your kinſman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſs, with wit, and ſafety.
You throw a ſtrange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but ſo late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons;
A natural perſpective, that is, and is not[4]!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee?

Ant. Sebaſtian are you?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made diviſion of yourſelf?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two creatures. Which is Sebaſtian?

Oli. Moſt wonderful!

Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,

4 *A natural* perſpective, &c.] A *perſpective* ſeems to be taken for ſhows exhibited through a glaſs with ſuch lights as make the pictures appear really protuberant. The Duke therefore ſays, that nature has here exhibited ſuch a ſhow, where ſhadows ſeem realities; where that which *is not* appears like that which is. JOHNSON.

I apprehend this may be explained by a quotation from a duodecimo book called *Humane Induſtry*, 1661, p. 76 and 77: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, men make one picture to repreſent ſeveral faces—that being viewed from one place or ſtanding, did ſhew the head of a Spaniard, and from another, the head of an aſs."—"A picture of a chancellor of France preſented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces,—but if one did look on it through a *perſpective*, there appeared only the ſingle pourtraicture of the chancellor himſelf." Thus that, which is, is not, or in a different poſition appears like another thing. This ſeems alſo to explain a paſſage in *King Henry V.* Act V. ſc. ii: "Yes, my lord, you ſee them *perſpectively*, the cities turn'd into a maid." TOLLET.

I believe that Shakſpeare meant nothing more by this natural perſpective, than a reflexion from a glaſs or mirror. MASON.

Whom

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*to* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence * of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.
Seb. So comes it, lady, [*to* Oli.] you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—

* —*occurrence*—] I believe our author wrote—*occurrents*. See Vol. V. p. 110, n. 3; and p. 161, n. 2. MALONE.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*to* Viola.
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, *with a letter.*

A most extracting frenzy [5] of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you, I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox [6].

Oli.

[5] *A most* extracting *frenzy*—] i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object. WARBURTON.

I formerly supposed that Shakspeare wrote—*distracting*; but have since met with a passage in the *Hystorie of Hamblet*, bl. l. 1608. Sig. C 2. that seems to support the reading of the old copy: "—to try if men of great account be *extract* out of their wits." MALONE.

[6] —*you must allow* vox.] The clown, we may presume, had begun to

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits [7], is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*to* Fabian.

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses, as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

The madly-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you [8],
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you; [*to* Viola.] and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex [9],

So

to read the letter in a very loud tone, and probably with extravagant gesticulation. Being reprimanded by his mistress, he justifies himself by saying, *If you would have it read in character, as such a mad epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a* frantick *tone.* MALONE.

7 — *but to read his right wits,*] To represent his present state of mind, is to read a madman's letter, as I now do, like a madman. JOHNSON.

8 *One day shall crown the alliance* on't, *so please you,*] Mr. Heath would read, I think without necessity,—*an't* so please you. MALONE.

This is well conjectured; but *on't* may relate to the double character of sister and wife. JOHNSON.

9 *So much against the* mettle *of your sex,*] So much against the weak frame and constitution of woman. *Mettle* is used by our author in many

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter [1] people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck [2], and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,

many other places for *spirit*; and as *spirit* may be either high or low, *mettle* seems here to signify natural *timidity*, or *deficiency of spirit*. Shakspeare has taken the same licence in *All's well that ends well*:

"'Tis only *title* thou disdain'st in her—"

i. e. the *want* of title. Again, in *King Richard III*:

"The *forfeit*, sovereign, of my servant's life—"

that is, the remission of the forfeit. MALONE.

[1] —*lighter*—] People of less dignity or importance. JOHNSON.

[2] —*geck*,] A fool. JOHNSON.

So, in the vision at the conclusion of *Cymbeline*:

"And to become the *geck* and scorn
"Of th' other's villainy." STEEVENS.

Though,

Though, I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me, thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling [3],
And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppos'd [4]
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſs'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.

Fab. Good madam, hear me ſpeak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs, myſelf, and Toby,
Set this device againſt Malvolio here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him [5]: Maria writ
The letter, at ſir Toby's great importance [6];
In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſs'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool [7]! how have they baffled thee [8]?

Clown. Why, *ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thrown upon them.* I was

3 — *then cam'ſt in ſmiling,*] i. e. then, *that thou* cam'ſt in ſmiling. MALONE.

4 — *here were* preſuppos'd] *Preſuppos'd* ſeems to mean previouſly pointed out for thy imitation; or ſuch as it was ſuppoſed thou would'ſt aſſume after thou hadſt read the letter. The *ſuppoſition* was *previous* to *the act*. STEEVENS.

5 *Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts*
We had conceiv'd againſt him:] Surely we ſhould rather read:—*conceiv'd* in him. TYRWHITT.

6 — *at ſir Toby's great* importance;] *Importance* is *importunacy, importunement*. See Vol. II. p. 193, n. 6. STEEVENS.

7 *Alas,* poor fool!] This in our author's time was a term of tenderneſs and pity. See Vol. III. p. 143, n. *. MALONE.

8 — *how have they* baffled *thee?*] See Vol. V. p. 9, n. *. STEEV.

one,

one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad*;—But do you remember? *Madam*[9], *why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd*: And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents[1],
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls:—Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Clown. *When that I was and a little tiny boy*[2],
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But

[9] —*But do you remember? Madam,*] As the clown is speaking to Malvolio, and not to Olivia, I think this passage should be regulated thus: *but do you remember?*—Madam, why laugh you, &c. TYRWHITT.

In all former copies—But do you remember, madam, *Why* &c. I have followed the regulation recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

[1] —convents,] Perhaps we should read—*consents*. To *convent*, however, is to *assemble*; and therefore, the count may mean, when the happy hour *calls us* again *together*. STEEVENS.

[2] *When that I was and a little tiny boy,*] Here again we have an old song, scarcely worth correction. 'Gainst *knaves and thieves* must evidently be, 'gainst *knave and thief*.—When I was a boy, my folly and mischievous actions were little regarded, but when I came to manhood, men shut their gates against me, as a *knave and a thief*.

Sir Thomas Hanmer rightly reduces the subsequent words, *beds* and *beads*, to the singular number: and a little alteration is still wanting at the beginning of some of the stanzas.

Mr. Steevens observes in a note at the end of *Much ado about Nothing*, that the play had formerly passed under the name of *Benedick* and *Beatrix*. It seems to have been the *court fashion* to alter the titles. A

very

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

"

very ingenious lady, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, Mrs. Askew of Queen's Square, has a fine copy of the second folio edition of Shakspeare, which formerly belonged to king Charles I. and was a present from him to his Master of the Revels, Sir Thomas Herbert. Sir Thomas has altered five titles in the list of the plays, to "*Benedick and Betrice,—Pyramus and Thisbe,—Rosalinde,—Mr. Paroles,* and *Malvolio.*"

It is lamentable to see how far party and prejudice will carry the wisest men, even against their own practice and opinions. Milton, in his Εικονοκλάςης censures king Charles for reading "one, whom," says he, "we well knew was the closet companion of his solitudes, *William Shakespeare.*" FARMER.

Dr. Farmer might have observed, that the alterations of the titles are in his majesty's own hand-writing, materially differing from Sir Thomas Herbert's, of which the same volume affords more than one specimen. I learn from another manuscript note in it, that *John Lowine* acted *King Henry VIII.* and *Joseph Taylor* the part of *Hamlet.* The book is now in my possession.

To the concluding remark of Dr. Farmer, may be added the following passage from *An Appeal to all rational Men concerning King Charles's Trial,* by John Cooke, 1649: "Had he but studied scripture half so much as *Ben Jonson* or *Shakspeare,* he might have learnt that when Amaziah was settled in the kingdom, he suddenly did justice upon those servants which killed his father Joash, &c." With this quotation I was furnished by Mr. Malone.

A quarto

A quarto volume of plays attributed to Shakſpeare, with his majeſty's cypher on the back of it, is preſerved in Mr. Garrick's collection. STEEVENS.

This play is in the graver part elegant and eaſy, and in ſome of the lighter ſcenes exquiſitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great meaſure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a ſatiriſt. The ſoliloquy of Malvolio is truly comick; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the ſucceeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the ſtage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper inſtruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no juſt picture of life. JOHNSON.

WINTER'S TALE.

Perſons Repreſented.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia:
Mamillius, *his ſon.*

Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomenes, Dion, } Sicilian *Lords.*

Another Sicilian *Lord.*
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia:
Florizel, *his ſon.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, *a Rogue.*
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.

Emilia, *a Lady,* *Two other Ladies,* } *attending the Queen.*

Mopſa, Dorcas, } *Shepherdeſſes.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Guards, &c.

SCENE, ſometimes in Sicilia, *ſometimes in* Bohemia.

WINTER'S TALE[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO, *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you ſhall chance, Camillo, to viſit Bohemia, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot, you

[1] This play, throughout, is written in the very ſpirit of its author: and in telling this homely and ſimple, though agreeable, country tale,

"Our *ſweeteſt Shakſpeare, fancy's child,*
"*Warbles his native wood-notes wild.*"

This was neceſſary to obſerve in mere juſtice to the play; as the meanneſs of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had miſled ſome of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards ſentiment and character, is ſcarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

At Stationers' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered "A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Paſtime.*" STEEVENS.

The ſtory of this play is taken from the *Pleaſant Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

In this novel, the king of Sicilia, whom Shakſpeare names

Leontes, is called	——	Egiſtus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia	——	Pandoſto.
Mamillius P. of Sicilia	——	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia	——	Doraſtus.
Camillo ——	——	Franion.
Old Shepherd ——	——	Porrus.
Hermione ——	——	Bellaria.
Perdita ——	——	Faunia.
Mopſa ——	——	Mopſa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's own invention; but many circumſtances of the novel are omitted in the play. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, by "ſome of great name," means Dryden and Pope. See the Eſſay at the end of the Second Part of the *Conqueſt of Granada*: "Witneſs the lameneſs of their plots; [the plots of Shakſpeare and Fletcher;]

you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam.

Fletcher;] many of which, especially those which they wrote first, (for even that age refined itself in some measure,) were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, [and here, by the by, Dryden expressly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as the *Winter's Tale, Love's Labour's Lost, Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the same ill-considered judgment on the play before us. "I should conjecture (says he) of some of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, THE WINTER'S TALE, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been more censured for the breach of dramatick rules than the *Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place—"that Shakspeare was not ignorant of these rules, but disregarded them,"—it may be observed, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once universally read and admired, Sir Philip Sydney, who in his *Defence of Poesy*, 1595, has pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduck*, he adds: "But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Affricke of the other, and so manie other under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived.—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

The Winter's Tale is sneered at by B. Jonson, in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, *nor a nest of antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget TALES, *Tempests*, and such like drolleries." By the *nest of antiques*, the twelve satyrs who are introduced at the sheep-shearing festival, are alluded to.—In his conversation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another stroke at his *beloved* friend: "He [Jonson] said, that Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonson, *the Winter's Tale* was not printed. These words therefore are a sufficient answer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle supposition that *Bohemia* was an error of the press for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

The *Winter's Tale* may be ranked among the historick plays of Shakspeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says:

" ——— for honour,
" 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
" And only that I stand for."

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where she pleads for the infant princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born princess, and her likeness to her father, says, "*She has the very trick of his frown.*" There is another sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the king:

" ——— ——— 'Tis yours;
" And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
" So like you, 'tis the worse."

The *Winter's Tale* was therefore in reality a second part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakspeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia*: but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was *apt to believe* that *Dorastus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play, but I have met with a copy of it, which

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtified in our loves [2]: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beſeech you,—

Arch. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with ſuch magnificence—in ſo rare—I know not what to ſay. We will give you ſleepy drinks, that your ſenſes, unintelligent of our inſufficience, may, though they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chooſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal neceſſities, made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attorney'd [3], with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeem'd to be together, though abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds [4]. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch.

which was printed in 1588.—Cervantes ridicules theſe geographical miſtakes, when he makes the princeſs Micomicona land at Oſſuna.—Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia "delighted in navigation, and had never a ſea-port in his dominions;" and my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines the prime miniſter of France, when he was ambaſſador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay "*upon the ſea*."—There is a ſimilar miſtake in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

[2] *Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us*, &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the conſciouſneſs of our good-will ſhall juſtify us. JOHNSON.

We meet with nearly the ſame ſentiment in *Macbeth*:

"———— Being unprepar'd,
"Our will became the ſervant to defect,
"Which elſe ſhould free have wrought." MALONE.

[3] —*royally attorney'd*,] Nobly ſupplied by ſubſtitution of embaſſies, &c. JOHNSON.

[4] —*ſhook hands, as over a* vaſt; *and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds*.] Shakſpeare has, more than once, taken his

 imagery

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject[5], makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more

imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth.* There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship. HENLEY.

Vastum is the ancient term for *waste* uncultivated land. Over a *vast*, therefore means at a great and vacant distance from each other. *Vast*, however, may be used for the *sea*, as in *Pericles Prince of Tyre:*

"Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges." STEEV.

5 —*physicks the subject,*] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"The labour we delight in, *physicks* pain." STEEVENS.

That

That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds [6] at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly [7]! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd [8]; say this to him,

6 — That may *blow*
No sneaping winds—] May there blow. JOHNSON.

In an old translation of the famous *Alcoran of the Franciscans*: "St. Francis observing the holiness of friar Juniper, said to the priors, *That* I had a wood of such Junipers!" FARMER.

7 *This is put forth too truly!*] i. e. to make me say, *I had too good reason for my fears* concerning what might happen in my absence from home. MALONE.

8 — *this satisfaction* &c.] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

He's

He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leon. Well ſaid, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong:
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.—
Yet of your royal preſence [*to* Polix.] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commiſſion,
To let him there a month[9], behind the geſt[1]
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed[2], Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock[3] behind
What lady ſhe her lord.—You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would ſeek to unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, *Sir, no going.* Verily,

9 — *I'll give him my commiſſion,*
To let him there a month,] "I'll give him my licence of abſence, ſo as to obſtruct or retard his departure for a month," &c. To let *him*, however, may be uſed as many other reflective verbs are by Shakſpeare, for to let or hinder *himſelf:* then the meaning will be, "I'll give him my permiſſion to tarry for a month," &c. Dr. Warburton and the ſubſequent editors read, I think, without neceſſity,—I'll give *you* my commiſſion, &c. MALONE.

1 — *behind the* geſt] *Geſts*, or rather *giſts*, from the Fr. *giſte*, (which ſignifies both a bed, and a lodging-place,) were the names of the houſes or towns where the king or prince intended to lie every night during his PROGRESS. They were written in a ſcroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furniſhed with a copy. MALONE.

2 — *good-deed,*] ſignifies *indeed, in very deed*, as Shakſpeare in another place expreſſes it. *Good-deed* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by the earl of Surry, Sir John Hayward, and Gaſcoigne. STEEVENS.

3 — *a* jar *o'the clock*—] *A jar* is, I believe, a ſingle repetition of the noiſe made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call the *ticking* of it. STEEVENS.

A *jar* perhaps means a minute, for I do not ſuppoſe that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the ſeconds. See Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England*, p. 241. TOLLET.

So, in *the Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1610:—"the owle ſhrieking, the toades croaking, the *minutes jerring*, and the clocke ſtriking twelve." MALONE.

You

You ſhall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt; ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread verily,
One of them you ſhall be.

Pol. Your gueſt then, madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſy to commit,
Than you to puniſh.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hoſteſs. Come, I'll queſtion you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings[4] then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'the ſun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd[5]
That any did: Had we purſued that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours[6].

Her. By this we gather,

4 — *lordings*—] This diminutive of *lord* is often uſed by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

5 *The* doctrine *of ill doing, nor dream'd*] *Doctrine* is here uſed as a triſyllable. So *children*, *tickling*, and many others. The editor of the ſecond folio inſerted the word *no*, to ſupply a ſuppoſed defect in the metre, [—*no*, nor dream'd] and the interpolation was adopted in all the ſubſequent editions. MALONE.

6 — *the impoſition clear'd,*
Hereditary ours.] i. e. ſetting aſide *original ſin*; bating the impoſition from the offence of our firſt parents, we might have boldly proteſted our innocence to heaven. WARBURTON.

You

You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils[7]: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What, have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that,
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere

7 *Grace to boot!*
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils:] She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might seem to be sullied by a species of argument that made them appear to have led their husbands into temptation.

Grace or Heaven *help* me!—Do not argue in that manner; do not draw any conclusion or inference from your, and your friend's, having, since those days of childhood and innocence, become acquainted with your queen and me; for, as you have said that in the period between childhood and the present time temptations have been born to you, and as in that interval you have become acquainted with us, the inference or insinuation would be strong against us, as your corrupters, and, "by that kind of chase," your queen and I would be devils. MALONE.

With

With ſpur we heat an acre. But to the goal[8];—
My laſt good deed was, to entreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I ſpoke to the purpoſe: When?
Nay, let me have't: I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had ſour'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyſelf my love[9]; then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed[1].—
Why, lo you now, I have ſpoke to the purpoſe twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal huſband;
The other, for ſome while a friend. [*giving her hand to* Pol.

Leo. Too hot, too hot: [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;

8 *But to the goal*;] means, I think, but to come to an end or concluſion of this matter. MALONE.

9 *And* clap *thyſelf my love*;] She open'd her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phraſe—*to clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. So, in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"—Speak, widow, is't a match?
"Shall we *clap* it up?"

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"—and ſo *clap* hands, and a bargain." STEEVENS.

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth plighting, to which Shakſpeare often alludes. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"This is the *hand*, which with a *vow'd contract*
"Was faſt belock'd in thine."

Again, in *King John*:

"*Phil.* It likes us well. Young princes, *cloſe your hands*.
"*Auſt.* And your lips too, for I am well aſſur'd,
"That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd."

So alſo, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a Com. by Middleton, 1657:

"There theſe young *lovers* ſhall *clap hands* together."

See Vol. I. p. 52, n. 9.—I ſhould not have given ſo many inſtances of this cuſtom, but that I know Mr. Pope's reading—"And *clepe* thyſelf my love," has many favourers. The old copy has—*A* clap &c. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

1 *It is* Grace, *indeed!*] Referring to what ſhe had juſt ſaid—"O, would her name were *Grace!*" MALONE.

But

But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom [2],
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs;—and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o'the deer [3]; O, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks?
Why, that's my bawcock [4]. What, haſt ſmutch'd thy noſe?
They ſay, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat [5]; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling [6]
[*obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I have [7],
To

2 —*from* bounty, *fertile boſom,*] I ſuppoſe that a letter dropped out at the preſs, and would read—from bounty's fertile boſom. MALONE.

3 *The mort o'the deer*;] A leſſon upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD.

4 *Why, that's my* bawcock.] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It is ſtill ſaid in vulgar language that ſuch a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. The word has already occurred in *Twelfth Night*, and is one of the titles by which Piſtol ſpeaks of *K. Henry the Fifth*. STEEVENS.

5 *We muſt be neat*;—] Leontes, ſeeing his ſon's noſe ſmutch'd, cries, *we muſt be neat*; then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he ſays, *not neat, but cleanly*. JOHNSON.

6 —*Still virginalling*] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*. JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very ſmall kind of ſpinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the leſſons in it have proved ſo difficult, as to baffle our moſt expert players on the harpſichord. STEEVENS.

A virginal was ſtrung like a ſpinnet, and ſhaped like a *piano forte*. MALONE.

7 *Thou want'ſt a rough* paſh, *and the ſhoots that I have,*] Not having

To be full like me[8]:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks[9], as wind, as waters; false

ing met with the substantive *pash* in any English author, I once suspected that Shakspeare wrote—a rough *plash*. A hedge, when it is become too thin, is strengthened by cutting some of the long branches, and interweaving them with the *shoots* that remain. This process is at this day in some places called *plashing*, and the branches so interwoven (which stand out, and consequently make the hedge *rougher* than it was before,) are termed *plashes*. So, in *K. Henry V:*

"— her *hedges* even-*pleach'd*,—
"Like prisoners wildly over-grown with *hair*,
"Put forth *disorder'd twigs*."

But I have lately learned that *pash* in Scotland signifies a *head*. The old reading therefore may stand. Many words, that are now used only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole island of Great Britain, or at least to the northern part of England. In Turkey *basch*, and perhaps *pasch* also, has the same signification. Hence *Bashaw*, or, as it is sometimes written, *Pacha*. The meaning therefore of the present passage, I suppose, is this. *You tell me* (says Leontes to his son) *that you are like me*; *that you are my calf*. *I am the* horned *bull: thou wantest the* rough head and the horns *of that animal*, *completely to resemble your father*.

Sir T. Hanmer says, *Paz*, in Spanish is a *kiss*. If he could have shewn that *paz* or *pash*, was an English noun, and that it signified (not a *kiss*, but) a *face*, or *head*, his observation might have thrown some light on the passage before us; which it certainly does not at present. MALONE.

8 *To be* full *like me*.] *Full* is here as in other places, used by our author, adverbially;—to be *entirely* like me. MALONE.

9 *As o'er-dy'd blacks*,] Sir T. Hanmer understands, blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

It is common with tradesmen to dye their faded or damaged stuffs, black. *O'er-dy'd blacks* may mean those which have received a dye over their former colour.

There is a passage in *The old Law* of Massinger, which might lead us to offer another interpretation:

"*Blacks* are often such dissembling mourners,
"There is no credit given to't, it has lost
"All reputation by *false* sons and widows:
"I would not hear of *blacks*."

It seems that *blacks* was the common term for mourning. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608:

"—— in so many *blacks*
"I'll have the church hung round."

however, will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it. "*Lanarum nigræ nullum colorem bibunt*." Plin. *Nat. Hist.* lib. viii. STEEVENS.

As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn [1] 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye [2]: Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop [3]!—Can thy dam?—may't be?
Affection! thy intention stabs the center [4]:
Thou dost make possible, things not so held [5],
Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent [6],
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hard'ning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

1 *No* bourn—] *Bourn* is boundary. STEEVENS.

2 — welkin-*eye*:] Blue eye; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin*, or sky. JOHNSON.

3 — *my* collop!] So, in the *First Part of K. Henry VI:*
"God knows, thou art a *collop* of my flesh." STEEVENS.

4 Affection! *thy intention stabs the centre:*] *Affection*, I believe, signifies *imagination*. Thus, in the *Merchant of Venice:*
" ———— ———— *affections*,
" Masters of passion, sway it," &c.
i. e. *imaginations* govern our *passions*. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expresses it, " when the mind with great earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, considers it on every side, and will not be called off by the ordinary solicitation of other ideas." This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontes so deeply, or, in Shakspeare's language,—*stabs him to the center*. STEEVENS.

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affection* means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately, " the disposition of the mind when strongly *affected* or possessed by a particular idea." And in a kindred sense at least to this, it is used in the passage quoted from the *Merchant of Venice*, where the original reading is not *affections* but *affection*.—*Intention* is again used in the same sense as here, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor:*
" She did so course o'er my exteriors, with such a greedy *intention*," &c.
MALONE.

5 *Thou dost make possible, things not so held,*] i. e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible. JOHNSON.

To express the speaker's meaning, it is necessary to make a short pause after the word *possible*. I have therefore put a comma there, though perhaps in strictness it is improper. MALONE.

6 —*credent*,] i. e. credible. So, in *Measure for Measure*, Act V. sc. v:
" For my authority bears a *credent* bulk." STEEVENS.

Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How, my lord?
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother[7]?
Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord[8]?
Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! [*aside.*]—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master[9], and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash[1], this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money[2]?

Mam.

7 *What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?*] This line, which in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attributed to Polixenes on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hanmer had made the same emendation. MALONE.

8 *Are you* mov'd, *my lord?*] We have again the same expression on the same occasion, in *Othello:*

Othel. "I see my Lord, you are *mov'd.*
Iago. "No, not much *mov'd*, not much." MALONE.

9 —*my dagger muzzled,*
Lest it should bite *its master,* &c.] So, in another place: "I have a sword will *bite* upon my necessity." And, in *King Lear:*

"I have seen the day with my good *biting* faulchion
"I would have made them skip." HENLEY.

1 *This* squash,] See Vol. II. p. 488, n. 6. MALONE.

2 *Will you take eggs for money?*] This seems to be a proverbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance. Its original, or precise meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's nest; he therefore that has eggs laid in his nest, is said to be *cucullatus, cuckow'd*, or *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. Mam. *No, my lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

I meet

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole[3]—My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent[4] to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,

I meet with Shakspeare's phrase in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:—"I shall have *eggs for my money*; I must hang myself." STEEVENS.

Leontes seems only to ask his son, if he will fly from an enemy. In the following passage the phrase is evidently to be taken in that sense: "The French infantery skirmisheth bravely afarre off, and the cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge, but after the first head *they will take eggs for their money*." Relations of the most famous Kingdoms and common wealths thorowout the world, quarto, 1650, p 154. REED.

This phrase seems to me to have meant originally,—Are you such a poltron as to suffer another to use you as he pleases, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of so small a value as a few eggs in exchange for it? This explanation appears to me perfectly consistent with the passage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money* seems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame snake*. MALONE.

3 — *happy man be his* dole!] May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a *happy man*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. I. p. 164, n. 5; Vol. III. p. 262, n. 8; and Vol. V. p. 156, n. 6. MALONE.

4 *Apparent*—] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant. JOHNSON

We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents diſpoſe you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the ſky:—I am angling now, [*aſide.*
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to! [*obſerving* Polix. *and* Her.
How ſhe holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
To her allowing huſband [5]! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one [6].

[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, *and Attendants.*

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,
Now, while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks ſhe hath been ſluic'd in his abſence,
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will: Should all deſpair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thouſand of us
Have the diſeaſe, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

[5] *To her* allowing *huſband!*] *Allowing* in old language is *approving.* MALONE.

[6] *— a fork'd one.*] That is, a *horned* one; a *cuckold.* JOHNSON.
So, in *Othello:*
"Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us,
"When we do quicken." MALONE.

Mam.

Mam. I am like you, they ſay [8].

Leon. Why, that's ſome comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honeſt man.—
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great ſir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home [9].

Leon. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions; made
His buſineſs more material [1].

Leon. Didſt perceive it?—
They're here with me already [2]; whiſpering, rounding [3],
Sicilia is a—ſo forth [4]: 'Tis far gone,
When

[8] — they *ſay.*] *They*, which was omitted in the original copy by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or printer, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] — *it ſtill came home.*] This is a ſea-faring expreſſion, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.* STEEVENS.

[1] ———— *made*
His buſineſs more material.] i. e. the more you requeſted him to ſtay, the more urgent he repreſented that buſineſs to be which ſummoned him away. STEEVENS.

[2] *They're here with me already;*] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but caſual obſervers, people accidentally preſent. THIRLBY.

[3] — *whiſpering, rounding,*] *To round in the ear*, is to *whiſper*, or *to tell ſecretly.* The expreſſion is very copiouſly explained by M. Caſaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* JOHNSON.

The word appears to have been ſometimes written *rown.* See Speed's *Hiſt. of Great Britaine*, 1614, p. 906. MALONE.

[4] Sicilia is a—*ſo forth:*] In regulating this line I have adopted a hint ſuggeſted by Mr. Maſon. I have more than once obſerved that almoſt every abrupt ſentence in theſe plays is corrupted. Theſe words without the break now introduced are to me unintelligible. Leontes means,—I think I already hear my courtiers whiſpering to each other, "Sicilia is a *cuckhold*, a tame cuckhold," to which (ſays he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of;" for ſuch, I ſuppoſe, the meaning of the words—*ſo forth.* He avoids naming the word *cuckhold* from a horrour of the very ſound. I ſuſpect, however, that our author wrote—Sicilia is—*and* ſo forth. So, in the *Merchant of Venice:* "I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, *and ſo following.*"

When I shall gust it last[5].—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking[6], will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes[7],
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou

' In the *Taming of the Shrew*, (see Vol. III. p. 247,) a line is printed in the old copy with the same inaccuracy which we find here:

"And, when he says he *is*, say that he dreams." MALONE.

5 —*gust it*—] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

"Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus." Juv. *Sat.* 10. MALONE.

6 —*is soaking*,] Thy conceit is of an *absorbent* nature, will draw in more, &c. seems to be the meaning. STEEVENS.

7 —lower messes,] I believe, *lower messes* is only used as an expression to signify the lowest degrees about the court. See *Anstis. Ord. Gart.* i. App. p. 15: "The earl of Surry began the borde in presence: the earl of Arundel washed with him, and sat both at the *first messe*." At every great man's table the visitants were anciently, as at present, placed according to their consequence or dignity, but with additional marks of inferiority, viz. of sitting below the great saltseller placed in the center of the table, and of having coarser provisions set before them.—Inferiority of understanding is on this occasion comprehended in the idea of inferiority of rank. STEEVENS.

Concerning the different *messes* in the great families of our ancient nobility, see the *Houshold Book* of the 5th Earl of Northumberland, octavo, 1770. PERCY.

Hast

Haſt cleans'd my boſom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeſt: or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honeſty behind [8], reſtraining
From courſe requir'd: Or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant, grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent: or elſe a fool;
That ſeeſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearful;
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance [9], 'twas a fear

Which

[8] —*hoxes honeſty behind,*] To *hox* is to ham-ſtring. So, in Knolles's *Hiſt. of the Turks*: "—alighted, and with his ſword *hoxed* his horſe." K. James VI. in his 11th Parliament, had an act to puniſh "*hockares*, or ſlayers of horſe, oxen," &c. STEEVENS.

The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or ham-ſtring. MALONE.

[9] *Whereof the execution did cry out*
Againſt the non-performance,] This is one of the expreſſions by which Shakſpeare too frequently clouds his meaning. JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read—"the *now*-performance," which gives us this very reaſonable meaning:—*At the execution whereof, ſuch circumſtances diſcovered themſelves, as made it prudent to ſuſpend all further proceeding in it.* HEATH.

I have preſerved this note, becauſe I think it a good interpretation of the original text. I have, however, no doubt, that Shakſpeare wrote

non-

Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think [1])

My

non-performance, he having often entangled himself in the same manner; but it is clear that he *should* have written, either—"against *the performance,*" or—"*for* the non-performance." In the *Merchant of Venice* our author has entangled himself in the same manner: "I beseech you, let his lack of years be no *impediment* to let him *lack* a reverend estimation;" where either *impediment* should be *cause*, or to *let him lack,* should be, *to prevent his obtaining.* Again, in *King Lear:*

"———— I have hope
"You *less* know how to value her desert,
"Than she to *scant* her duty."

Again, in the play before us:

"———— I ne'er heard yet,
"That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
"*Less* impudence to gain-say what they did,
"Than to perform it first."

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*

"Fortune *forbid* my outside have *not* charm'd her!" MALONE.

1 ———— (*for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think*)] Mr. Theobald in a Letter subjoined to one edition of the *Double Falshood* has quoted this passage in defence of a well-known line in that play: "None but himself can be his parallel." "Who does not see at once (says he) that he who does not think, has no thought in him." In the same light this passage should seem to have appeared to all the subsequent editors, who read, with the editor of the second folio, "—that does not think *it*." But the old reading, I am persuaded, is right. This is not an abstract proposition. The whole context must be taken together. Have you not thought (says Leontes) my wife is slippery (for cogitation resides not in the man that does not think *my wife is slippery*)? The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in construction with it; and consequently the seeming absurdity attributed by Theobald to the passage, arises only from misapprehension. In this play, from whatever

My wife is ſlippery? If thou wilt confeſs,
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then ſay,
My wife's a hobby-horſe[2]; deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay it, and juſtify it.
Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, though true[3].
Leon. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes[4]?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web[5], but theirs, theirs only,
That would unſeen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.
Leon. Say, it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.

ever cauſe it has ariſen, there are more involved and parenthetical ſentences, than in any other of our author's. MALONE.

2 — a *hobby-horſe*;] Old Copy—*holy*-horſe. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

3 ———— *were ſin*
As deep as that, though true.] i. e. your ſuſpicion is as great a ſin as would be that, (if committed,) for which you ſuſpect her. WARB.

4 — meeting *noſes*?] Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noſes*; that is, *meaſuring noſes*. JOHNSON.

5 — *the* pin *and* web,] Diſorders in the eye. See *K. Lear*, Act III. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

Leon.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, and mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass [6].

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like his medal [7], hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who,—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing [8]: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'st be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink [9];

6 —*of one* glass.] i. e. of one *hour*-glass. MALONE.

7 —*like* his *medal*,] The old copy has—*her* medal, which was evidently an error of the press, either in consequence of the compositor's eye glancing on the word *her* in the preceding line, or of an abbreviation being used in the MS. In *As you like it* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, *her* and *his* are frequently confounded. See Vol. III. p. 229, n. 3. Theobald, I find, had made the same emendation.—In *K. Henry VIII.* we have again the same thought:

"——— a loss of her,
"That like *a jewel* has hung twenty years
"About his neck, yet never lost her lustre."

It should be remembered that it was customary for *gentlemen*, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So, in *Honour in Perfection, or a Treatise in commendation of Henrie Earl of Oxenford, Henrie Earl of Southampton*, &c. by Gervais Markham, 4to. 1624, p. 18.—"he hath *hung about the neck* of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich *jewel*."—The Knights of the Garter wore the George, in this manner, till the time of Charles I. MALONE.

8 —*a lasting* wink;] So, in the *Tempest*:
"To the perpetual *wink* for aye might put
"This ancient morsel." STEEVENS.

9 —*more* doing:] The latter word is used here in a wanton sense. See Vol II. p. 11, n. 5. MALONE.

Which

Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison[9]: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee[1],—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot[2]!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation?
Sully the purity and whiteness of
My sheets, which to preserve, is sleep; which being

[9] ——— *with no rash potion,—*
Maliciously, like poison:] *Rash* is *hasty*, as in another place, *rash gunpowder*. *Maliciously* is *malignantly*, with effects *openly hurtful*. JOHNSON.

[1] ——— *But I cannot*
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—] The commentators have differed much in explaining this passage, and some have wished to transfer the words—"I have lov'd thee," from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words "being honourable" should be placed in a parenthesis, and the full-point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of these words, ought to be omitted. The sense will then be: *Having ever had the highest respect for you, and thought you so estimable and* honourable *a character, so worthy of the love of my mistress, I cannot believe that she has played you false, has dishonoured you.* However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the king instances of his love, and is interrupted. I see no sufficient reason for transferring the words, *I have lov'd thee*, from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy there is a comma at the end of Camillo's speech, to denote an abrupt speech. MALONE.

[2] *Make that thy* question, *and go rot!*] This refers to what Camillo has just said, relative to the queen's chastity:

——— I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress—.

Not believe it, replies Leontes; make that (i. e. Hermione's disloyalty, which is so clear a point,) a subject of debate or discussion, and go rot! Dost thou think, I am such a fool as to torment myself, and to bring disgrace on me and my children, without sufficient grounds? MALONE.

Question in our author very often signifies *conversation*. See Vol. II. p. 54, n. 8. STEEVENS.

Spotted

Spotted, is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps?
Give ſcandal to the blood o'the prince my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man ſo blench[3]?

Cam. I muſt believe you, ſir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highneſs
Will take again your queen, as yours at firſt;
Even for your ſon's ſake; and, thereby, for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leon. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholſome beverage,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt adviſ'd me.
[*Exit* LEONTES.

Cam. O miſerable lady!—But, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too.—To do this deed,

[3] *Could man ſo* blench?] To *blench* is to ſtart off, to ſhrink. So, in *Hamlet*:
" —if he but *blench*,
" I know my courſe."
Leontes means—could any man ſo ſtart or fly off from propriety of behaviour? STEEVENS.

Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't[4]: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me[5]; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me[6]? 'Tis thereabouts

[4] *If I could find example* &c.] An allusion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in king James's time. BLACKSTONE.

[5] ——— *when he*
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;] This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakspeare. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred. MASON.

[6] *Do you know, and dare not*
Be intelligent to me?] i. e. *do you know, and dare not confess to me that you know?* TYRWHITT.

For,

For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better,
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle [7],—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I cónjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;

[7] *In whose success we are gentle,*] I know not whether *success* here does not mean *successor.* JOHNSON.

Gentle in the text is evidently opposed to *simple*; alluding to the distinction between the gentry and yeomanry. So, in *The Insatiate Countess,* 1631:

"And make thee *gentle,* being born a beggar."

In whose *success* we are gentle, may mean in consequence of whose *success* in life, &c. STEEVENS.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of *success* the true one. MALONE.

Since

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you [8].

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't [9],—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best [1]!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences [2], you may as well

8 *I am appointed* Him *to murder you.*] i.e. I am the person appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.

9 *To vice you to't*,] i.e. to draw, persuade you. WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So the bailiff speaking of Falstaff: "*If he come but within my* vice," &c. STEEVENS.

1 —his, that did betray *the best!*] Perhaps *Judas*. The word *best* is spelt with a capital letter thus, *Best*, in the first folio. HENDERSON.

2 *Swear* his thought *over*
By each particular star in heaven, &c.] *Swear* his thought *over* may perhaps mean, *overswear his present persuasion*, that is, endeavour to *overcome his opinion*, by swearing oaths numerous as the stars. JOHNSON.

Swear his thought *over* may mean, Though you should endeavour to *swear away* his jealousy,—though you should strive, by your oaths, to change his present thoughts.—The vulgar still use a similar expression: "To *swear* a person *down*." MALONE.

 Forbid

Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counſel, ſhake,
The fabrick of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith [3], and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.
Pol. How ſhould this grow?
Cam. I know not: but, I am ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,—
That lies encloſ'd in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will, by twos, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o'the city: For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution ſworn.
Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine [4]: My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealouſy
Is for a precious creature: as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man which ever

3 —— *whoſe foundation*
Is pil'd upon his faith,] This folly which is erected on the foundation of ſettled *belief.* STEEVENS.

4 —— *and thy* places *ſhall*
Still neighbour mine:] Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—And thy *paces* ſhall, &c. Thou ſhalt be my conductor, and we will both purſue the ſame path.—The old reading however may mean,—wherever thou art, I will ſtill be near thee. MALONE.

Profeſs'd

Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion[5]! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1. *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1. *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2. *Lady.* And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,

[5] *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort*
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!] Comfort is, I apprehend, here used as a verb. Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen, by removing the object of her husband's jealousy;—the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion!—We meet with a similar phraseology in *Twelfth Night*: "Do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight, what my offence to him is; it is *something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.*" Dr. Warburton reads—the gracious queen's; i.e. "be expedition my friend, and comfort the queen's friend;" and Dr. Johnson thinks his emendation just. MALONE.

Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2. *Lady*. Who taught you this[6]?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?

1. *Lady*. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2. *Lady*. Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince,
One of theſe days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1. *Lady*. She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk; Good time encounter her!

Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? Come, ſir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, ſit by us,
And tell us a tale.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A ſad tale's beſt for winter[7]:
I have one of ſprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good ſir:
Come on, ſit down:—Come on, and do your beſt
To fright me with your ſprights; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, ſit down; then on.

Mam Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it ſoftly;
Yon crickets ſhall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

[6] *Who taught you this?*] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] *A ſad tale's beſt for winter*:] Hence, I ſuppoſe, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.

This ſuppoſition may be countenanced by our author's 98th Sonnet:
"Yet not the lays of birds, &c.
"Could make me any *ſummer's ſtory* tell." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and Others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
 1. *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcour ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.
 Leon. How bleſt am I
In my juſt cenſure [8]? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for leſſer knowledge [9]!—How accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt!—There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd [1], and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides,
With violent hefts [2]: I have drunk, and ſeen the ſpider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true, that is miſtruſted:—that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing [3]; yea, a very trick

For

[8] *In my juſt* cenſure?] *Cenſure*, in the time of our author, was generally uſed, (as in this inſtance,) for judgment, opinion. So, Sir Walter Raleigh, in his commendatory verſes prefixed to Gaſcoigne's *Steel Glaſs*, 1576:

"Wherefore, to write my *cenſure* of this book—." MALONE.

[9] *Alack, for leſſer knowledge!*—] That is, *O that my knowledge were leſs.* JOHNSON.

[1] *A ſpider ſteep'd,*] This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet publiſhed in 1632: "—like the *ſpider*, which turneth all things to poiſon which it taſteth." MALONE.

That ſpiders were eſteemed venomous appears by the evidence of a perſon who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair. "The Counteſſe wiſhed me to get the *ſtrongeſt poiſon* that I could, &c. Accordingly I bought *ſeven—great ſpiders*, and cantharides." HENDERSON.

[2] —*violent* hefts:] *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved up. STEEVENS.

[3] *He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I*
Remain a pinch'd thing;] The ſenſe, I think, is, He hath now diſcovered my deſign, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing

pinched

For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1. *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use;—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself[4]:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,

pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. HEATH.

This sense is possible, but many other meanings might serve as well. JOHNSON.

The sense proposed by the author of the *Revisal* may be supported by the following passage in the *City Match*, by Jasper Maine, 1639:

" —*Pinck'd* napkins, captain, and laid
" Like fishes, fowls, or faces." STEEVENS.

The subsequent words—" a very *trick* for them to play at will," appear strongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation. MALONE.

4 —*for calumny will* sear
Virtue itself:] That is, will stigmatize or brand as infamous. So, in *All's Well that ends well:*

" ——— my maiden's name
" *Sear'd* otherwise." HENLEY.

When

When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake [5].

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adultress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her [6]; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal [7], that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,

5 ——*you, my lord,*
Do but mistake.] Otway had this passage in his thoughts, when he put the following lines into the mouth of Castalio:
"——Should the bravest man
"That e'er wore conquering sword, but dare to whisper
"What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars:
"My friend may be mistaken." STEEVENS.

6 *A federary with her*;] A *federary* is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEVENS.

7 *But with her most vile principal,*] One that knows what she should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own breast and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant.—*But*, which is here used for *only*, renders this passage somewhat obscure. It has the same signification again in this scene:
"He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
"*But* that he speaks." MALONE.

Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks [9].

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [*to the guards.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools *;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,

8 — *if I mistake—*
The center, &c.] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted. JOHNSON.

9 *He, who shall speak for her, is afar* off *guilty,*
But that he speaks.] *Far* off *guilty*, signifies, *guilty in a remote degree.* JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *K. Henry V*:
" Or shall we sparingly shew you *far off*
" The dauphin's meaning?"
But that he speaks—means, *in merely speaking.* MALONE.

* — *good fools;*] See p. 112, n. 7. MALONE.

As

As I come out; this action [1], I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies*.

1. *Lord*. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence: in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1. *Lord*. For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her [2];
Then, when I feel, and see her, no farther trust her [3];

[1] —*this* action;] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's sense, for *indictment*, *charge*, or *accusation*. JOHNSON.

We cannot say that a person *goes on* an indictment, charge, or accusation. I believe, Hermione only means, "What I am now about to do." MASON. See the latter part of n. 8, p. 156. MALONE.

[2] *If it prove*
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; &c] If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and, in that respect, my house shall resemble a stable, where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is the place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I suppose, as well as our author, has occasionally seen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a stable. A *dog-couple* is a term at this day. To this practice perhaps he alludes in *King John*:

"To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
"To *crouch in litter of your stable planks*."

In the Teutonick language, *hund-stall*, or *dog-stable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *stable*, however may mean *station*, *stabilis statio*, and two distinct propositions may be intended. I'll keep my station in the same place where my wife is lodged; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. MALONE.

[3] Then, *when I feel, and see her*, &c.] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*Than* when &c. certainly not without ground, for *than* was formerly spelt *then*; but here, I believe, the latter word was intended. MALONE.

For

For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1. *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on *,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him [4]: Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five [5];

If

* —*some* putter-on,] Some instigator. See *Othello*, Act II. sc. last. MALONE.

[4] *That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,*
I would land-damn *him*:] I am persuaded that this is a corruption, and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line, or the transcriber was deceived by similitude of sounds.—What the poet's word was, cannot now be ascertained; but the sentiment was probably similar to that in *Othello*:

"O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold," &c.

I believe, we should read—land-*dam*; i. e. kill him; bury him in earth. So, in *King John*:

"His ears are stopp'd with *dust*; he's *dead*."

Again, ibid:

"And stop this gap of breath with fulsome *dust*."

Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:

"The corps clapt fast in clotter'd *claye*,
"That here engrav'd doth lie—." MALONE.

Land-damn is probably one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him; *condemn* him to quit the *land*. JOHNSON.

[5] *The second and the third, nine, and some five*;] This line appears obscure, because the word *nine* seems to refer to both "*the second and the third*." But it is sufficiently clear, *referendo singula singulis*. *The second is of the age of nine, and the third is* some *five years old*. The same expression, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *K. Lear*:

"For that I am, *some* twelve or fourteen moonshines,
"Lag of a brother."

The editor of the second folio reads—*sons* five; startled probably by the difficulty that arises from the subsequent lines, the operation that Antigonus threatens to perform on his children, not being commonly applicable to females. But for this, let our author answer. Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1656, shews it may be done. Shakspeare undoubtedly wrote *some*; for were we, with the ignorant editor above-mentioned

If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myſelf[6], than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.

Leon. Ceaſe; no more.
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe: but I do ſee't, and feel't;
As you feel, doing thus, and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel[7].

Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1. *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow

mentioned, to read—*ſons* five, then the ſecond and third daughter would both be of the ſame age; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reaſonable to ſuppoſe. Beſides; daughters are by the law of England co-heirs, but ſons never. MALONE.

[6] *And I had rather* glib *myſelf,*] For *glib*, I think, we ſhould read—*lib*, which in the northern language is the ſame as *geld*. GREY.

Though *lib* may probably be the right word, yet *glib* is at this time current in many counties, where they ſay, to *glib* a boar, to *glib* a horſe. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *but I do ſee't, and feel't;*
As you feel, doing thus, and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.] I ſee and feel *my diſgrace*, as you, *Antigonus, now feel me, on my* doing thus *to you*, and *as you now* ſee the inſtruments that feel, i. e. my fingers. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" ——— all the body's members
" Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it:—
" That only like a gulf it did remain, &c.
" ——— where, the other *inſtruments*
" Did ſee, hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, *feel*, &c."

Leontes muſt here be ſuppoſed to lay hold of either the beard or arm, or ſome other part, of Antigonus. See a ſubſequent note in the laſt ſcene of this act. MALONE.

Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth[8], like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation[9],
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency[1]: Now, from the oracle

8 ——— *which,—if you—*
Relish a truth,—] Thus the old copy. Our author is frequently inaccurate in the construction of his sentences, and the conclusion of them do not always correspond with the beginning. So before, in this play:

" —— *who,*—if I
" Had servants true about me,—
" ———————— they would do that," &c.

The late editions read—*as* truth, which is certainly more grammatical; but a wish to reduce our author's phraseology to the modern standard, has been the source of much errour in the regulation of his text. MALONE.

9 — *nought for* approbation,] *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*. JOHNSON.

1 —*stuff'd sufficiency*;] That is, of abilities more than enough. JOHNSON.

They

They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1. *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform[2]. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in publick: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA, *and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady?
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,

[2] *Lest that the treachery of the two,* &c.] He has before declared, that there is a *plot against his life and crown,* and that Hermione is *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo. JOHNSON.

To

To lock up honeſty and honour from
The acceſs of gentle viſitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to ſee her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So pleaſe you, madam, to put
Apart theſe your attendants, I ſhall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt* Attend.

Keep. And, madam, I muſt be preſent
At your conference.

Paul. Well, be it ſo, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Keeper.
Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: ſays, *My poor priſoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be ſworn:—
Theſe dangerous unſafe lunes o'the king[3]! beſhrew them!
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall: the office
Becomes a woman beſt; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter;

3 *Theſe dangerous unſafe* lunes *o'the king!*] I have no where, but in our author, obſerved this word adopted in our tongue, to ſignify, *frenzy, lunacy.* But it is a mode of expreſſion with the French.—*Il y a de la* lune: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. "*Lune*, folie. *Les femmes ont des* lunes *dans la tete.* Richelet." THEOBALD.

The old copy has—*i'the* king. This ſlight correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

And

And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my beſt obedience to the queen;
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhew't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudeſt: We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'the child;
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

Emil. Moſt worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodneſs, is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Pleaſe your ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently
Acquaint the queen of your moſt noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this deſign;
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll uſe that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldneſs from my boſom, let it not be doubted
I ſhall do good.

Emil. Now be you bleſt for it!
I'll to the queen: pleaſe you, come ſomething nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't pleaſe the queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur, to paſs it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, ſir:
The child was priſoner to the womb; and is,
By law and proceſs of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour, I will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no reſt: It is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; mere weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being;—part o'the cauſe,
She, the adultreſs;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain [4], plot-proof: but ſhe
I can hook to me: Say, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1. *Atten.* My lord? [*advancing.*

Leon. How does the boy?

1. *Atten.* He took good reſt to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leon. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd.—Leave me ſolely [5]: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attend.]—Fye, fye! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himſelf too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance [6],—Let him be,

Until

4 ——— *out of the blank*
And level of my brain,] Beyond the *aim* of any attempt that I can make againſt him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of archery. JOHNSON.

5 —*Leave me* ſolely.] That is, leave me alone. MASON.

6 *The very thought of my* revenges *that way,*
Recoil upon me: in himſelf too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance.—] So, in *Doraſtus and Fawnia*: "Pandoſto, although he felt that *revenge* was a ſpur to warre, and that envy alwayes proffereth ſteele, yet he ſaw Egiſthus was not only of great

Until a time may ſerve: for preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1. *Lord.* You muſt not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1. *Attend.* Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night; commanded
None ſhould come at him.

Paul. Not ſo hot, good ſir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you,—
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings,—ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honeſt, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.

Leon. What noiſe there, ho?

Paul. No noiſe, my lord; but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your highneſs.

Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew, ſhe would.

Ant. I told her ſo, my lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril, and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.

Leon. What, can'ſt not rule her?

great puiſſance and proweſſe to withſtand him, but alſo had many kings of his *alliance* to ayd him, if need ſhould ſerve; for he married the Emperor of Ruſſia's daughter." Our author, it is obſervable, whether from forgetfulneſs or deſign, has made this lady the wife (not of Egiſthus, the Polixenes of this play, but) of Leontes. MALONE.

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils[5],
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen! I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you[6].

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch[7]! Hence with her, out o'door:
A most

5 —*in* comforting *your* evils,] To *comfort*, in old language, is to *aid and encourage*. It is still so used in legal proceedings. *Evils* here mean *wicked courses*. MALONE.

6 *And would by combat make her good, so were I A man, the* worst *about you*] The *worst* means only the *lowest*. Were I the meanest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards observes, that "The worst about you" may mean the weakest, or least warlike. So a *better man*, the *best man* in company, frequently refer to skill in fighting, not to moral goodness." I think he is right. MALONE.

7 *A mankind witch!*] A *mankind* woman, is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has

A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so intitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—
Thou, dotard, [*to* Ant.] thou art woman-tyr'd[8], unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone[9].

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness[1]

has the same sense in this passage. Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women; therefore Sir Hugh, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, "*that he does not like when a woman has a beard.*" JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"Why she is *mankind*, therefore thou may'st strike her."

Again, in A. Fraunce's *Ivie church*: he is speaking of the golden age:

"Stoordy lyons lowted, noe wolf was knowne to be *mankind*."

STEEVENS.

Mankind may signify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, mischief or wickedness, and *kind*, nature. TOLLET.

8 — *thou art* woman-tyr'd;] *Woman-tyr'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakspeare. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"——— the vultur *tires*
"Upon the eagle's heart."

Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*.

STEEVENS.

9 — *thy* crone.] i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. STEEVENS.

1 *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced* baseness] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard*; Paulina forbids him to touch the princess under that appellation. *Forced* is *false*, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.

A *base* son was a common term in our author's time. So, in *K. Lear*:

"——— Why brand they us
"With *base*? with *baseness*? bastardy?" MALONE.

Which

Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's [1], betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles [2];
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast

[1] — *his babe's,*] The female infant then on the stage. MALONE.

[2] — *his smiles;*] These two redundant words might be rejected, especially as the child has already been represented as the inheritor of its father's *dimples and frowns.* STEEVENS.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently take the liberty of using words of two syllables, as monosyllables. So *eldest, highest, lower, either* &c. *Dimples* is, I believe, employed so here; and *of his*, when contracted, or sounded quickly, make but one syllable likewise. In this view there is no redundancy. MALONE.

The

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't [3]; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's [4]!

Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel [5], thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

3 *No yellow in't*;] *Yellow* is the colour of jealousy. JOHNSON.
So, Nym says in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, "I will possess him with *yellowness*." STEEVENS.

4 ——— *lest she suspect, as he does,*
Her children not her husband's!] In the ardour of composition Shakspeare seems here to have forgotten the difference of sexes. No suspicion that the babe in question might entertain of her future husband's *fidelity*, could affect the legitimacy of her offspring. Unless she were *herself* a "bed-swerver," (which is not supposed,) she could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealousy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the present instance, a pang that it can never give. MALONE.

5 *And*, lozel,] A *lozel* is a worthless fellow. STEEVENS.
"A *lozel* is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off, his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewd and careless of credit and honesty." *Verstigan's Restitution*, 1634, p. 335. REED.

Paul. I pray you, do not puſh me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit!—What need theſe hands?—
You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo:—Farewel; we are gone.

Leon. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this
My child? away with't!—even thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtrai
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimony) or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: If thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo;
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, ſir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

1. *Lord.* We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1. *Lord.* 'Beſeech your highneſs, give us better credit:
We have always truly ſerv'd you; and beſeech,
So to eſteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices,
Paſt, and to come,) that you do change this purpoſe;
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But, be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither.—You, ſir, come you hither;
[*to* Autigonus.
You, that have been ſo tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To ſave this baſtard's life:—for 'tis a baſtard,

So

So sure as this beard's grey [6],—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword [7],
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place [8],
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death

6 *So sure as this beard's* grey,] The king must mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on a former occasion, (see p. 155, n. 7.) it was intended, he should lay hold of. Leontes has himself told us that twenty-three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of course his age at the opening of this play must be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. MALONE.

7 *Swear by this sword,*] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. v. STEEVENS.

8 —commend *it* strangely *to some place,*] Commit it to some place, as *a stranger*, without more provision. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
"And so I do *commend* you to their backs."

See Vol. V. p. 65, n. *. MALONE.

Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and r
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and bles.
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss[1]! [*Exit, with*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1. *Attend.* Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1. *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

9 — *and blessing,*] i. e. the favour of heaven. MALONE.

1 — *condemn'd to loss.*] i. e. to exposure, similar to that of a child whom its parents have *lost*. I once thought that *loss* was here licentiously used for *destruction*; but that this was not the primary sense here intended, appears from a subsequent passage, Act III. sc iii:

"——— Poor wretch,
"That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
"To *loss*, and what *may follow*!" MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in some town.

Enter CLEOMENES, *and* DION*.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle[2]; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me[3], the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't[4].
Cleo. Great Apollo,

* —*Cleomenes and Dion.*] These two names, and those of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's Plutarch. MALONE.

[2] *Fertile the* isle;] But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakspeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an island of the Cyclades. WARBURTON.

In the *Hist. of Dorastus and Faunia*, the queen desires the king to send "six of his noblemen whom he best trusted, to the *isle* of Delphos," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *For most it caught me,*] *It* may relate to the whole spectacle. JOHNSON.

[4] *The time is worth the use on't.*] If the event prove fortunate to the queen, *the time which we have spent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath cost us.* In other words, the happy issue of our journey will compensate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the same expression in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essaies*, 1603: "The common saying is, the *time* we live, is *worth the money we pay for it.*" MALONE.

Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the ora
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh h
And gracious be the issue! [

SCENE II.

The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, *Lords, and Officers, appear properly sea*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounc
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation [5].—
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE *is brought in, guarded;* PAULINA *and Ladies, attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *queen to the worthy* Leontes, *king of* Sicilia, *thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *king of* Bohemia; *and conspiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence* [6] *whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou,* Her-

5 Even *to the guilt, or the purgation.*—] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEEVENS.

6 —*pretence*—] Is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid*, a *design formed*: to *pretend* means to *design*, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. JOHNSON.

mione,

mione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd [7]. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience [8].—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least [9] will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which [*] is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,

7 — *mine integrity*, &c.] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*. *Falsehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. Johnson.

It is frequently used in the former sense in *Othello*, Act V:
" He says, thou told'st him that his wife was *false*."
Again:
" — Thou art rash as fire
" To say that she was *false*." Malone.

8 —— *If* powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, *and tyranny*
Tremble at patience.] Our author has here closely followed the novel of *Dorastus and Faunia*, 1588: " If the *divine powers* be privie *to human actions, (as no doubt they are,)* I hope my *patience* shall make fortune *blush*, and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit." Malone.

9 Who *least*—] Old Copy—*Whom* least. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

* — *which*—] That is, which unhappiness. Malone.

To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it[1]
As I weigh grief, which I would spare[2]: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine[3],
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience[4], sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encountel, so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus[5]: if one jot beyond

1 — *For* life, *I prize it* &c.] *Life* is to me now only *grie*, such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly

2 *I would* spare:] To *spare* any thing is to *let it go*, *to q*. *possession of it.* JOHNSON.

3 *'Tis a derivative from me to mine,*] This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus* chap. iii. verse 11, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and *a mother in dishonour, is a reproach unto her children.*" STEEVENS.

4 ——— *I appeal*
To your own conscience, &c.] So, in *Dorastus and Faunia*: "How I have led my life before Egisthus' coming, I *appeal*, Pandosto, to the Gods, and *to thy conscience*." MALONE.

5 ——— *since he came,*
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus:] The sense seems to be this:— *What sudden slip have I made, that I should catch a wrench in my character?*

"— a noble nature
"May catch a wrench." *Timon.*

An *uncurrent encounter* seems to mean an irregular, unjustifiable congress. The sense would then be:—In what base reciprocation of love have I caught this strain? *Uncurrent* is what will not pass, and is, at present, only apply'd to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of—*some* strain *in her character.* STEEVENS.

The precise meaning of the word *encounter* in this passage may be gathered from our author's use of it elsewhere:

"Who hath—
"Confess'd the vile *encounters* they have had
"A thousand times in secret." *Much ado about Nothing.*

Hero and Borachio are the persons spoken of. Again, in *Measure for Measure*: "We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment,

The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
Than to perform it first [6].

Her.

ment go in your place: if the *encounter* acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence."

As, to pass or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe our author in the present passage, with his accustomed licence, uses the word *uncurrent* as synonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *strain'd*, may perhaps mean—I have swerved or deflected from the strict line of duty. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Nor aught so good, but *strain'd* from that fair use,
"Revolts—".

Again, in our author's 140th Sonnet:

"Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud *heart go wide.*"

A bed-*swerver* has already occurred in this play.

"To appear *thus*," is, to appear in such an assembly as this; to be put on my trial.

Mr. Mason has justly observed that this sentence is not interrogative, and that therefore there is no need of the transposition proposed by Dr. Johnson.—"Have I strain'd," &c. The construction is, "I appeal to your own conscience, with what encounter so uncurrent I have strain'd," &c. MALONE.

6 *I ne'er heard yet,*
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less *impudence to gain-say what they did,*
Than to perform it first.] It is apparent that according to the proper, at least according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*. But Shakspeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's observation on this passage is so manifestly right, and our author's inaccuracy of construction in many passages of these plays, so well known to those who have studied his works, that the foregoing note requires no support. Yet an anonymous *Remarker* contests a proposition which I make no doubt to every other reader will appear self-evident,

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd [6];
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had spo.
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:

evident; and seems to think here, and in many other places, that by merely *repeating* Shakspeare's words, he has explained them. If *bad* is admissible in this sentence, in the place of *wanted*, (as it certainly is,) *wanted*, which is the reverse or contrary of *bad*, cannot be correct. See p. 138, n. 9. MALONE.

6 —— *For Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd *him as in* honour *he requir'd*; &c.] So, in *Dorastus and Faunia*: "What hath passed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveale. That I *lov'd* Egisthus, I cannot denie; that I *honour'd* him, I shame not to confess.—But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egisthus is honest, and hope myself to be found without spot. For Franion, [Camillo,] I can neither accuse him nor excuse him. I was not privie to his departure. And that this is true which I have here rehearsed, I refer myselfe to the divine oracle."
MALONE.

My

My life ſtands in the level of your dreams [7],
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a baſtard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo,) ſo paſt all truth [8]:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails [9]: for as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to itſelf,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Look for no leſs than death.

Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I ſeek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life [1], your favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My ſecond joy,
And firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd moſt unluckily [2], is from my breaſt

7 *My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,*] To be *in the level* is, by a metaphor from archery, *to be within the reach*. JOHNSON.

8 *— As you were* paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact *are ſo,) ſo paſt all truth:*] *Thoſe of your fact*, may mean,—thoſe who have done as you do. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon would read *pack*, and Dr. Farmer *ſect*; but that *fact* is the true reading, is proved deciſively from the words of the novel, which our author had in his mind, both here, and in a former paſſage ["I ne'er heard yet, That any of theſe bolder vices" &c.]: "And as for her [ſaid Pandoſto] it was her part to *deny* ſuch a monſtrous crime, and to be impudent in forſwearing the *fact*, ſince ſhe had *paſſed all ſhame* in committing the fault." MALONE.

9 *Which to deny*, concerns *more than* avails:] It is your *buſineſs* to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be uſeleſs; will prove nothing. MALONE.

1 *The* crown *and* comfort *of my life,*—] The *ſupreme bleſſing* of my life. So, in *Cymbeline:*

"O that huſband!
"My ſupreme *crown* of grief." MALONE.

2 *Starr'd moſt unluckily,*] i. e. born under an inauſpicious planet. STEEVENS.

The

The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet; With immodeſt hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion;—Laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit [3]. Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; miſtake me not;—No! life,
I prize it not a ſtraw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes; all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law [4].—Your honours all,

3 *I have got* ſtrength *of* limit.] I know not well how *ſtrength of limit* can mean *ſtrength to paſs the limits* of the child-bed chamber, which yet it muſt mean in this place, unleſs we read in a more eaſy phraſe, *ſtrength of* limb. *And* now, *&c.* JOHNSON.

Limit was anciently uſed for *limb*. STEEVENS.

In *Cymbeline* we meet with the word in a ſenſe that may countenance Dr. Johnſon's firſt explanation:

"A priſon for a debtor, that not dares
"To ſtride a *limit*."

I believe the meaning is, before I have got ſtrength enough to move *even in a preſcribed and limited ſpace*. In *Meaſure for Meaſure limit* is uſed for a preſcribed and limited time: "—between the time of the contract and *limit* of the ſolemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at ſea." See alſo Vol. V. p. 112, n. 8.

The third folio reads—ſtrength of *limbs*; but the emendation de-derives no authority from thence. MALONE.

Strength of limit is, the limited degree of ſtrength, which is cuſtomary for women to acquire before they are ſuffered to go abroad after child-bearing. MASON.

4 ——— *I tell you,*
'Tis rigour, and not law.] This alſo is from the novel: "Bellaria, no whit diſmaid with this rough reply, told her huſband Pandoſto, that he ſpake upon choller, and not conſcience; for her virtuous life had been ſuch as no ſpot of ſuſpicion could ever ſtayne. And if ſhe had borne a friendly countenance to Egiſthus, it was in reſpect he was his friend, and not for any luſting affection: therefore *if ſhe were condemned without any farther proofe, it was rigour and not law.*" MALONE.

I do

I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.
1. Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain Officers.*
Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery[5]; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.
Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.
Leon. Break up the seals, and read.
Off. [*reads.*] Hermione *is chaste,* Polixenes *blameless,* Camillo *a true subject,* Leontes *a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found*[6].
Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!
Her. Praised!
Leon. Hast thou read truth?
Off. Ay, my lord; even so as it is here set down.

5 *The flatness of my misery;*] That is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.
So Milton, *Par. Lost,* b. ii:
" —— Thus repuls'd, our final hope
" Is *flat* despair." MALONE.

6 *Hermione is chaste, &c.*] This is almost literally from Lodge's novel:
" *The Oracle.*
Suspicion is no proofe; jealousie is an unequal judge; Bellaria is chaste; Egisthus blameless; Tranion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the king shall dye without an heire, if that which is lost be not found." MALONE.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, *hastily.*

Ser. My lord the king, the king!
Leon. What is the business?
Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and
Of the queen's speed[7], is gone.
Leon. How! gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [Her. *faints.*] How now there?
Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and ladies, with* HERMIONE.
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New-woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd
My swift command[8]; though I with death, and with

7 *Of the queen's speed,*] Of the *event* of the queen's trial: so we still say he *sped* well or ill. JOHNSON.

8 *But that* the good mind *of Camillo tardy'd*
My swift command;] Here likewise our author has closely follow-
[illegible]ene: "—promising not only to shew himself a loyal and a loving husband; but also to reconcile himselfe to Egisthus and Tranion; revealing then before them all the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his death, if that *the good mind* of his cup-bearer had not prevented his purpose." MALONE.

Reward

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended[9],
No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker[1]!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart cracking it,
Break too!

1. *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling?
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;

[9] ——— *and to the hazard*
Of all incertainties himself commended,] In the original copy some word probably, of two syllables, was inadvertently omitted in the first of these lines. I believe the word omitted was either *doubtful*, or *fearful*. The editor of the second folio endeavoured to cure the defect by reading—the *certain* hazard; the most improper word that could have been chosen. How little attention the alterations made in that copy are entitled to, has been shewn in the preface to the present edition. *Commended* is *committed*. See p. 167, n. 8. MALONE.

[1] *Does my deeds make the blacker!*] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt.
JOHNSON.

That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful [2]: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour [3],
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't [4]:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1. *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee

2 *That did but shew thee, of a* fool, *inconstant,*
And damnable ungrateful:] This, by a mode of speech anciently much used, means only, *It shew'd thee* first *a fool,* then *inconstant and ungrateful.* JOHNSON.

Damnable is here used adverbially. See Vol. III. p. 441, n. 2. MALONE.

3 *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,*] How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance. MALONE.

4 ——*though a devil*
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:] i.e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damn'd, ere he would have committed such an action. STEEVENS.

To

To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.

1. Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'the boldneſs of your ſpeech.

Paul. I am ſorry for't [5];
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal ſir, forgive a fooliſh woman;
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is loſt too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Leon. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and ſon:
One grave ſhall be for both; upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear, unto
Our ſhame perpetual: Once a day I'll viſit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation: ſo long as nature
Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long,

5 *I am ſorry for't*;] This is another inſtance of the ſudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds. JOHNSON.

I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bohemia. *A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Child; and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then[6], our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow instantly,

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;

[6] *Thou art perfect then,*] *Perfect* is often used by Shakspeare for *certain, well assured,* or *well informed.* JOHNSON.

It is so used by almost all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

And,

And, gaſpin[illegible]to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two[illegible]pouts: the fury ſpent, anon
[illegible] this b[illegible]k from her: *Good* Antigonus,
[illegible] *fate, [illegible]ainſt thy better diſpoſition,*
[illegible] *made [illegible] perſon for the thrower-out*
[illegible] *[illegible]abe, according to thine oath,—*
[illegible]lace[illegible] remote enough are in Bohemia,
[illegible]ere weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle buſineſs,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhall ſee
[illegible]hy wife Paulina *more:*—and ſo, with ſhrieks,
S[illegible] melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf; and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of king Polixenes, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*laying down the child.*
There lie; and there thy character[7]: there theſe;
[*laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty,
And ſtill reſt thine.—The ſtorm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewel!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough[8]: I never ſaw

7 — *thy* character:] i. e. the writing afterwards diſcovered with Perdita. "—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they knew to be his *character.*" STEEVENS.

8 —— *thou art like to have*
A lullaby *too rough:*] So, in *Doraſtus and Faunia:* "Shall thy tender mouth, inſtead of ſweet kiſſes, be nipped with bitter ſtormes? Shalt thou have the *whiſtling winds* for thy *lullaby*, and the ſalt ſea-fome, inſtead of ſweet milke?" MALONE.

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour[9]?—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy[1]. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne[2]! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

9 — *A savage* clamour?] This *clamour* was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the *animal pursued.* JOHNSON.

1 — *if any where I have them, 'tis by the* sea-side, brouzing *of* ivy.] This also is from the novel: "[The Shepherd] fearing either that the *wolves* or eagles had undone him, (for he was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substance,) wand'red downe towards the *sea-cliffes*, to see if perchance the *sheepe* was *brouzing* on the *sea-ivy*, whereon they doe greatly feed." MALONE.

2 — *a* barne! *a very pretty* barne!] i. e. child. It is a North Country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*. STEEVENS.

Clown. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea, and by land;—but I am not to ſay, it is a ſea, for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore! but that's not to the point: O, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls! ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt; and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land ſervice,—To ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ſhip:—to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it:—but, firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man[3].

Clown. I would you had been by the ſhip ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a ſight for thee;

[3] Shep. '*Would I had been by, to have help'd the* old *man.*] I ſuppoſe the ſhepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himſelf; or perhaps Shakſpeare, who was conſcious that he himſelf deſigned Antigonus for an *old* man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the ſhepherd who had never ſeen him. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding ſpeech: "—nor the bear half dined on the *old* gentleman;" Mr. Steevens's ſecond conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one. MALONE.

look

look thee, a bearing-cloth[4] for a ſquire's child thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. S ſee;—It was told me, I ſhould be rich by the this is ſome changeling[5]:—open't: What's boy?

Clown. You're a made old man[6]; if the ſins youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gi gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove with it, keep it cloſe; home, home, the next We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires n but ſecrecy.—Let my ſheep go:—Come, good bo next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman, an how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt, but when they are hungry[8]: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the ſight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

4 —a bearing-cloth—] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is uſually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

5 —*ſome changeling*:] i. e. ſome child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had ſtolen. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 458, n. 9. MALONE.

6 *You're a* made *old man*;] The old copy reads—*mad*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

This emendation is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: "The good man deſired his wife to be quiet: if ſhe would hold peace, they were *made* for ever." FARMER.

7 —*the next way*.] i. e. the neareſt way. See Vol. V. p. 203, n. 7. MALONE.

8 *They are never* curſt, *but when they are hungry*:] Curſt, ſignifies *miſchievous*. Thus the adage: *Curſt* cows have ſhort horns. HENLEY.

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I,—that pleaſe ſome, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error[9],—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years[1], and leave the growth untry'd
Of

9 —*that make, and unfold error,*] *Departed time* renders many facts obſcure, and in that ſenſe is the cauſe of error. *Time to come* brings diſcoveries with it. STEEVENS.

Theſe very comments on Shakſpeare prove, that time can both make and unfold error. MASON.

1 ——— *that I ſlide O'er ſixteen years,*] This treſpaſs, in reſpect of dramatick unity, will appear venial to thoſe who have read the once famous *Lily's Endymion*, or (as he himſelf calls it in the prologue) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the ſpace of forty years. Endymion lying down to ſleep at the end of the ſecond, and waking in the firſt ſcene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconſcionable length. Lilly has likewiſe been guilty of much greater abſurdity than ever Shakſpeare committed; for he ſuppoſes that Endymion's hair, features, and perſon, were changed by age during his ſleep, while all the other perſonages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetſtone, in the epiſtle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Meaſure for Meaſure* is formed,) had pointed out many of theſe abſurdities and offences againſt the laws of the drama. It muſt be owned therefore that Shakſpeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were. "For at this daye, the Italian is ſo laſcivious in his comedies, that honeſt hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he preſents on everye common ſtage, what preachers ſhould pronounce in pulpits. The Engliſhman in this qualitie, is moſt vaine, indiſcreete, and out of order. He firſt grounds his worke on impoſſibilities: then in three houres ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monſters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell," &c. This quotation

Of that wide gap [2]; since it is in my power [3]
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,

tion will serve to shew that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but like Achilles, denied that laws were designed to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and secure of graces beyond the reach of art. STEEVENS.

[2] — *and leave the* growth *untry'd*
Of that wide gap;] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the *gap* of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is *to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a subsequent passage:

"I turn my glass; and give my scene such *growing*,
"As you had slept between."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

"Whom our fast-*growing* scene must find
"At Tharsus."

Gap, the reading of the original copy, which Dr. Warburton changed to *gulph*, is likewise supported by the same play, in which old Gower, who appears as Chorus, says,

"— learn of me, who stand i'the *gaps* to teach you
"The stages of our story." MALONE.

[3] —*since it is in my power* &c.] The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her sixteenth year; and he intreats that he may pass as of old, before any *order* or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished his periods. JOHNSON.

Gentle

Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
[illegible] wondering: What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time[4]: Of this allow[5],
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years[6], since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of

4 *Is the* argument *of time:*] *Argument* is the same with *subject.* JOHNSON.

5 —*Of this* allow,] To *allow* in our author's time signified to *approve.* MALONE.

6 *It is* fifteen *years,*] We should read—*sixteen.* *Time* has just said:
—— *that I slide*
O'er sixteen *years*——.
Again, in Act V. sc. iii: "Which lets go by some *sixteen* years."—Again, *ibid.* "Which *sixteen* winters cannot blow away." STEEVENS.

thee,

thee, thine own goodneſs hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſuffic[illegible] manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thyſelf [illegible] away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt d[illegible] if I have not enough conſider'd, (as [illegible] be more thankful to thee, ſhall be my [illegible] fit therein, the heaping friendſhips[7]. [illegible] try Sicilia, pr'ythee ſpeak no more: wh[illegible] [illegible]ing puniſhes me with the remembrance of th[illegible] [illegible]ent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled king, my b[illegible]ther; whoſe loſs of his moſt precious queen, and children, are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the prince Florizel my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, ſince I ſaw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, miſſingly, noted[8], he is of late much retired from court; and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, Camillo; and with ſome care; ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, ſir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extend-

7 —*to be more thankful to thee, ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips.*] That is, I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I ſhall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I ſhall heap friendſhips, as I confer favours on thee I ſhall increaſe the friendſhip between us. JOHNSON.

Friendſhips is, I believe, here uſed, with ſufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices.* MALONE.

8 —*but I have, miſſingly, noted,*] I have obſerved him at *intervals*; not conſtantly or regularly, but occaſionally. STEEVENS.

ed

ed more, than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle[9] that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have ſome queſtion[1] with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſy to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt Camillo!—We muſt diſguiſe ourſelves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS[2], *ſinging.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the ſweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale[3].

9 *But, I fear the* angle—] *Angle* in this place means a *fiſhing-rod*, which he repreſents as drawing his ſon, like a fiſh, away. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"——— he did win
"The hearts of all that he did *angle* for."

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

"She knew her diſtance, and did *angle* for me." STEEVENS.

I know not whether *angle* is not here licentiouſly uſed for *bait*. MALONE.

1 —*ſome* queſtion—] i. e. ſome talk. See Vol. II. p. 54, n. 8. MALONE.

2 — Autolycus—] *Autolycus* was the ſon of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father:

"*Non fuit Autolyci tam piccata manus.*" Martial. STEEVENS.

3 *For the red blood reigns in the* winter's pale.] The meaning is, the red, the *ſpring* blood now *reigns o'er* the parts lately under the *dominion of winter*. The *Engliſh pale*, the *Iriſh pale*, were frequent expreſſions in Shakſpeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were choſen for the ſake of the *antitheſis*. FARMER.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth[4] *on edge;*
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts[5]*,—*
With, hey! with, hey[6]*! the thrush and the jay:—*
Are summer songs for me and my aunts[7]*,*
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile[8]; but now I am out of service:

4 —*pugging tooth*—] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read,—progging *tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is used by Green in one of his pieces. And a *puggard* was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*, curbers."

See to *prigge* in *Minsheu*. STEEVENS.

5 *The lark, that* tirra lirra *chaunts*,] So in an ancient poem entitled, *The Silke Worms and their Flies*, 1599:

"Let Philomela sing, let Progne chide,
"Let *Tyry-tyry-leerers* upward flie—."

In the margin the author explains *Tyryleerers* by its synonyme, *larks*. MALONE.

La gentille allouette avec son *tire lire*
Tire lire a lirè et tire lirant tire, &c.
Du Bartas.

Ecce suum *tirile tirile*, suum *tirile* tractat.
Linnæi Fauna Suecica.
T. H. W.

6 *With, hey!* with, hey!] The two latter words, which are not in the old copy, were introduced, for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

7 —*my* aunts,] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*. In Middleton's comedy, called, *A Trick to catch the old one*, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being used in that sense: "It was better bestow'd upon his uncle than one of his *aunts*, I need not say *bawd*, for every one knows what *aunt* stands for in the last translation." STEEVENS.

8 —*wore* three-pile;] i. e. rich velvet. STEEVENS.

But

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go most right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets[9]; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles[1]: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison[2]; and my revenue is the silly

9 *My traffick is sheets*;] i. e. I am a vender of sheet ballads, and other publications that are sold unbound. From the word *sheets* the poet takes occasion to quibble.

"Our fingers are lime-twigs, and barbers we be,
"To catch *sheets* from hedges most pleasant to see."

Three Ladies of London, 1584. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has mistaken the meaning of this passage. Autolycus does not yet appear in the character of a ballad-singer, which he assumed afterwards occasionally, in order to have an opportunity of exercising his real profession, that of thievery and picking of pockets. He means here merely to say that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with. He says in the preceding song,

"The white sheet bleaching on the hedge
"Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;"

and afterwards, that "his revenue was thievery." MASON.

1 *My father named me, Autolycus*, &c.] This whole speech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from his *discourse on judicial astrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner; and 'tis only on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely, because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief. WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was translated long before the time of Shakspeare. I have seen it, but it had no date.

STEEVENS.

2 *With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison*;] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress. PERCY.

 cheat:

cheat[3]: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on th high-way[4]: beating, and hanging, are terrors to for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Let me see:—Every 'leven we... every tod yields—pound and odd shilling[5]; fi... hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut.

3 *— my revenue is the* silly cheat:] The *silly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coney-catching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science." I think it means *picking pockets.* STEEVENS.

4 *—Gallows, and knock*, &c.] The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat and petty theft. JOHNSON.

5 *Every* 'leven *wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling:*] This passage, as it is exhibited in all the copies ancient and modern—" Every *'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling,*" appears to me unintelligible, from a variety of mistakes. In the first place, no reason can, I believe, be assigned for the clown's choosing so singular a number as *eleven*, to form his calculation upon, in estimating the value of fifteen hundred fleeces. It is much more probable that, like Justice Shallow, he should have counted his wethers by the *score*. In the only authentick ancient copy of this play there is no appearance of elision, the word being printed thus, with a capital letter; —Every *Leaven* wether &c. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—" Every—*living* wether" &c. the only profit that can be gained from sheep while they are *living*, arising from their fleeces.

The other error seems to have arisen from our author's not having made the necessary calculation. In his " sallad days" (his father being a dealer in wool) he was perhaps not unacquainted with this subject; but having at a subsequent period discharged such matters from his mind, he probably left blanks in his MS. intending to fill them up, when he should have gained the necessary information; and afterwards forgot them. If therefore my conjecture be right, the whole passage should be printed thus: " Every—*living* wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn," &c. and whether my conjecture concerning the word *'leven* be well or ill founded, the passage should certainly be printed with such marks of abruption, as are now placed in the text.

Dr. Farmer however observes to me, that, to *tod*, is used as a verb by dealers in wool: Thus they say, "Twenty sheep ought to *tod*" &c. If this word was so employed here, the text should be regulated thus:

Every

Aut. If the ſpringe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aſide.*

Clown. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me ſee; what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt? *Three pound of ſugar; five pound of currants; rice*—What will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her Miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noſe-gays for the ſhearers: three-man ſong-men all [6], and very good ones; but they are moſt of them means and baſes [7]: but one puritan among them, and he ſings pſalms to horn-pipes. I muſt have *ſaffron,* to colour the warden-pies [8]; *mace,—dates,*—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs, ſeven; a race, or two, of ginger;*—but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes, and as many raiſins o'the ſun.*

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*groveling on the ground.*

Clown. I'the name of me [9],—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off theſe rags; and then, death, death!

Clown. Alack, poor ſoul; thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. O, ſir, the loathſomeneſs of them offends me, more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, ſir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Every 'leven weather tods—; every tod yields—pound and odd ſhilling; &c. MALONE.

A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

6 —*three-man ſong-men all,*] i. e. ſingers of catches in three parts. *A ſix-man ſong* occurs in the *Tournament of Tottenham.* See *The Rel. of Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

7 —means *and baſes:*] A mean in muſick is the *tenor.* See Vol. II. p. 411, n. 2. STEEVENS.

8 —warden-*pies;*] *Wardens* are a ſpecies of large pears. The French call this pear the *poire de garde.* STEEVENS.

9 *I'the name of me,—*] This is a vulgar invocation, which I have often heard uſed. So, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek:—"Before *me,* ſhe's a good wench." STEEVENS.

Aut. A foot-man, ſweet ſir, a foot-man.

Clown. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horſe-man's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O! good ſir, tenderly, oh!

Clown. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O, good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I fear, ſir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear ſir; [*picks his pocket*.] good ſir, ſoftly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir; no, I beſeech you, ſir: I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart [1].

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, ſir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames [2]: I knew him once a ſervant of the prince; I cannot tell, good ſir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cheriſh it, to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide *.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, ſir. I know this man well:

[1] — *that* kills my heart.] See Vol. III. p. 178, n. 8. MALONE.

[2] — *with* trol-my-dames:] *Trou-madame*, French. WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatiſe on *Buckſtone bathes*, he ſays: "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or ſofte, after their own diſcretion: the paſtyme *troule in madame* is termed." FARMER.

The old Engliſh title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, reſemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-houſe*. STEEVENS.

* — abide.] To *abide*, here, muſt ſignify, to *ſojourn*, to live for a time without a ſettled habitation. JOHNSON.

he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son [3], and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig [4]: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit* Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue [5]!

3 — motion *of the prodigal son,*—] i. e. the *puppet-shew,* then called *motions:* a term frequently occurring in our author. WARBURTON.

4 — Prig, *for my life,* prig:] To *prig* is to *filch.* MALONE.

In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and therefore in the *Beggars Bush,* by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knavish beggar. WHALLEY.

5 — *let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue!*] Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he does not so and so. WARBURTON.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a[6]*:*
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires * *in a mile-a.* [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me[7];
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land[8], you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up[9]: But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it[1] with a custom, I should blush

[6] *And merrily* hent *the stile-a:*] To *hent* the stile, is to take hold of it. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 108, n. 2. MALONE.

* — tires—] is used here as a dissyllable. MALONE.

[7] —*your extremes,*] That is, your *excesses*, the *extravagance* of your praises. JOHNSON.

By his *extremes* Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praises*, but the extravagance of his conduct in obscuring himself, in "a swain's wearing," while he "pranked her up most goddess-like." The following words, *O, pardon, that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning. MASON.

[8] *The gracious* mark *o'the land,*] The *object* of all men's *notice* and expectation. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"He was the *mark* and glass, copy and book,
"That fashion'd others." MALONE.

[9] —prank'd *up:*] To *prank* is to dress with ostentation. STEEVENS.

[1] *Digest* it—] The word *it* was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

To

To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass [2].
Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground [3].
Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread [4]; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up [5]? What would he say? Or how
Should

2 ——— *sworn, I think,*
To shew myself a glass.] i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glass, you shew me how much below yourself you must descend before you can get upon a level with me. WARBURTON.

I think she means only to say, that the prince, by the *rustick* habit that he wears, seems as if he had sworn to shew her a glass, in which she might behold how she *ought* to be attired, instead of being "most goddess-like prank'd up." The passage quoted in p. 198, from *King Henry IV.* P. II. confirms this interpretation. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. II. p. 358, a forester having given the princess a true representation of herself, she addresses him,—"Here, good my *glass*." Florizel is here Perdita's glass. Sir T. Hanmer reads *swoon*, instead of *sworn*. There is in my opinion no need of change; and the words "to *shew* myself" appear to me inconsistent with that reading. MALONE.

3 *When my good* falcon *made her flight across*
Thy father's ground.] This circumstance is likewise taken from the novel: "— And as they returned, it fortuned that Dorastus (who all that day had been *hawking*, and killed store of game,) incountered by the way these two maides." MALONE.

4 *To me, the* difference *forges dread*;] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. So, in *the Midsummer-Night's Dream*:
"The course of true love never did run smooth,
"But either it was *different* in blood—." MASON.

5 — *his work, so noble,*
Vilely bound up?] It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor. JOHNSON.

 This

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love [6], have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, sir [7],
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,

This allusion occurs more than once in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"This precious *book of love*, this *unbound lover*,
"To beautify him only lacks a *cover*."
Again:
"That book in many eyes doth share the glory,
"That in *gold clasps* locks in the golden story." STEEVENS.

6 —— *The gods themselves,*
Humbling their deities to love;] This is taken almost literally from the novel: "The Gods above disdaine not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io; and why not I then Fawnia? One something inferior to these in birth, but far superior to them in beauty; born to be a shepherdesse, but worthy to be a goddesse." Again: "And yet, Dorastus, shame not thy shepherd's weed.—The heavenly gods have sometime earthly thought; Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo, a shepherd: they gods, and yet in love;—thou a man, appointed to love." MALONE.

7 *O but, sir,*] The editor of the second folio reads—O but, *dear* sir; to complete the metre. But the addition is unnecessary; *burn* in the preceding hemistich being used as a dissyllable. Perdita in a former part of this scene addresses Florizel in the same respectful manner as here: "*Sir*, my precious lord," &c. I formerly, not adverting to what has been now stated, proposed to take the word *your* from the subsequent line; but no change is necessary. MALONE.

Or

I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts [8], I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *disguised*; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and Others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast [9]: Come on,

[8] *With these forc'd thoughts.*] That is, thoughts far fetched, and not arising from the present objects. MASON.

[9] *That which you are,* mistress o'the feast:] From the novel: "It happened not long after this, that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters of Sicilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as *mistress of the feast.*" MALONE.

And

And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.
Per. Sir, welcome!
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o'the day:—You're welcome, ſir! [*to* Cam.
Give me thoſe flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend ſirs,
For you there's roſemary, and rue; theſe keep
Seeming, and ſavour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both[1],
And welcome to our ſhearing!
Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the faireſt flowers o'the ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly-flowers,
Which ſome call, nature's baſtards: of that kind
Our ruſtick garden's barren; and I care not
To get ſlips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an art, which, in their piedneſs, ſhares
With great creating nature[2].
Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: ſo, o'er that art,

[1] *Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,*] *Rue* was called *herb of grace*. *Roſemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unleſs becauſe it was carried at funerals. JOHNSON.

Roſemary was anciently ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory, and is preſcribed for that purpoſe in the books of ancient phyſick. STEEVENS.

Ophelia diſtributes the ſame plants, and accompanies them with the ſame documents: "There's *roſemary*, that's for *remembrance*.—There's *rue* for you; we may call it herb of *grace*."—The qualities of retaining *ſeeming* and *ſavour*, appear to be the reaſon why theſe plants were conſidered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. HENLEY.

[2] *There is an art,* &c.] This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of ſome of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but being utterly impracticable is not worth exemplification. STEEVENS.

Which

Which, you ſay, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler cyon to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itſelf is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers [3],
And do not call them baſtards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble [4] in earth to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the ſun,
And with him riſes weeping: theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given

3 — *in* gilly-flowers,] There is ſome further conceit relative to *gilly-flowers* than has yet been diſcovered. In a *Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following paſſage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his miſtreſs as they are going into a garden, and after ſhe has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: "You have fair roſes, have you not?" "Yes, ſir, (ſays ſhe) but no *gilly-flowers*." Meaning perhaps that ſhe would not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e. a wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I ſuppoſe *gill flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilliflower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phraſe, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a wanton woman.

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the ſame variability in this ſpecies of flowers:

"——— the fond carnation loves to ſhoot
"Two various colours from one parent root."

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, ſome ſorts of *gilliflowers* are called *ſmall honeſties, cuckoo gillofers*, &c. And in *A. W's Commendation of Gaſcoigne and his Poſies*, is the following remark on this ſpecies of flower:

"Some thinke that *gilliflowers do yield a gelous ſmell.*"

See Gaſcoigne's Works, 1587. STEEVENS.

4 — *dibble*—] An inſtrument uſed by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minſheu*. STEEV.

To

To men of middle age: You are very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon[5]! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes[6],

5 ——— *O Proserpina,*
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon!] So, *Ovid:*
" ——— *ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora,*
" *Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis.*" STEEVENS.

6 ——————— *violets, dim,*
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,] I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the *goddess of blue eyes.* Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd image: but perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general sense, for *delightful.* JOHNSON.

It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of the first reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is said to have *kissed her fayre eyes.* The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas.

—βοωπις ποτνια Ηρη. *Homer.* STEEVENS.

So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:
" ——— That *eye* was *Juno's*,
" Those lips were hers that won the golden ball,
" That virgin blush, Diana's."

Spenser, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid:*
" Upon her eye-*lids* many graces sate,
" Under the shadow of her even brows."
Faery Queen, B. II. c. iii. st. 25.

Again, in his 40th *Sonnet:*
" When on each eye-*lid* sweetly do appear
" An hundred graces, as in shade they sit." MALONE.

Or

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips[7], and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flor. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms[8]. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: Each your doing[9],
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

7 — *bold* oxlips,] The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself *boldly* in the face of the sun. Wallis, in his *Hist. of Northumberland*, says, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. STEEVENS.

8 —— *not to be buried,*
But quick, and in mine arms.] So, Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:
"*Isab.* Heigh ho, you'll *bury me*, I see.
"*Rob.* In the swan's down, and *tomb thee in my arms.*"
Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*; 1609:
"—— O come, be *buried*
"A second time *within these arms.*" MALONE.

9 — *Each your doing*, &c.] That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. JOHNSON.

Per.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through it[1],
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear[2], as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out[3]: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.—

[1] ——— *but that your youth,*
And the true blood *which* peeps *fairly through it,*] So, Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander:*

"Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,
"With damaske eyes *the* ruby *blood doth peep.*"

The part of this poem that was written by Marlowe, was published, I believe, in 1593, but certainly before 1598, a Second Part or Continuation of it by H. Petowe having been printed in that year. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in September 1593, and is often quoted in a Collection of verses entitled *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the first two Sestiads, and about a hundred lines of the third, and that the remainder was written by Chapman. MALONE.

[2] *I think, you have*
As little skill *to fear,*—] You as little *know* how to fear that I am false, as &c. MALONE.

[3] *He tells her something,*
That makes her blood look out:] That makes her blush. THEOBALD.

The old copy has *on't*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Mop.

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clown. Not a word, a word; we ſtand upon our manners[4].—
Come, ſtrike up. [*Muſick.*

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what
Fair ſwain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boaſts himſelf[5]
To have a worthy feeding[6]: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like ſooth[7]: He ſays, he loves my daughter;
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiſs to chooſe,
Who loves another beſt.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So ſhe does any thing; though I report it,
That ſhould be ſilent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

4 —— *we ſtand* &c.] That is, we are now on our behaviour. JOHNSON.

5 — and *he boaſts himſelf*] The old copy reads—*and* boaſts himſelf; which cannot, I think, be right. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—'*a* boaſts himſelf. MALONE.

6 — *a worthy* feeding:] I conceive *feeding* to be a *paſture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of paſturage not inconſiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is juſt. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calf:*
"Finding the *feeding* for which he had toil'd
"To have kept ſafe, by theſe vile cattle ſpoil'd." STEEVENS.

Worthy ſignifies *valuable, ſubſtantial.* So Antonio ſays in *Twelfth Night:*
"But were my *worth* as is my conſcience firm,
"You ſhould find better dealing." MALONE.

7 *He looks like* ſooth:] *Sooth* is truth. Obſolete. STEEVENS.

Ente

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down[8], or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves[9]: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without baudry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos*[1], and *fadings*[2]: *jump her and thump her*; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*[3].

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares[4]?

Ser.

8 —doleful *matter* merrily *set down*,—]. This seems to be another stroke aimed at the title-page of Preston's *Cambises*, "A *lamentable* Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant *mirth*, &c." STEEVENS.

9 — *no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves*:] In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men. MALONE.

1 — *of* dildos,—] "With a hie *dildo* dill" is the burthen of *the Batchelor's Feast*, an ancient ballad, and is likewise called the tune of it. STEEVENS.

2 —*fadings*:] An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *The Irish Masque at Court*, Vol. V. p. 421, 2:

"—— and daunsh a *fading* at te wedding." TYRWHITT.

3 — *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.] This was the name of an old song. In the famous history of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad *to the tune of*, "*Oh! do me no harme, good man*." FARMER.

4 — *unbraided wares*?] I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means,

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle[5], though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses[6], cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses: you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand[7], and the work about the square on't.

Clown.

means, has he any thing beside *laces*, which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlars. Yes, replies the servant, *he has ribbons*, &c. which are things *not braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's question, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly sold by such vagrants; any thing worthy to be presented to his mistress? or, as probably, by enquiring for something which pedlars usually have not, to escape laying out his money at all. The following passage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, however, leads me to suppose that there is here some allusion which I cannot explain: "She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, *braided* ware, and that you give not London measure." STEEV.

The clown is perhaps inquiring not for something better than common, but for smooth and plain goods. Has he any plain wares, not twisted into braids? Mr. Mason is likewise of this opinion. Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all answer to this description. MALONE.

5 —*points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,*] The *points* that afford Autolycus a subject for this quibble, were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguilettes*, Fr. MALONE.

6 *Caddisses,*] *Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worsted tape. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow slight serge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape also. MALONE.

7 —*sleeve-hand,*—] In Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemise*" is Englished "the wristband, or gathering at the [illegible] of a shirt." Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. IV. p. [illegible] King James's "shurt was broded with thred of gold;" and in p. [illegible] the word *sleeve-band* occurs, and seems to signify the cuffs of a [illegible] where it may mean the cuffs of a smock. I conceive, that the *work about the square on't*, signifies the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shirt, which might then have been of a square form, or might have a square tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illustrious persons. So, in Fairfax's translation of *Tasso*, b. xii. st. 64:

"Between her breasts the cruel weapon [illegible]
"Her curious *square*, emboss'd with [illegible] gold." TOLLET.

The following passage in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577, may likewise

Clown. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clown. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing*.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, neck-lace amber[8],
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel[9],
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy, &c.

Clown.

tend to the support of the ancient reading—sleeve-*band*. In a poem called *The Paynting of a Curtizan*, he says:

"Their smockes are all bewrought about the necke and *bande*."
STEEVENS.

The word *sleeve-band* is likewise used by P. Holland, in his Translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 19: "—in his apparel he was noted for singularity, as who used to goe in his senatour's purple studded robe, trimmed with a jagge or frindge at the *sleeve-band*." MALONE.

8 —*necklace-amber*,] Mr. Warton justly observes, (Milton's POEMS, octavo, p. 238,) that there should be only a comma after *amber*. "Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and says that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, some *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *bead-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chambar. So, in *the Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iii. Petruchio mentions *amber-bracelets*, beads," &c. MALONE.

9 —poking-sticks *of steel*,] These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. So, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602: "Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands." Stowe informs us, that "about the sixteenth

geere

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopſa, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promiſed them againſt the feaſt; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promiſed you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promiſed you: may be, he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole [1], to whiſtle off theſe ſecrets; but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'Tis well they are whiſpering: Clamour your tongues [2], and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promiſed me a tawdry lace [3], and a pair of ſweet gloves [4].

Clown.

yeere of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of ſteele *poking-ſtickes*, and untill that time all lawndreſſes uſed ſetting ſtickes made of wood or bone." STEEVENS.

[1] —kiln-*hole*,] The mouth of the oven. The word is ſpelt in the old copy *kill*-hole, and I ſhould have ſuppoſed it an intentional blunder, but that Mrs. Ford in *the Merry Wives of Windſor* deſires Falſtaff to "creep into the *kiln-hole*;" and there the ſame falſe ſpelling is found. Mrs. Ford was certainly not intended for a blunderer. MALONE.

[2] Clamour *your tongues*,] The phraſe is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to ceaſe them, the repetition of the ſtrokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. WARBURTON.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Give one grand peal, and then have done.* "A good *Clam*" (as I learn from Mr. Nichols) in ſome villages is uſed in this ſenſe, ſignifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I ſuſpect that Dr. Warburton's aſſertion is a mere *gratis dictum*.

In a note on *Othello*, Dr. Johnſon ſays, that "to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the ſound." If this be ſo, it affords an eaſy interpretation of the paſſage before us. MALONE.

[3] —*you promiſed me a* tawdry lace,] *Tawdry lace* is thus deſcribed in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henſhawe: "*Tawdrie lace*, aſtrigmenta, fimbriæ, ſeu faſciolæ, emtæ, Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut

 reſte

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life [5]; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut.

recte monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe." Etymol. in *voce*. We find it in Spenser's *Pastorals*, Aprill:

"And gird in your wast,
"For more finenesse, with a *tawdrie lace*." T. WARTON.

It may be worth while to observe that these *tawdry laces* were not the strings with which the ladies fasten their stays, but were worn about their heads, and their waists. So, in *The Four P's*, 1569:

"Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,
"*Laces round and flat for women's heads.*"

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the second:

"Of which the Naides and the blew Nereides make
"Them *tawdries* for their necks."

In a marginal note it is observed that *tawdries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches. STEEVENS.

4 *—and a pair of sweet gloves.*] Perfumed gloves are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale

"*Gloves as sweet as damask roses.*"

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not "make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queen [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of cullered silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume*." *Stowe's Annals* by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868, col. 2. T. WARTON.

5 *I love a ballad in print, a'-life:*] Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed, [illegible] a life. The text, however, is right; only it should be printed [illegible]—a'life: So, it is in B. Jonson:

"——— [illegible]w'st a'-life
"Their pe[illegible]d judgment."

This

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Tale-porter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad [6]?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish [7], that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad

This is the abreviation, I suppose, of—*at life*; as *a'work* is, of *at work*. TYRWHITT.

The restoration is certainly proper. So, in the *Isle of Gulls*, 1606: "Now in good deed I love them, *a'*-life too." *A-life* is the reading of the only ancient copy of *the Winters Tale*, fol. 1623. STEEVENS.

[6] *Why should I carry lies abroad?*] Perhaps Shakspeare remembered the following lines, which are found in Golding's Translation of Ovid, 1587, in the same page in which he read the story of Baucis and Philemon, to which he has alluded in *Much ado about Nothing*. They conclude the tale:

"These things did ancient men report of credite very good,
"*For why, there was no cause that they should lie.* As I there stood," &c. MALONE.

[7] —*a ballad, Of a fish,*—] Perhaps in latter times prose has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meanest departments; for all dying speeches, confessions, narratives of murders, executions, &c. seem anciently to have been written in verse. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occasionally bestowed on these compositions) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus, in a subsequent scene of this play: "Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that *ballad-makers* cannot be able to express it." STEEVENS.

— *Of a fish that appeared upon the coast,—it was thought she was a woman,*] In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waist upward, seene in the sea." To this it is highly probable that Shakspeare alludes. MALONE.

against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh[8] with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man:* there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I must go;*
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. *Whither?* M. O, *whither?* D. *Whither?*
M. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*
D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*
D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*
M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My

8 —for *she would not exchange flesh*—] *For* has here the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello*: "Haply, *for* I am black." MALONE.

father

father and the gentlemen are in sad[9] talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both;—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a[1].

[*Exeunt* Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, *and* MOPSA.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair[2]; they call themselves, saltiers:

9 —*sad*—] For *serious*. JOHNSON.
See Vol. II. p. 513, n. 9. MALONE.

1 *That doth utter all men's ware-a.*] To *utter*. To *bring out*, or *produce*. JOHNSON.

To *utter* is a legal phrase often made use of in law proceedings and acts of parliament, and signifies, to vend by retail. From many instances I shall select the first which occurs. Stat. 21. Jac. I. c. 3, declares that the provisions therein contained shall not prejudice certain letters patent or commission granted to a corporation "concerning the licensing of the keeping of any tavern or taverns, or selling, *uttering*, or retailing of wines to be drunk or spent in the mansion-house of the party so selling or *uttering* the same." REED.

See Minsheu's DICT. 1617: "An *utterance*, or sale." MALONE.

2 —*all men of hair*;] *Men of hair*, are *hairy men*, or *satyrs*. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish

tiers[3]: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling[4],) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire[5].

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, *with twelve rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter[6].—
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*]—How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the dutchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him. JOHNSON.

3 — *they call themselves* saltiers:] He means *Satyrs.* Their dress was perhaps made of goat's skin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spanish writer, Lope de Rueda, "all the furniture and utensils of the actors consisted of four shepherds' jerkins, made of the skins of sheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four pastoral crooks;—little more or less." Probably a similar shepherd's jerkin was used in our author's theatre. MALONE.

4 — bowling,)—] *Bowling,* I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion without great exertion of agility. JOHNSON.

The allusion is not to a smooth dance, but to the smoothness of a bowling green. MASON.

5 — *by the* squire.] i.e. by the foot-rule: *Esquierre,* Fr. See Vol. II. p. 417, n. 1. MALONE.

6 *O, father,* &c.] This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance. MASON.

And

And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old ſir, I know,
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are:
The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient ſir, who, it ſhould ſeem[7],
Hath ſometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd ſnow[8],
That's bolted by the northern blaſts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your proteſtation; let me hear
What you profeſs.

Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch,
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,

7 —who, *it ſhould ſeem,*] Old Copy—*whom.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

8 —*or the fann'd ſnow,*] So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream:*
"That pure congealed white, high Taurus' *ſnow,*
"*Fann'd* by the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow,
"When thou hold'ſt up thy hand." STEEVENS.

Or

Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that muſt be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.

Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, ſwain, a while, 'beſeech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate[9]?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?

Flo. No, good ſir?

9 — *diſpute his own eſtate?*] Does not this allude to the next heir ſuing for the eſtate in caſes of imbecillity, lunacy, &c. CHAMIER.
Theſe words, I believe, only mean,—Can he maintain his right to his own property? MALONE.

He

He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon
Should chooſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for ſome other reaſons, my grave ſir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he muſt not.

Shep. Let him, my ſon; he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young ſir, [*diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call; thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a ſcepter's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force [1], muſt know
The royal fool thou cop'ſt with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou doſt but ſigh,
That thou no more ſhalt never ſee this knack, (as never
I mean thou ſhalt,) we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,

[1] —*who, of force,*] Old Copy—*whom.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Far

Far than[2] Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body[3] more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard[4]: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike[5]—Wilt please you, sir, be gone?
[*to* Florizel.
I told

[2] Far *than*—] I think for *far than* we should read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even so far off as Deucalion, the common ancestor of all. JOHNSON.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the *Glossaries* to Robt. of Glocester and Robt. of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was softened into *ferre*.

"But er I bere thee moche *ferre*." *H. of Fa. B.* 2. v. 92.
"Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*." *Knights Tale*, 2062.
TYRWHITT.

[3] *Or hoop his body*—] The old copy has—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] *I was not much afeard, &c.*] The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself, had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education. WARBURTON.

[5] *I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,*
The self-same sun, *that shines upon his* court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, *but*
Looks on alike.] So, in NOSCE TEIPSUM, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599:

"Thou, like *the sunne*, dost, with indifferent ray,
"Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine."

Looks

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir, [*to* Florizel.
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust [6].—O cursed wretch!
[*to* Perdita.
That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper [7]: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Looks on alike is sense; but I suspect that a word was omitted at the press, and that the poet wrote, either—Looks on *both* alike, or, Looks on *all* alike. MALONE.

6 Where no *priest shovels-in dust.*] This part of the *priest's* office might be remembered in Shakspeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

7 *You know* your *father's temper*:] The old copy reads—*my* father's, Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Flo.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within [8]!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy [9]: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; Let myself, and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here [1] I cannot hold on shore;

[8] *And mar the seeds within!*] So, in *Macbeth*:
"And nature's *germins* tumble all together." STEEVENS.

[9] —*and by my* fancy:] It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*. JOHNSON.
See Vol. II. p. 516, n. 1. STEEVENS.

[1] —whom *here*—] Old Copy—*who*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

4 And,

And, most opportune to our need[2], I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.— [*takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*to* Camillo.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*going.*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,

2 *And, most opportune to our need,*] The old copy has—*her* need. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

As heavens forefend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking [3].

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do [4]; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance [5], and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;

3 *And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)*
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.] And where you may, by letters, intreaties, &c. endeavour to soften your incensed father, and reconcile him to the match; to effect which, my best services shall not be wanting during your absence. Mr. Pope, without either authority or necessity, reads—*I'll* strive to qualify;—which has been followed by all the subsequent editors.

Discontenting is in our author's language the same as *discontented*. MALONE.

4 *But as the unthought-on accident is* guilty
To *what we wildly do*;] Guilty *to*, though it sounds harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of the time, or at least of Shakspeare: and this is one of those passages that should caution us not to disturb his text merely because the language appears different from that now in use. See the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. II. p. 171, n. 5:

"But lest myself be *guilty to* self-wrong,
"I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song." MALONE.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. MASON.

5 *Ourselves to be the slaves of* chance,] As *chance* has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to *chance* to be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

She

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son[6], forgiveness,
As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father,
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth, at every sitting[7],
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain, as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together

[6] — *asks thee, the son,*] The old copy reads—thee *there* son. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

[7] — *at every* sitting,] Every sitting means at every audience you shall have of the king and council: the council-days being, in our author's time, called, in common speech, *the sittings*. WARBURTON.

Howel, in one of his letters, says: "My lord president hopes to be at the next *sitting* in York." FARMER.

Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind[8].

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'the rear of birth[9].

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Yonr pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks[1].

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aside.*

[8] *But not* take in *the mind.*] To *take in* anciently meant to *conquer*, to *get the better of*. So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra:*
"He could so quickly cut the Ionian seas,
"And *take in* Toryne." STEEVENS.

[9] — *i'the rear* of *birth.*] Old copy—i'th'rear *our* birth. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The two redundant words in this line, *She is*, ought perhaps to be omitted. I suspect that they were introduced by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line. MALONE.

[1] *Your pardon sir, for this;*
I'll blush you thanks.] Perhaps this passage should be rather pointed thus:
Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks. MALONE.

Enter

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honeſty is! and truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a riband, glaſs, pomander[2], brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt; as if my trinkets had been hallowed[3], and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and, what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My clown, (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man,) grew ſo in love with the wenches' ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket[4], it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my ſir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub againſt his daughter and the king's ſon, and ſcared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA, *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

Flo. And thoſe that you'll procure from king Leontes,—

Cam. Shall ſatisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All, that you ſpeak, ſhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?— [*ſeeing* Autolycus.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit

2 —pomander,] A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. GREY.

3 —*as if my trinkets had been ha'lowed,*] This alludes to beads often ſold by the Romaniſts, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of ſome relick. JOHNSON.

4 —*a* placket,] See *King Lear,* Act III. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

 Nothing

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging. [*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot [5].

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flea'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.— [*Aside.*

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.— [Flor. *and* Autol. *exchange garments.*
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you [6],) to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

5 —*boot.*] That is, *something over and above*, or as we now say, *something to boot.* JOHNSON.

6 —*over* you,)] *You*, which seems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Cam.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no hat:—
Come, lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, ſir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converſe apart.*

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be, to tell the king
Of this eſcape. and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall review Sicilia; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!—
Thus we ſet on, Camillo, to the ſea-ſide.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better.

[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* CAMILLO.

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for the other ſenſes. I ſee, this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't [7]: I

[7] *If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't:* &c.] The reaſoning of Autolycus is obſcure, becauſe ſomething is ſuppreſſed. The prince, ſays he, is about a bad action, he is ſtealing away from his father: If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king, I would not do it, becauſe that would be inconſiſtent with my profeſſion of a knave; *but I know that the betraying the prince to the king would be a piece of knavery with reſpect to the* prince, *and therefore I might, conſiſtently with my character, reveal that matter to the king,* though *a piece of honeſty to him:* however, I hold it a *greater* knavery to conceal the prince's ſcheme from the king, than to betray the prince; and therefore, in concealing it, I am ſtill conſtant to my profeſſion.—Sir T. Hanmer and all the ſubſequent editors read—If I thought it were *not* a piece of honeſty &c. I *would* do it: but words ſeldom ſtray from their places in ſo extraordinary a manner at the preſs: nor indeed do I perceive any need of change. MALONE.

hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here's more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce[8].

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside*.

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this farthel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clown. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement[9].—How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shep.

[8] —*and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.*] I suspect that a word was omitted at the press. We might, I think, safely read—by I know *not* how much an ounce. Sir T. Hanmer, I find, had made the same emendation. MALONE.

[9] —*pedler's* excrement.] Is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

So,

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having *, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, diſcover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, ſir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel; therefore they do not give us the lie[1].

Clown. Your worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourſelf with the manner †.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'ſt thou not the air of the court, in theſe enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the meaſure of the court? receives not thy noſe court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, and toze[2] from thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either

So, in *the Comedy of Errors*: "Why is time ſuch a niggard of his hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?" See alſo Vol. II. p. 396, n. 9. STEEVENS.

* —*of what* having,] i. e. fortune, eſtate. See Vol. I. p. 253, n. 5. MALONE.

[1] —*therefore they do not* give *us the lie*.] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lye, they *ſell* it us. JOHNSON.

† —*with the manner*.] In the fact. See Vol. II. p. 316, n. 8. MALONE.

[2] —*inſinuate* and *toze*—] The old copy reads—*at* toaze. For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable.

To *inſinuate*, I believe, means here to cajole, to talk with condeſcenſion and humility. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"With death ſhe humbly doth *inſinuate*, &c.

The word *touze* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"—— We'll *touze* you joint by joint,
"But we will know this purpoſe."

To *touſe*, ſays Minſhieu, is, to *pull*, to *tug*. MALONE.

To *teaze*, or *toze*, is to diſentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraſeology which he ſuppoſes to be intelligible to the clown, who would not have underſtood the word *inſinuate*, without ſuch a comment on it. STEEVENS.

push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant[3]; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clown. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth[4].

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'the farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

3 *Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant*;] As he was a suitor from the country, the clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*. STEEVENS.

4 — *a great man,—by the picking on's teeth.*] It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So, the Bastard, in *King John*, speaking of the traveller, says:

"He and *his pick-tooth* at my worship's mess." JOHNSON.

Aut.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clown. Think you ſo, ſir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some ſay, he ſhall be ſtoned; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: Draw our throne into a ſheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a ſon, ſir, do you hear, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt; then ſtand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or ſome other hot infuſion: then, raw as he is, and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims[5], ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmiled at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men,) what you have to the king: being ſomething gently conſidered[6], I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, beſides the king, to effect your ſuits, here is man ſhall do it.

Clown. He ſeems to be of great authority: cloſe with him, give him gold; and though authority be a ſtubborn

5 — *the botteſt day prognoſtication proclaims,*] That is, *the hotteſt day foretold in the almanack.* JOHNSON.

6 — *being ſomething* gently conſidered,] means, *I having a gentlemanlike conſideration given me,* i. e. a bribe, *will bring you,* &c. So, in the *Iſle of Gulls,* 1606: "Thou ſhalt be well *conſidered,* there's twenty crowns in earneſt." STEEVENS.

bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned, and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shepherd, *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [*Exit*.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and Others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord[7]:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good[8],
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

[7] True, *too true, my Lord.*] The first of these words, in the old copy, makes part of Leontes' speech. The present regulation (which is certainly right) was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[8] *Or, from the all that are, took something good,*] This is a favourite thought; it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind before. JOHNSON.

Paul.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well [9]?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonous to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue; [*to* Leon.
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.
Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,

[9] —*the former queen is* well?] i. e. at rest; dead. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, this phrase is said to be peculiarly applicable to the dead:
"*Mess.* First, madam, he is *well?*
"*Cleop.* Why there's more gold; but sirrah, mark;
"We use to say, *the dead are well*; bring it to that,
"The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
"Down thy ill-uttering throat."
So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Balthazar speaking of Juliet, whom he imagined to be *dead*, says:
"Then she is *well*, and nothing can be ill." MALONE.

I know,

I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treaſure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth.
No more ſuch wives; therefore, no wife: one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corps; and, on this ſtage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) ſoul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me*[1]?

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe[2].

[1] *(Where we offenders now appear,) ſoul-vex'd,*
Begin, And why to me?] The old copy reads—*And begin,* why to me? The tranſpoſition now adopted was propoſed by Mr. Steevens. Mr. Theobald reads

—— and on this ſtage
(Where we offend her now) appear ſoul-vex'd, &c.

Mr. Heath would read—(*Were* we offenders now) appear &c. "—that is, if we ſhould now at laſt ſo far offend her." Mr. Maſon thinks that the ſecond line ſhould be printed thus:

And begin, why? to me.

"that is, begin to call me to account." There is ſo much harſh and involved conſtruction in this play, that I am not ſure but the old copy, perplexed as the ſentence may appear, is right. Perhaps the author intended to point it thus:

Again poſſeſs her corps, (and on this ſtage
Where we offenders now appear ſoul-vex'd,)
And begin, *why to me?*

Why to me *did you prefer one leſs worthy*, Leontes inſinuates would be the purport of Hermione's ſpeech. There is, I think, ſomething awkward in the phraſe—Where we offenders now *appear*. By removing the parentheſis, which in the old copy is placed after *appear*, to the end of the line, and applying the epithet *ſoul vex'd* to Leontes and the reſt who mourned the loſs of Hermione, that difficulty is obviated. MALONE.

[2] *Had ſhe* ſuch *power,*
She had juſt cauſe.] The old copy reads—She had juſt *ſuch* cauſe. But there is nothing to which the word *ſuch* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inſerted by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word, which confirms the obſervation.—Since the foregoing remark was printed in the SECOND APPENDIX to my SUPP. to SHAKSP. 1783, I have obſerved that the editor of the third folio made the ſame correction. MALONE.

Leon.

Leon. She had; and would incense* me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye[3].

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done[4].
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

* —*incense*—] is generally used by Shakspeare in the sense of *instigate.* MALONE.

3 Affront *his eye.*] To *affront*, is *to meet.* JOHNSON.

4 Paul. *I have done.*] These three words in the old copy make part of the preceding speech. The present regulation, which is clearly right, was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires
Access to your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now[5]. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so[6], (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme[7],) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

5 —*so must thy* grave
Give way to what's seen now.] *Thy grave* here means—thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the continent for the contents. EDWARDS.

6 ——— *Sir, you yourself*
Have said, and writ so,] The reader must observe, that *so* relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that, *she had not been—equall'd.* JOHNSON.

7 *Is colder than that* theme:] i. e. than the lifeless body of Hermione, the *theme* or *subject* of your writing. MALONE.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourſelf, aſſiſted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis ſtrange,
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, *and* Gentleman.
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and Attendants.*

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, prince;
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him; and ſpeak of ſomething, wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome!
And your fair princeſs, goddeſs!—O, alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I loſt
(All mine own folly) the ſociety,
Amity too, of your brave father! whom,—
Though bearing miſery, I deſire my life,
Once more to look on him [8].

Flo.

[8] ——————— whom,—
Though bearing miſery, I deſire my life,
Once more to look on him.] For this incorrectneſs our author muſt anſwer. There are many others of the ſame kind to be found in his writings.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend [9],
Can fend his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something feiz'd
His wifh'd ability, he had himfelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meafur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me fay fo) more than all the fcepters,
And thofe that bear them, living.
Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, ftir
Afrefh within me; and thefe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand flacknefs!—Welcome hither,
As is the fpring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful ufage
(At leaft, ungently) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much lefs
The adventure of her perfon?
Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.
Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?
Flo. Moft royal fir, from thence; from him, whofe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her [1]: thence
(A profperous fouth-wind friendly) we have crofs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For vifiting your highnefs: My beft train
I have from your Sicilian fhores difmifs'd;

writings. Mr. Theobald, with more accuracy, but without neceffity, omitted the word *him*, and to fupply the metre, reads in the next line—"*Sir*, by his command," &c. in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the fubfequent editors. MALONE.

9 —*that a king, at friend,*] Thus the old copy; but having met with no example of fuch phrafeology, I fufpect our author wrote—*and* friend. *At* has already been printed for *and* in the play before us. MALONE.

1 —*parting with her:*] i. e. at parting with her. MALONE.

Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods[2]
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will b
Were not the proof so nigh. Pleas
Bohemia greets you from himself, by
Desires you to attach his son; who ha
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

[2] *The blessed gods*—] Unless both the words *here* and *where* were employed in the preceding line as dissyllables, the metre is defective. We might read—The *ever*-blessed gods—; but whether there was any omission, is very doubtful, for the reason already assigned. MALONE.

Flo.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question[3]. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
[illegible] odds for high and low's alike.

[illegible] My lord,
Is [illegible] the daughter of a king?

[illegible] [illegible]he is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty[4],
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,

[3] — *in* question.] i. e. in talk; under examination. See Vol. II. p. 54, n. 8; and Vol. III. p. 77, n. 2. MALONE.

[4] *Your choice is not so rich in* worth *as beauty,*] *Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The king means that he is sorry the prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty. JOHNSON.

Our author often uses *worth* for *wealth*; which may also, together with high birth, be here in contemplation. MALONE.

Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now [5]: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition [*to* Flo.
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires.
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

SCENE II.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1. *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1. *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business;—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes;

[5] *Remember since you ow'd no more to time, &c.*] Recollect the period when you were of my age. MALONE.

there

there was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd: A notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if the importance[6] were joy, or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2. *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's ſteward, he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, ſir? this news, which is call'd true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion: Has the king found his heir?

3. *Gent.* Moſt true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance: that, which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione's;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleneſs[7], which nature ſhews above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two kings?

2. *Gent.* No.

3. *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld

6 — *the importance*—] here ſignifies *import*. MALONE.

7 — *the* affection *of nobleneſs*—] *Affection* here perhaps means *diſpoſition* or *quality*. The word ſeems to be uſed nearly in the ſame ſenſe in the following title: "The firſt ſet of Italian Madrigalls engliſhed, not to the ſenſe of the original ditty, but to the *affection* of the noate." &c. By Thomas Watſon, quarto. 1590. *Affection* is uſed in *Hamlet* for *affectation*, but that can hardly be the meaning here. MALONE.

one joy crown another: so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her[8]: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit[9] of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it[1].

2. *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this av[illegible]

8 — *with* clipping *her*:] i. e. embracing her. So [illegible]
"He, who before shun'd her, to shun su[illegible]
"Now runs and takes her in his *clipping* [illegible]

9 — *the old shepherd, which stands by, like a* weather-bitten *conduit*—] Conduits representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, still exists at Hodsdon in Herts. Shakspeare refers again to the same sort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"How now? a *conduit*, girl? what, still in tears?
"Evermore showering?" HENLEY.

See Vol. III. p. 204, n. 6. *Weather-bitten* was in the third folio changed to weather-*beaten*; but there does not seem to be any necessity for the change. MALONE.

Hamlet says: "The air *bites* shrewdly;" and the Duke, in *As you like it*:—"when it *bites* and blows." *Weather-bitten*, therefore, may mean, *corroded* by the weather. STEEVENS.

1 — *I never heard of such another encounter, which* lames report to follow it, *and undoes description to do it.*] We have the same sentiment in *the Tempest*:
"For thou wilt find, she will *outstrip* all praise,
"And make it *halt* behind her."
Again, in our author's 103d Sonnet:
"————— a face
"That *overgoes my blunt invention* quite,
"Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace." MALONE.

herd's

herd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1. *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3. *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there[2], changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1. *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3. *Gent.* No: The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano[3]; who, had he himself eternity,

2 — *most* marble *there*,] I think, *marble* here means, *hard hearted*, *unfeeling*. Mr. Steevens conceives that it means "most petrified with wonder." MALONE.

Mr. Malone's explanation may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" —— now from head to foot
" I am *marble* constant." STEEVENS.

3 — *that rare Italian master, Julio Romano*;] This excellent artist was

eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom[4], so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546. Fine and generous, as this tribute of praise must be owned, yet it was a strange absurdity sure, to thrust it into a tale, the action of which is supposed within the period of heathenism, and whilst the oracles of Apollo were consulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachronism. THEOBALD.

By *eternity* Shakspeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; so we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may subsist without *divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature. JOHNSON.

I wish we could understand this passage, as if *Julio Romano* had only painted the statue carved by another. Ben Jonson makes Doctor Rut in the *Magnetic Lady*, Act V. sc. viii. say:

"—— all city statues must be *painted*,
"Else they be worth nought i'their subtil

Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of* [illegible] fashion of colouring even regal statues for th[illegible] affection, which he takes leave to call an Eng[illegible] however, was the practice of the time; and unle[illegible] statue of Hermione were painted, there could be no rud[illegible] upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily seem to bear blood*, as the poet expresses it afterwards. TOLLET.

Our author expressly says, in a subsequent passage, that it was painted; and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano:

"The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
"You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
"With *oily painting*." MALONE.

Sir H. Wotton could not possibly know what has been lately proved by Sir William Hamilton in the Ms. accounts which accompany several valuable drawings of the discoveries made at *Pompeii*, and presented by him to our Antiquary Society, viz. that it was usual to colour statues among the ancients. In the chapel of Isis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddess had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has since informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the ancients, observes from Pausanias and Herodotus, that sometimes the statues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures. STEEVENS.

4 — *of her custom,*] That is, *of her trade*,—would draw her customers from her. JOHNSON.

2. Gent.

2. *Gent*. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house[5]. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1. *Gent*. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access[6]? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd, *and* Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

5 —*that* removed *house*.] *Removed* is *remote*; *retired*. See Vol. II. p. 18, n. 4; and Vol. III. n. 182, n. 3. MALONE.

6 *Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access?*] It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. JOHNSON.

Clown.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it[7], I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands[8], and that thou wilt be drunk; but

7 —*franklins say it,*] Franklin is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 149, n. 2. MALONE.

8 — tall *fellow of thy hands,*] *Tall*, in that time, was the word used for *stout*. JOHNSON.

A *man of his hands* had anciently two significations. It either meant an *adroit fellow who handled his weapon well*, or a *fellow skilful in thievery*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 214, n. 4. I think, in old books it generally means *a strong stout fellow*. MALONE.

I'll

I'll ſwear it: and I would, thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, ſir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dareſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters *.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Paulina's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, ſovereign ſir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my ſervices,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchſaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit;
It is a ſurplus of your grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our queen: your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The ſtatue of her mother.

Paul. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,

* *Come, follow us; we'll be* thy good maſters.] The clown conceits himſelf already a man of conſequence at court. It was the faſhion for an inferior or ſuitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good maſter* to him. Many letters written at this period run in this ſtyle.

Thus Fiſher, Biſhop of Rocheſter, when in priſon, in a letter to Cromwell, to relieve his want of clothing: "Furthermore I beſeeche you to be *gode maſter* unto one in my neceſſities, for I have neither ſhirt nor ſute, nor yet other clothes, that are neceſſary for me to wear."

WHALLEY.

So

So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart[9]: But here it is: prepare
To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death: behold; and ſay, 'tis well.

[Paulina *undraws a curtain, and diſcovers a ſtatue.*

I like your ſilence, it the more ſhews off
Your wonder: But yet ſpeak;—firſt, you, my liege,
Comes it not ſomething near?

Leon. Her natural poſture!—
Chide me, dear ſtone; that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this ſeems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years, and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.

Leon. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. O, thus ſhe ſtood,
Even with ſuch life of majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands,) when firſt I woo'd her!
I am aſham'd: Does not the ſtone rebuke me,

9 —— *therefore I keep it*
Lonely, *apart*:] The old copy reads—*lovely*, either by the compoſitor miſtaking the Mſ. or the inverſion of the letter *n* at the preſs. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. In the Mſs. of our author's time *u* and *n* are undiſtinguiſhable. The ſame error is found in many other places in the firſt folio. In *King Richard III.* we find this very error:

"Advantaging their *loue* with intereſt
"Often times double."

Here we have *loue* inſtead of *lone*, the old ſpelling of *loan*. Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Vol. III. p. 380, n. 9. See alſo Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9. MALONE.

Lonely, in the old angular writing, cannot be diſtinguiſhed from *lovely*. To ſay, that *I keep it alone*, *ſeparate from the reſt*, is a pleonaſm which ſcarcely any nicety declines. JOHNSON.

For

For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience[1];
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine*,)
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—[2]
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

[1] *O patience*;] That is, *Stay awhile, be not so eager.* JOHNSON.

* —*(for the stone is mine,)*] So afterwards Paulina says, "—be *stone* no more." So also Leontes: "Chide me, dear *stone*." MALONE.

[2] *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already*—] The sentence completed is:—*but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.* But there his passion made him break off. WARBURTON.

Pol. Maſterly done:
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't[3],
As we are mock'd with art[4].
Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.
Leon. O ſweet Paulina,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together;
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.
Paul. I am ſorry, ſir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you: but
I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain

3 *The fixure of her eye has motion in't,*] So, in our author's 88th Sonnet:

" — Your ſweet hue, which methinks *ſtill doth ſtand,*
" Hath *motion,* and mine eye may be deceived." MALONE.

The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a ſtatue always is,] yet it ſeems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living perſon, how much ſoever one endeavour to fix it. EDWARDS.

The word *fixure,* which Shakſpeare has uſed both in the *Merry Wives of Windſor,* and *Troilus and Creſſida,* is likewiſe employed by Drayton in the firſt canto of the *Barons' Wars:*

" Whoſe glorious *fixure* in ſo clear a ſky." STEEVENS.

4 As *we are mock'd with art.*] *As* is uſed by our author here, as in ſome other places, for " as *if.*" Thus, in *Cymbeline:*

" He ſpake of her, *as* Dian had hot dreams,
" And ſhe alone were cold."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

" *As* they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's hands
" Liſt'ning their fear." MALONE.

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or, those [5], that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick; awake her: strike.— [*Musick.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:
[Hermione *comes from the pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

[5] Or, *those,*] The old copy reads—*On:* those, &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

Cam.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Hermione.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces [6]
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all [7]; your exultation
Partake to every one [8]: I, an old turtle [9],

Will

[6] *And from your sacred vials pour your graces—*] The expression seems to have been taken from the sacred writings: "And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the angels, go your ways, and *pour out the vials* of the wrath of God upon the earth." Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE.

[7] *You precious winners all;*] You who by this discovery have *gained* what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part. JOHNSON.

[8] ——— *your exultation*
Partake *to every one:*] *Partake* here means *participate.* It is used in the same sense in the display of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.* MALONE.

[9] ——— *I, an old turtle,*
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.] So Orpheus, in the exclamation which Johannes

Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament, till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justify'd
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter [1].—Good Paulina,

Johannes Secundus has written for him, speaking of his grief for the loss of Eurydice, says:

"Sic gemit *arenti* viduatus ab arbore turtur."

So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592:

"A *turtle* sat upon a *leaveless* tree,
"Mourning her absent *pheere*,
"With sad and sorry cheere:
"And whilst her plumes she rents,
"And for her love *laments*," &c. MALONE.

[1] —*This your son-in-law,*
And son unto the king, (whom *heavens* directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—] *Whom heavens directing* is here in the absolute case, and has the same signification as if the poet had written—"*him* heavens directing." So, in *The Tempest*:

"Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
"A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
"Out of his charity, (*who being* then appointed
"Master of the design,) did give us."

See also a passage in *King John*, Act II. sc. ii. "*Who having* no external thing to lose," &c. and another in *Coriolanus*, Vol. VII. p. 239, n. 5, which are constructed in a similar manner. In the note on the latter passage this phraseology is proved not to be peculiar to Shakspeare. MALONE.

Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away[2]. [*Exeunt.*

[2] This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

M A C B E T H.

Perſons Repreſented.

Duncan, *King of* Scotland:
Malcolm, } *his Sons.*
Donalbain, }
Macbeth, } *Generals of the King's army.*
Banquo, }
Macduff, }
Lenox, }
Roſſe, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Menteth, }
Angus, }
Cathneſs, }
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Siward, *Earl of* Northumberland, *General of the* Engliſh *forces:*
Young Siward, *his Son.*
Seyton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An Engliſh *Doctor.* *A* Scotch *Doctor.*
A Soldier. *A Porter.* *An old Man.*

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Meſſengers.

The Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſeveral other Apparitions.*

SCENE, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; *through the reſt of the play, in* Scotland; *and, chiefly, at* Macbeth's *caſtle.*

M A C B E T H[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches[2].

1. *Witch.* When ſhall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2. *Witch.*

[1] Malcolm II. king of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldeſt was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, Thane of the Iſles, and weſtern parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm, without male iſſue, Duncan ſucceeded to the throne. Malcolm's ſecond daughter was married to Sinel, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his couſin germain, Macbeth, in the caſtle of Inverneſs, according to Buchanan, in the year 1040; according to Hector Boethius, in 1045. Boethius, whoſe hiſtory of Scotland was firſt printed in ſeventeen books, at Paris, in 1526, thus deſcribes the event which forms the baſis of the tragedy before us: "Makbeth, be perſuaſion of his wyfe, gaderit his friendis to ane counſall at Invernes, quhare kyng Duncane happennit to be for y^e tyme. And becauſe he fand ſufficient opportunitie, *be ſupport of Banqubo* and otheris his friendis, he ſlew kyng Duncane, the vii zeir of his regne." After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth "come with ane gret power to Scone, and tuk the crowne." *Chroniclis of Scotland,* tranſlated by John Bellenden, folio, 1541. Macbeth was himſelf ſlain by Macduff in the year 1061, according to Boethius; according to Buchanan, in 1057; at which time King Edward the Confeſſor poſſeſſed the throne of England. Holinſhed copied the hiſtory of Boethius, and on Holinſhed's relation Shakſpeare formed his play.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochaber of ſome of the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerouſly wounded in the affray, the perſons concerned in this outrage were ſummoned to appear at a certain day. But they ſlew the *ſerjeant at arms* who ſummoned them, and choſe one MACDOWALD as their captain. Macdowald ſpeedily collected a conſiderable body of

S 3 forces

2. *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's loſt and won [3]:

3. *Witch.*

forces from Ireland and the Weſtern Iſles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottiſh nobleman, who was (ſays Boethius) "Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber," was ſlain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdowald being obliged to take refuge in a caſtle in Lochaber, firſt ſlew his wife and children, and then himſelf. Macbeth on entering the caſtle finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off, and carried to the king, at the caſtle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a ſubſequent period, in the laſt year of Duncan's reign, Sueno king of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpoſe of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately aſſembled an army to oppoſe him, and gave the command of two diviſions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himſelf at the head of a third. Sueno was ſucceſsful in one battle, but in a ſecond was routed; and after a great ſlaughter of his troops he eſcaped with ten perſons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdowald and the invaſion of Sueno, our author has woven theſe two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the preſent play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's hiſtory as a ſubject for the ſtage. "*Multa hic fabuloſe quidam noſtrorum affingunt; ſed, quia* theatris *aut Mileſiis fabulis ſunt aptiora quam hiſtoriæ, ea omitto.* RERUM SCOT. HIST. L. VII. But there was no tranſlation of Buchanan's work till after our author's death.

This tragedy, was written, I believe, in the year 1606. See the notes at the end; and *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[2] *Enter three Witches.*] In order to make a true eſtimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always neceſſary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who ſhould now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the aſſiſtance of ſupernatural agents, would be cenſured as tranſgreſſing the bounds of probability, be baniſhed from the theatre to the nurſery, and condemned to write fairy tales inſtead of tragedies; but a ſurvey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakſpeare was in no danger of ſuch cenſures, ſince he only turned the ſyſtem that was then univerſally

[3] *When the battle's loſt and won:*] i. e. the battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged. WARBURTON.

3. *Witch*. That will be ere the set of sun.
1. *Witch*. Where the place?

universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote*) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magick, and having promised χωρὶς ὁπλιτῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐνεργεῖν, *to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers*, was, at the instances of the empress Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress shewed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horrour, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. Δεικνύτω δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πετομένους ἵππους διά τινος μαγγανείας, καὶ ὁπλίτας δι' ἀέρος φερομένους, καὶ πᾶσαν γοητείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδέαν. *Let him then proceed to shew him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magick.* Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

2. *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3. *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth[4].

1. *Witch.*

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually encreasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his accession, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain king James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of king James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave,—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire,

4 There *to meet with Macbeth.*] *There* is here used as a dissyllable.
MALONE.

1. *Witch.* I come, Gray-malkin[5]!
All. Paddock calls[6]:—Anon.—

Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

5 —*Gray-malkin!*] From a little black letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584, I find it was permitted to a witch *to take on her a cattes body nine times.* Mr. Upton observes, that to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

Again, in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. (a pamphlet of which the reader will find the entire title in a future note on this play): "Moreover she confessed, that at the time when his majestie was in Denmarke, shee being accompanied with the parties before especially mentioned, tooke a *cat*, and christened it, and afterwards bound to each part of the *cat*, the cheefest part of a dead man, and several joints of his bodie, and that in the night following the said *cat* was convayed into the middest of the sea, by all these witches sayling in their riddles or cives, as is aforesaid, and so left the said *cat* right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This doone, there did arise such a tempest at sea, as a greater hath not been seene," &c. STEEVENS.

6 *Paddock calls:*—] According to the late Dr. Goldsmith, and some other naturalists, a *frog* is called a *paddock* in the North; as in the following instance in *Cæsar and Pompey*, by Chapman, 1607:

"—*paddockes*, todes, and watersnakes."

In Shakspeare, however, it certainly means a *toad*. The representation of St. James in the witches' house (one of the set of prints taken from the painter called *Hellish Breugel*, 1566) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms; and before the fire sit *grimalkin* and *paddock*, i. e. a *cat* and a *toad*, with several *baboons*. There is a cauldron boiling, with a witch near it, cutting out the tongue of a snake, as an ingredient for the charm. A representation somewhat similar likewise occurs in *Newes from Scotland*, a pamphlet already quoted. STEEVENS.

"—Some say, they [witches] can keepe devils and spirits, in the likeneis of todes and cats." Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, [1584,] Book I, c. 4. TOLLET.

Fair

Fair is foul, and foul is fair [7]:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches *vanish.*

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the serjeant [8],
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,

7 *Fair is foul, and foul is fair:*] i. e. we make these sudden changes of the weather. And Macbeth, speaking of this day, soon after says:

So foul and fair a day I have not seen. WARBURTON.

The common idea of witches has always been, that they had absolute power over the weather, and could raise storms of any kind, or allay them, as they pleased. In conformity to this notion, Macbeth addresses them in the fourth act:

"*Though you untye the winds,*" &c. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, that *to us*, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair.* JOHNSON.

This expression seems to have been proverbial. Spenser has it in the 4th book of the *Faery Queen:*

"Then *fair grew foul,* and *foul grew fair* in sight." FARMER.

8 *This is the serjeant,*] Holinshed is the best interpreter of Shakspeare in his historical plays; for he not only takes his facts from him, but often his very words and expressions. That historian, in his account of Macdowald's rebellion, mentions, that on the first appearance of a mutinous spirit among the people, the king sent a *serjeant at arms* into the country, to bring up the chief offenders to answer the charge preferred against them; but they, instead of obeying, *misused the messenger with sundry reproaches, and finally slew him.* This *serjeant at arms* is certainly the origin of the *bleeding serjeant* introduced on the present occasion. Shakspeare just caught *the name* from Holinshed, but the rest of the story not suiting his purpose, he does not adhere to it. The stage direction of entrance, where the *bleeding captain* is mentioned, was probably the work of the player editors, and not of the poet. STEEVENS.

As thou didst leave it.
Sol. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald [9]
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd [1];
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling [2],
Shew'd

9 *The merciless Macdonwald*] According to Holinshed we should read—*Macdowald*. STEEVENS.

So also the Scottish Chronicles. However, as it is possible that Shakspeare might have preferred the name that has been substituted, as better sounding, I have adhered to the reading of the folio, 1623. It appears from a subsequent scene that he had attentively read Holinshed's account of the murder of king Duff by *Donwald*, Lieutenant of the castle of Fores; in consequence of which he might, either from inadvertence or choice, have here written—*Macdonwald*. MALONE.

1 —— *from the western isles*
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd;] *Kernes* were light-armed, and *Gallow-glasses* heavy-armed, Irish foot-soldiers. WARBUR.

Of and *with* are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers. So, in *God's Revenge against Murder*, hist. vi: "Synontus in the mean time is prepared *of* two wicked gondaliers, &c." Again, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Sun*, bl. l. no date: "—he was well garnished *of* spear, sword, and armoure, &c." These are a few out of a thousand instances which might be brought to the same purpose. STEEVENS.

The old copy has *Gallow-grosses*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

2 *And fortune, on his damned* quarrel *smiling*,] The old copy has—*quarry*; but I am inclined to read *quarrel*. *Quarrel* was formerly used for *cause*, or for *the occasion of a quarrel*, and is to be found in that sense in Holinshed's account of the story of Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the prince of Cumberland, thought says the historian, that he had *a just quarrel* to endeavour after the crown. The sense therefore is, *Fortune smiling on his execrable cause*, &c. JOHNSON.

The word *quarrel* occurs in Holinshed's relation of this very fact, and may be regarded as a sufficient proof of its having been the term here employed by Shakspeare: "Out of the western isles there came to Macdowald a great multitude of people, to assist him in that rebellious *quarrel*." Besides, Macdowald's *quarry*, (i. e. game) must have consisted of *Duncan's friends*, and would the speaker then have applied the epithet—*damned* to them? and what have the smiles of fortune to do over a carnage, when we have defeated our enemies? Her business is
then

Shew'd like a rebel's whore *: But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,
'Till he fac'd the slave:
Which ne'er shook hands [3], nor bade farewel to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops [4],
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

then at an end. Her smiles or frowns are no longer of any consequence. We only talk of these, while we are pursuing our *quarrel*, and the event of it is uncertain. STEEVENS.

The reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, and his explanation of it, are strongly supported by a passage in our author's *King John*:

" —and put his *cause* and *quarrel*
" To the disposing of the cardinal."

Again, in this play of *Macbeth*:

" —— and the chance, of goodness,
" Be like our warranted *quarrel*."

Here we have *warranted quarrel*, the exact opposite of *damned quarrel*, as the text is now regulated.—Lord Bacon, in his ESSAYS, uses the word in the same sense: " Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses; so as a man may have a *quarrel* to marry, when he will." MALONE.

* *Shew'd like a rebel's whore*:] I suppose the meaning is, that fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him. Shakspeare probably alludes to Macdowald's first successful action, elated by which he attempted to pursue his fortune, but lost his life. See p. 262. MALONE.

3 Which *ne'er shook hands*,] Mr. Pope, instead of *which*, here and in many other places, reads—*who*. But there is no need of change. There is scarcely one of our author's plays in which he has not used *which* for *who*. So, in *the Winter's Tale*, p. 246: " —the old shepherd, *which* stands by," &c. See Vol. II. p. 419, n. 7; and Vol. III. p. 30, n. 2. MALONE

4 —*he unseam'd him from the* nave *to the chops*,] Dr. Warburton, instead of *nave*, reads—*nape*; but the old reading (as Mr. Steevens has observed) is fully justified by a passage in *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, a tragedy, by C. Marlowe and T. Nashe, 1594:

" Then from the *navel* to the *throat* at once
" He ripp'd old Priam."

Again, by the following passage in an unpublished play, entitled *The Witch*, by Thomas Middleton, in which the same wound is described, though the stroke is reversed:

" Draw it, or I'll rip thee down from *neck* to NAVEL,
" Though there's small glory in't." MALONE.

Sol.

Sol. As whence the ſun 'gins his reflexion [5]
Shipwrecking ſtorms and direful thunders break [6];
So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells [7]. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No ſooner juſtice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe ſkipping Kernes to truſt their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, ſurveying vantage,
With furbiſh'd arms, and new ſupplies of men,
Began a freſh aſſault.
Dun. Diſmay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sol. Yes;
As ſparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks [8];

So

5 *As whence the ſun 'gins his reflexion*] The thought is expreſſed with ſome obſcurity, but the plain meaning is this: *As the ſame quarter, whence the bleſſing of day-light ariſes, ſometimes ſends us, by a dreadful reverſe, the calamities of ſtorms and tempeſts; ſo the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promiſed us the comforts of peace, was immediately ſucceeded by the alarming news of the Norweyan invaſion.* The natural hiſtory of the winds, &c. is foreign to the explanation of this paſſage. Shakſpeare does not mean, in conformity to any theory, to ſay that ſtorms *generally* come from the eaſt. If it be allowed that they ſometimes iſſue from that quarter, it is ſufficient for the purpoſe of his compariſon. STEEVENS.

The natural hiſtory of the winds, &c. was idly introduced on this occaſion by Dr. Warburton. Sir William Davenant's reading of this paſſage, in an alteration of this play, publiſhed in quarto, in 1674, affords a reaſonably good comment upon it:

"But then this day-break of our victory
"Serv'd but to light us into other dangers,
"That ſpring from whence our hopes did ſeem to riſe."

MALONE.

6 —*thunders* break;] The word *break* is wanting in the oldeſt copy. The other folios and Rowe read—*breaking*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. STEEVENS.

Break, which was ſuggeſted by the reading of the ſecond folio, is very unlikely to have been the word omitted in the original copy. It agrees with thunders;—but whoever talked of the *breaking* of a *ſtorm*? MALONE.

7 Diſcomfort *ſwells*.] *Diſcomfort* the natural oppoſite to *comfort*. JOHNSON.

8 *As cannons overcharg'd with double* cracks;] That is, with double charges; a metonymy of the effect for the cauſe. HEATH.

Cracks

So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe [9]:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha [1],
I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit Soldier, attended.*

Enter ROSSE *and* ANGUS [2].

Who comes here [3]?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes? So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange [4]. *Rosse.*

Cracks in the time of this writer was a word of such emphasis and dignity that in this play he terms the general dissolution of nature the *crack of doom.* JOHNSON.

This word is used in the old play of *K. John*, 1591, and applied, as here, to ordnance:

"—— as harmless and without effect,
"As is the echo of a cannon's *crack.*" MALONE.

9 *Doubly redoubled strokes,* &c.] So, in *K. Richard II.* Act I:

"And let thy blows, *doubly redoubled,*
"Fall, &c." STEEVENS.

1 *Or memorize another Golgotha,*] That is, or make another Golgotha, which should be celebrated and delivered down to posterity, with as frequent mention as the first. HEATH.

The word *memorize* (as Mr. Warton and Mr. Steevens have shewn) was used by Spenser, Chapman, Drayton, and others, as well as Shakspeare. MALONE.

2 —*and* Angus.] *Angus* not being addressed, nor speaking in this scene, was rejected by Mr. Steevens as a superfluous character. But it is clear from a subsequent passage, that his entry here was designed; for in scene iii. he again enters with Rosse, and says,

"—— *We* are sent
"To give thee from our royal master thanks." MALONE.

3 *Who comes here?*] The latter word is here employed as a dissyllable. MALONE.

4 ———— *So should he look,*
That seems to speak things strange.] i. e. that seems *about* to speak strange things. Our author himself furnishes us with the best comment

Rosse. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky[5],
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom[6], lapt in proof,
Confronted him[7] with self-comparisons[8],

Point | A

ment on this passage. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with nearly the same idea:

"The business of this man *looks out of him*."

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

"—— Her business looks in her
"With an *importing visage*."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"There's business in these faces."

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"And let your prologue *seem* to *say*, &c." MALONE.

The following passage in *the Tempest* seems to afford no unapt comment upon this:

"—— pr'ythee, say on:
"The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
"A matter from thee."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

"Men judge by the complexion of the sky, &c.
"So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
"My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say." STEEVENS.

5 —*flout the sky*,] To *flout* is to *mock* or *insult*. The banners are very poetically described as waving in *mockery* or *defiance* of the sky. So, in *K. Edward III*. 1599:

"And new replenish'd pendants cuff the air,
"And beat the wind, that for their gaudiness
"Struggles to kiss them." STEEVENS.

So, in *King John*:

"*Mocking* the air with *colours* idly spread." MALONE.

6 *Till that Bellona's* bridegroom,] This passage may be added to the many others, which shew how little Shakspeare knew of ancient mythology. HENLEY.

7 *Confronted* him—] By *him*, in this verse, is meant Norway. The assistance the *thane of Cawdor* had given Norway was underhand; (which Rosse and Angus, indeed, had discovered, but was unknown to Macbeth;) Cawdor being in the court all this while; as appears from Angus's

Point againſt point rebellious, arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit: And to concude,
The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happineſs!

Roſſe. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves compoſition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he diſburſed, at Saint Colmes inch[9],
Ten thouſand dollars to our general uſe.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor ſhall deceive
Our boſom intereſt:—Go, pronounce his preſent death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Roſſe. I'll ſee it done.

Dun. What he hath loſt, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Where haſt thou been, ſiſter?

2. *Witch.* Killing ſwine.

3. *Witch.* Siſter, where thou?

1. *Witch.* A ſailor's wiſe had cheſnuts in her lap,

Angus's ſpeech to Macbeth, when he meets him to ſalute him with the title, and inſinuates his crime to be *lining the rebel with* hidden *help and 'vantage.* WARBURTON.

[8] —*with* ſelf-compariſons,] i. e. gave him as good as he brought, ſhew'd he was his equal. WARBURTON.

[9] —*Saint* Colmes inch,] *Colmes-inch,* now called *Inchcomb,* a ſmall iſland lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden *Inch Colm,* or the *Iſle of Columba.* Holinſhed thus relates the whole circumſtance: "*The Danes that eſcaped, and got once to their ſhips, obteined* of Makbeth for a great ſumme of gold, that *ſuch of their* friends as were ſlaine, might be *buried in* Saint *Colmes Inch.* In memorie whereof *many old* ſepultures are yet in the ſaid *Inch,* there to be ſeene *graven* with the armes of the Danes." *Inch,* or *Inſhe* in the Iriſh and Erſe languages, ſignifies an iſland. See *Lhuyd's Archæologia.* STEEVENS.

And

I' the shipman's card [7].
I will drain him dry as hay [8]:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid [9]:

Weary

"And then from every *port* they blow,
"From all the *points* that seamen know."

Mr. Steevens objects, that "though the witch from her power over the winds might justly enough say that she had all the *points* and *quarters* from whence they blow, she could not with any degree of propriety declare that she had the *ports* to which they were directed." I am always sorry to differ from so judicious a commentator; but I own this objection does not appear to me of sufficient weight to induce me to disturb the text. The witch in fact neither possessed the winds nor the ports; though she is supposed to have had *power* over the one, and consequently over the other also; and therefore, I think, she may with as much propriety be said to *have* the *ports*, to or from which the winds blow, as the winds themselves. Whoever can drive a ship into or out of a port, may poetically be said to *have*, or command, the port.

Points probably struck Mr. Pope, because that word seems to correspond more precisely with the following line; but the supposing that Shakspeare always aimed at being *totus teres atque rotundus*, has been, in my apprehension, the source of much error.

I may likewise add that the form of the letter *r*, used in the Mss. of our author's time, is so singular, that it is almost impossible to be mistaken for *i* *n*. MALONE.

The word *very* is used here (as in a thousand instances which might be brought) to express the declaration more emphatically. STEEVENS.

7 — *the shipman's card.*] The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle. STEEVENS.

8 — *dry as hay*:] So, Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, b. iii. l. 9:

"But he is old and *withered as hay*." STEEVENS.

9 *He shall live a man* forbid:] i. e. as one under a *curse*, an *interdiction*. So, afterwards in this play:

"By his own *interdiction* stands *accurs'd*."

So among the Romans, an outlaw's sentence was, *aquæ & ignis interdictio*; i. e. he was forbid the use of water and fire, which imply'd the *necessity of banishment*. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has very justly explained *forbid* by *accursed*, but without giving any reason of his interpretation. To *bid* is originally to *pray*, as in this Saxon fragment:

He ıſ pıſ ꝥ bıꞇ ⁊ boꞇe, &c.

He is wise that prays and makes amends.

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine[1]:

As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning. JOHNSON.

1 *Shall he* dwindle, &c.] This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees. So Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised to destroy king *Duffe*:

"—found one of the witches roasting upon a wooden broch an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person," &c.

"—for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat. And as for the words of the inchantment, they served to keep him still waking *from sleepe*," &c.

This may serve to explain the foregoing passage:

"Sleep shall neither night nor day,
"Hang upon his penthouse lid." STEEVENS.

Stowe in his *Annals*, 1605, p. 1275, after giving a particular account of the causes of "the strange sicknesse and death" of Ferdinando Earl of Derby, on the 16th of April 1594, adds "A true report of such reasons and conjectures as caused many learned men to suppose him to be *bewitched*."

"—The 10th of April about midnight was founde in his bedchamber by one Master Halsall, an image of wax and haire, like unto the haire of his honour's head, twisted through the belly thereof, from the navel to the secrets. This image was spotted, as the same master Halsall reported unto Master Smith, one of his Secretaries, a daie before any pain grew, and spots appeared upon his sides and belly. This image was hastily cast into the fire by Master Halsall, before it was viewed, because he thought, by burning thereof, as he said, he should relieve his lord from *witchcraft*, and burne the witch who so much tormented his lord; but it fell out contrary to his love and affection, for after the melting thereof he more and more declined.

"Sir Edward Felton, who *with other Justices* examined certaine witches, reporteth, that one of them being bidden to saie the Lord's prayer, said it well, but being conjured, in the name of Jesus, that, if she had bewitched his honour, she should not be able to saie the same, she could never repeat that petition, *Forgive us our trespasses*, no, although it was repeated unto her."

I have transcribed this passage not only as illustrative of the text, but as a specimen of the absurd notions entertained relative to witchcraft, a very few years before *Macbeth* was written. MALONE.

Though

Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt [2].
Look what I have.

2. *Witch.* Shew me, ſhew me.

1. *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3. *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird ſiſters, hand in hand [3],
Poſters of the ſea and land,

[2] *Though his bark cannot be loſt,*
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.] So, in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. a pamphlet already quoted: "Againe it is confeſſed, that the ſaid chriſtened cat was the cauſe of the *Kinges Majeſties ſhippe, at his comming forthe of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the reſt of his ſhippes* then being in his companie, which thing was moſt ſtraunge and true, as the Kinges Majeſtie acknowledgeth, for when the reſt of the ſhippes had a faire and good winde, then was the wind contrarie and altogether againſt his Majeſtie. And further the ſayde witch declared, that his Majeſtie had never come ſafely from the ſea, if his faith had not prevayled above their ententions." To this circumſtance perhaps our author's alluſion is ſufficiently plain. STEEVENS.

[3] *The* weird *ſiſters, hand in hand,*] The old copy has—*weyward*, probably in conſequence of the tranſcriber's being deceived by his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The following paſſage in Bellenden's Tranſlation of Hector Boethius, fully ſupports the emendation: "Be aventure Makbeth and Banquho were paſſand to Fores, quhair kyng Duncane hapnit to be for y tyme, and met be y[e] gait thre wemen clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. Thay wer jugit be the pepill to be *weird* ſiſteris." So alſo Holinſhed.

"*Weird ſiſters,*" (ſays the Gloſſariſt to Gawin Douglas,) "*Parcæ.*—It comes certainly from the Anglo-Saxon ƿyꞃꝺ *fatum, fortuna, eventus.* ƿyꞃꝺe FATA, PARCÆ. *Francice* Urdi, &c.—And theſe again moſt probably from the B. and Teutonick worden, Anglo-Saxon ƿeoꞃꞇhen, &c. fieri, fore, eſſe; becauſe fate or deſtiny muſt neceſſarily come to paſs." MALONE.

Weird comes from the Anglo-Saxon ƿyꞃꝺ, and is uſed as a ſubſtantive ſignifying a *prophecy* by the tranſlator of *Hector Boethius* in the year 1541, as well as for the *Deſtinies* by Chaucer and Holinſhed. "*Of the weirdis gevyn to Makbeth and Banqhuo,*" is the argument of one of the chapters. Gawin Douglas, in his tranſlation of *Virgil*, calls the *Parcæ* the *weird ſiſters.* The other method of ſpelling was merely a blunder of the tranſcriber or printer. STEEVENS.

Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores[4]?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question[5]? You seem to understand me.
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards[6] forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?
1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth[7]! hail to thee, thane of Glamis[8]!

2. *Witch.*

4 *How far is't call'd to Fores?*] The king at this time resided at *Fores*, a town in *Murray*, not far from *Inverness*. "It fortuned, (says Holinshed) as Mackbeth and Banquo journeyed towards *Fores*, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way, without other company, save only themselves, when suddenly in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of the elder world," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*Soris*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

5 *That man may question?*] Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse, or of whom it is lawful to *ask questions*? JOHNSON.

6 —*your* beards—] *Witches* were supposed always to have hair on their chins. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "—Some women have *beards*, marry they are half *witches*." STEEVENS.

7 *All hail, Macbeth!*] It hath lately been repeated from Mr Guthrie's *Essay upon English Tragedy*, that the *portrait* of Macbeth's *wife* is copied from Buchanan, "whose spirit, as well as words, is translated into the play of Shakspeare: and it had signified nothing to have pored only on Holinshed for *facts*."—"Animus etiam, per se ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris (quæ omnium consiliorum ei erat conscia) stimulabatur."—This is the whole, that Buchanan says of the *lady*, and truly I see no more *spirit* in the Scotch, than in the English chronicler.

2. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor[9]!

chronicler. "The wordes of the three weird ſiſters alſo greatly encouraged him [to the murder of Duncan], but ſpecially his wife lay ſore upon him to attempt the thing, as ſhe that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable deſire to beare the name of a queene." Edit. 1577, p. 244.

This part of Holinſhed is an abridgment of Johne Bellenden's tranſlation of the *noble clerk, Hector Boece, imprinted at Edingburgh*, in fol. 1541. I will give the paſſage as it is found there. "His wyfe impacient of lang tary *(as all wemen ar)* ſpecially quhare they are deſirus of ony purpos, gaif hym gret artation to purſew the thrid weird, yat ſche micht be ane quene, calland hym oft tymis febyl cowart and nocht deſyrus of honouris, ſen he durſt not aſſailze the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to hym be beniuolence of fortoun. Howbeit ſindry otheris hes aſſailzeit ſic thinges afore with maiſt terribyl jeopardyis, quhen thay had not ſic ſickernes to ſucceid in the end of thair laubouris as he had." p. 173.

But we can *demonſtrate*, that Shakſpeare had not the ſtory from Buchanan. According to *him*, the weird ſiſters ſalute Macbeth: "Una Anguſiæ Thanum, altera Moraviæ, tertia Regem:"—Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c. but according to Holinſhed, immediately from Bellenden, as it ſtands in Shakſpeare: "The firſt of them ſpake and ſayde, All hayle Makbeth Thane of Glammis,—the ſecond of them ſayde, Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawder; but the third ſayde, All hayle Makbeth, that hereafter ſhall be *king of Scotland*." p. 243.

1. Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!*

2. Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!*

3. Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! that ſhalt be king hereafter!*

Here too our poet found the equivocal predictions, on which his hero ſo fatally depended: "He had learned of certaine wyſards, how that he ought to take heede of Macduffe;—and ſurely hereupon had he put Macduffe to death, but a certain witch whom he had in great truſt, had tolde, that he ſhould neuer be ſlain with *man borne of any woman*, nor vanquiſhed till the wood of Bernane came to the caſtell of Dunſinane." p. 244. And the ſcene between Malcolm and Macduff in the fourth act is almoſt literally taken from the *Chronicle*. FARMER.

[8] —*thane of* Glamis!] The thaneſhip of *Glamis* was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The caſtle where they lived is ſtill ſtanding, and was lately the magnificent reſidence of the earl of Strathmore. See a particular deſcription of it in Mr. Gray's letter to Dr. Wharton, dated from *Glames Caſtle*. STEEVENS.

[9] —*thane of* Cawdor!] Dr. Johnſon obſerves in his *Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland*, that part of *Calder caſtle*, from which Macbeth drew his ſecond title, is ſtill remaining. STEEVENS.

3. *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! that ſhalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good ſir, why do you ſtart; and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair?—I'the name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical [9], or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having [1], and of royal hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not:
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1. *Witch*. Hail!

2. *Witch*. Hail!

3. *Witch*. Hail!

1. *Witch*. Leſſer than Macbeth, and greater.

2. *Witch*. Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3. *Witch*. Thou ſhalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1. *Witch*. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death [2], I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A proſperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

[9] *Are ye* fantaſtical,] By *fantaſtical*, he means creatures of *fantaſy* or imagination: the queſtion is, Are theſe real beings before us, or are we deceived by illuſions of fancy? JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare took the word from Holinſhed, who in his account of the witches, ſays, "This was reputed at firſt but ſome vain *fantaſtical* illuſion by Macbeth and Banquo." STEEVENS.

[1] *Of noble* having,] *Having* is eſtate, poſſeſſion, fortune. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—— My *having* is not much;
"I'll make diviſion of my preſent ſtore:
"Hold; there is half my coffer." STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 253, n. 5; and Vol. II. p. 316, n. 6. MALONE.

[2] *By Sinel's death*,] The father of Macbeth. POPE.

You

You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[Witches *vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root[3],
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads

3 —*eaten on the* insane root,] The *insane root* is the root which makes insane. THEOBALD.

The commentators have given themselves much trouble to ascertain the *name* of this root, but its name was, I believe, unknown to Shakspeare, as it is to his readers; Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, having probably furnished him with the only knowledge he had of its qualities, without specifying its name. In the Life of Antony, (which our author must have diligently read,) the Roman soldiers, while employed in the Parthian war, are said to have suffered great distress for want of provisions. "In the ende (says Plutarch) they were compelled to live of herbs and *rootes*, but they found few of them that men do commonly eate of, and were enforced to taste of them that were never eaten before; among the which there was *one* that killed them, and *made them out of their wits*; for he that had once eaten of it, his *memorye was gone from him, and he knew no manner of thing*, but only busied himself in digging and hurling of stones from one place to another, as though it had been a matter of great waight, and to be done with all possible speede." MALONE.

Shakspeare alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "You gazed against the sun, and so blemished your sight; or else you have *eaten of the roots of hemlock*, that makes men's eyes *conceit unseen objects*." STEEVENS.

Thy

Thy perſonal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his[4]: Silenc'd with that[5],
In viewing o'er the reſt o' the ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyſelf didſt make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came poſt with poſt[6]; and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our royal maſter, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.

Roſſe. And, for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy thane!
For it is thine.

4 *His wonders and his praiſes do contend,*
Which ſhould be thine, or his;] i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a deſire to do them publick juſtice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence.—Or,—There is a conteſt in his mind whether he ſhould indulge his deſire of publiſhing to the world the commendations due to your heroiſm, or whether he ſhould remain in ſilent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its deſert. STEEVENS.

5 Silenc'd *with that,*] i. e. wrapp'd in ſilent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c. MALONE.

6 — *As thick as tale,*
Came poſt with poſt;] That is, poſts arrived as faſt as they could be counted. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act II. ſc. i:
" Tidings, *as ſwiftly as the poſts could run,*
" Were brought," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*Can* poſt. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. Dr. Johnſon's explanation would be leſs exceptionable, if the old copy had—As *quick* as tale. *Thick* applies but ill to *tale*, and ſeems rather to favour Mr. Rowe's emendation, who reads—As thick as *hail*, &c.

" As thick as hail," as an anonymous correſpondent obſerves to me, is an expreſſion in the old play of *King John*, 1591:
" ——— breathe out damned oriſons,
" *As thick as hail*-ſtones 'fore the ſpring's approach." MALONE.

Ban.

Ban. What, can the devil ſpeak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dreſs me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whe'r he was combin'd[7]
With thoſe of Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greateſt is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children ſhall be kings,
When thoſe that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?

Ban. That, truſted home[8],

Might

7 *Whe'r he was combin'd*—] *Whether* in our author's time was ſometimes uſed and written as one ſyllable, *whe'r*: So, in *King John*:

"Now ſhame upon you *whe'r* ſhe does or no."

The word *combin'd* is in the old copy placed in the ſubſequent line. The metre ſhews that it belongs to the preſent line. Many inaccuracies of the ſame kind are found in the only authentick ancient copy of this play. MALONE.

8 — *truſted home*] i. e. carried as far as it will go; ſuffered to prevail in its utmoſt extent of argument; confidentially received or admitted home into your boſom. STEEVENS.

The added word *home* ſhews clearly, in my apprehenſion, that our author wrote—That *thruſted* home. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"That every minute of his being *thruſts*
"Againſt my neareſt of life."

Thruſted is the regular participle from the verb to *thruſt*, and though now not often uſed, was, I believe, common in the time of Shakſpeare. So, in *King Henry V*:

"With *caſted* ſlough and freſh legerity."

Home means *to the uttermoſt*. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"—— all my ſorrows
"You have paid *home*."

It may be obſerved, that "*thruſted* home" is an expreſſion uſed at this day; but "*truſted* home," I believe, was never uſed at any period whatſoever. I have had frequent occaſion to remark that many of the errors

in

Might yet enkindle you[9] unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told*,

As

in the old copies of our author's plays arose from the transcriber's ear having deceived him. In Ireland where much of the pronunciation of the age of Queen Elizabeth is yet retained, the vulgar constantly pronounce the word *thrust* as if it were written *trust*; and hence probably the error in the text.

Mr. Steevens's original explanation, "*carried as far it will go*," agrees with this reading, but cannot in my apprehension be drawn by any chymistry from that which is exhibited in the old copy: for who ever talked of confiding *home* in a prediction. The change is so very slight, and I am so thoroughly persuaded that the reading proposed is the true one, that had it been suggested by any former editor, I should without hesitation have given it a place in the text. MALONE.

9 *Might yet* enkindle *you*—] *Enkindle*, for to *stimulate* you to seek. WARBURTON.

* Two truths *are told*, &c.] How the former of these truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to learn. Macbeth could not become Thane of Glamis, till after his father's decease, of which there is no mention throughout the play. If the Hag only foretold what Macbeth already understood to have happened, her words could scarcely claim rank as a prediction. STEEVENS.

From the Scottish translation of Boethius it should seem that Sinel, the father of Macbeth, died after Macbeth's having been met by the weird sisters. "Makbeth (says the historian) revolvyng all thingis, as they wer said be the weird sisteris, began to covat ye croun. And zit he concludit to abide, quhil he saw ye tyme ganand thereto; fermelie belevyng yt ye thrid weird suld cum *as the first two did afore*." This indeed is inconsistent with our author's words, "By Sinel's death, I know, *I am* thane of Glamis;"—but Holinshed, who was his guide, in his abridgment of the history of Boethius, has particularly mentioned that Sinel died *before* Macbeth met the weird sisters: we may therefore be sure that Shakspeare meant it to be understood that Macbeth had already acceded to his paternal title. Belenden only says, "The first of thaim said to Macbeth, Hale thane of Glammis. The secound said," &c. But in Holinshed the relation runs thus, conformably to the Latin original: "The first of them spake and said, All haile Mackbeth, thane of Glammis (*for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell*). The second of them said," &c.

Still

As happy prologues to the swelling act[1]
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting[2]
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion[3]
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings[4]:

Still however the objection made by Mr. Steevens remains in its full force; for since he knew that "by Sinel's death he was thane of Glamis," how can this salutation be considered as *prophetick?* Or why should he afterwards say, with *admiration*, "GLAMIS, and thane of Cawdor;" &c? Perhaps we may suppose that the father of Macbeth died so recently before his interview with the weirds, that the news of it had not yet got abroad; in which case, though Macbeth himself knew it, he might consider their giving him the title of Thane of Glamis as a proof of supernatural intelligence.

I suspect our author was led to use the expressions which have occasioned the present note, by the following words of Holinshed: "The same night after, at supper, Banquho jested with him, and said, Now Mackbeth, thou hast obteined *those things which the* TWO *former sisters* PROPHESIED? there remaineth onelie for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to passe." MALONE.

1 —swelling *act*] *Swelling* is used in the same sense in the prologue to *K. Henry V*:

"—— princes to act,
"And monarchs to behold the *swelling* scene." STEEVENS.

2 *This supernatural* soliciting] i. e. incitement. JOHNSON.

3 —*why do I* yield *to that* suggestion] To *yield* is, *to give way* to. JOHNSON.

Suggestion is, *temptation*. See Vol. I. p. 139, n. 6. MALONE.

4 —*Present* fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:] Present *fears* are *fears of things present*, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be less than the *imagination* presents them while the objects are yet distant. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Tragedy of Crœsus*, 1604, by lord Sterline:

"For as the shadow seems more monstrous still,
"Than doth the substance whence it hath the being,
"So *th' apprehension of approaching ill*
"*Seems greater than itself, whilst fears are lying.*" STEEVENS.

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man[5], that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not[6].

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day[7].

5 — *single state of man,*] The *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakspeare for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body*. JOHNSON.

6 ——— *function*
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.] All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence. JOHNSON.

Surmise, is speculation, conjecture concerning the future. MALONE.

7 Time and the hour *runs through the roughest day.*] "By this, I confess I do not with his two last commentators imagine, is meant either the tautology of time and the hour, or an allusion to time painted with an hour-glass, or an exhortation to time to hasten forward, but rather to say *tempus & hora*, time and occasion, will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will." This note is taken from an *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

Such tautology is common to Shakspeare.

"The very *head* and *front* of my offending,"

is little less reprehensible. *Time and the hour*, is Time with his hours. STEEVENS.

The same expression is used by a writer nearly contemporary with Shakspeare: "Neither can there be any thing in the world more acceptable to me than death, whose *hower and time*, if they were as certayne, &c." Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579. Again, in Davison's *Poems*, 1621:

"*Time's* young *howres* attend her still—.

Again, in our author's 126th Sonnet:

"O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
"Dost hold *Time's* fickle glass, his fickle, *hour*—". MALONE.

4 *Ban.*

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—*Give me*, quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch[1]*!* the rump-fed ronyon[2] cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tyger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail[3],
And, like a rat without a tail[4],
I'll

[1] Aroint *thee, witch!*] *Aroint*, or avaunt, begone. POPE.
In a very old drawing published in Hearne's Collections, St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with these words, OUT OUT ARONGT, of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage. JOHNSON.

Rynt you witch, quoth Besse Locket to her mother, is a north country proverb. The word is used again in *K. Lear*:

"And *aroint* thee, witch, *aroint* thee." STEEVENS.

[2] —*the* rump-fed *ronyon*—] The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others. COLEPEPER.

So, in *Wit at several Weapons*, by B. and Fletcher:

"A niggard to your commons, that you're fain
"To size your belly out with shoulder fees,
"With kidneys, *rumps*, and cues of single beer."

In the *Book of Haukynge*, &c. (commonly called the *Book of St. Albans*,) bl. l. no date, among the *proper terms used in kepyng of haukes*, it is said, "The hauke tyreth upon *rumps*."

Ronyon, i. e. scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux*; *royne*, scurf. Thus Chaucer, in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, p. 551:

"——— her necke
"Withouten bleine, or scabbe, or *roine*."

Shakspeare uses the word again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*in a sieve I'll thither sail*,] Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas." Again, in *Newes from Scotland: Declaring the damnable life of Doctor Fian, a notable sorcerer, who was burned at Edinbrough, Januarie last, 1591, which Doctor was Register to the Devill, that sundrie times preached at North Baricke Kirke, to a number of notorious*

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2. *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind [5].

1. *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3. *Witch.* And I another.

1. *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow [6],
All the quarters that they know

I' the

Witches. With the true examinations of the said Doctor and Witches as they uttered them in the presence of the Scottish King. Discovering how they pretended to bewitch and drowne his majestie in the sea comming from Denmarke, with other such wonderfull matters as the like hath not bin heard at anie time. Published according to the Scottish copy, Printed for William Wright: "—and that all they together went to sea, each one in a *riddle* or *cive*, and went in the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the same *riddles*, or *cives*," &c. Dr. Farmer found the title of this scarce pamphlet in an interleaved copy of *Maunsells Catalogue*, &c. 1595, with additions by Archbishop Harsnet, and Thomas Baker, the Antiquarian. It is almost needless to mention that I have since met with the pamphlet itself. STEEVENS.

4 *And like a rat without a tail,*] It should be remembered (as it was the belief of the times) that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting.

The reason given by some of the old writers, for such a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all four-footed creatures. STEEVENS.

5 *I'll give thee a wind.*] This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship; for witches were supposed to sell them. So, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"—in Ireland and in Denmark both,
"*Witches* for gold will *sell a man a wind*,
"Which in the corner of a napkin wrap'd,
"Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will."

Drayton, in his *Moon-calf*, says the same. STEEVENS.

6 *And the very ports they blow,*] That is, and the very ports they blow *to*; and so our author would probably have written, had he not been confined by the metre and the rhyme. Mr. Pope changed *ports* to *points*, which has been adopted, I think, without necessity, by the subsequent editors. The substituted word was first given by Sir William D'Avenant, who in his alteration of this play has retained the old, while at the same time he furnished Mr. Pope with the new, reading:

"I myself have all the other.

"And

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we ſtay upon your leiſure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought[8]
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are regiſter'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them*.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it[9], let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flouriſh. *Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not[1]
Thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die[2]: who did report,

[8] —*my dull brain was wrought*—] My head was *worked, agitated,* put into commotion. JOHNSON.

* —— *where every day I turn*
The leaf to read them.] He means, as Mr. Upton has obſerved, that they are regiſtered in the table-book of his heart. So Hamlet ſpeaks of the *table* of his *memory*. MALONE.

[9] *The* interim *having weigh'd it,*] This *intervening portion of time* is almoſt perſonified: it is repreſented as a cool impartial judge; as *the pauſer Reaſon*. STEEVENS.

I believe, *the interim* is uſed adverbially: "you having weighed it *in* the interim." MALONE.

[1] — Are *not*—] The old copy reads—*Or* not. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] *With one that ſaw him die:*] The behaviour of the *thane of Cawdor* correſponds in almoſt every circumſtance with that of the unfortunate earl of Eſſex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His aſking the queen's forgiveneſs, his confeſſion, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the ſcaffold, are minutely deſcribed by that hiſtorian. Such an alluſion could not fail of having the deſired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye witneſſes to the ſeverity of that juſtice which deprived the age of one of its greateſt ornaments, and Southampton, Shakſpeare's patron, of his deareſt friend. STEEVENS.

That

That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons;
Implor'd your highneſs' pardon; and ſet forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he dy'd
As one that had been ſtudied in his death[3],
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face[4]:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.—O worthieſt couſin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

The ſin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wing of recompence is ſlow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to ſay,
More is thy due than more than all can pay[5].

Macb.

[3] —*ſtudied in his death,*] Inſtructed in the art of dying. It was uſual to ſay *ſtudied,* for *learned* in ſcience. JOHNSON.

His own profeſſion furniſhed our author with this phraſe. To be *ſtudied* in a part, or to have ſtudied it, is yet the technical term of the theatre. MALONE.

[4] *There's no art*
To find the mind's conſtruction *in the face:*] Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have underſtood the word *conſtruction* in this place, in the ſenſe of *frame* or *ſtructure*; but the ſchool-term was, I believe, intended by Shakſpeare. The meaning, is,—*We cannot* conſtrue *or diſcover the diſpoſition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.* So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.
"*Conſtrue* the times to their neceſſities."
In *Hamlet* we meet with a kindred phraſe:
"—— Theſe profound heaves
"You muſt *tranſlate*; 'tis fit we underſtand them."
Our author again alludes to his grammar, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
"I'll *decline* the whole queſtion"
In his 93d Sonnet, however, we find a contrary ſentiment aſſerted:
"In many's *looks* the *falſe heart's hiſtory*
"Is writ." MALONE.

[5] *More is thy due than* more than all *can pay.*] More is due to thee, than, I will not ſay *all,* but, *more* than all, i. e. the greateſt recompence, can pay. Thus, in *Plautus*: *Nihilo minus.*

There

Macb. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itſelf. Your highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and ſtate, children, and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing [6]
Safe toward your love and honour [7].

Dun.

There is an obſcurity in this paſſage, ariſing from the word *all*, which is not uſed here perſonally, (more than all perſons can pay,) but for the whole wealth of the ſpeaker. So, more clearly, in *King Henry VIII.*

"*More* than *my all* is nothing."

This line appeared obſcure to Sir W. D'Avenant, for he altered it thus:

"I have only left to ſay,
"That thou deſerveſt *more than I have to pay.*" MALONE.

6 —— *ſervants*;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing—] From Scripture: "So when ye ſhall have done all thoſe things which are commanded you, ſay, We are unprofitable ſervants: we have done that which was our duty to do." HENLEY.

7 *Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing*
Safe toward your love and honour.] Mr. Upton gives the word *ſafe* as an inſtance of an adjective uſed adverbially. STEEVENS.

Read—"Safe (i. e. ſaved) toward *you* love and honour;" and then the ſenſe will be,—"Our duties are your children, and ſervants or vaſſals to your throne and ſtate; who do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing with a ſaving of their love and honour toward you." The whole is an alluſion to the forms of doing homage in the feodal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king was abſolute and without any exception; but *ſimple homage*, when done to a ſubject for lands holden of him, was always with a *ſaving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the ſovereign. "*Sauf la foy que jeo doy a noſtre ſeignor le roy*," as it is in Lyttleton. And though the expreſſion be ſomewhat ſtiff and forced, it is not more ſo than many others in this play, and ſuits well with the ſituation of Macbeth, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elſewhere ſays,

"When love begins to ſicken and decay,
"It uſeth an enforced ceremony." BLACKSTONE.

A paſſage in *Cupid's Revenge*, a comedy by B. and Fletcher, adds ſome ſupport to Sir William Blackſtone's emendation:

"I'll ſpeak it freely, always my *obedience*
"*And love preſerved unto the prince.*"

So alſo the following words, ſpoken by Henry Duke of Lancaſter to K. Richard II. at their interview in the Caſtle of Flint (a paſſage that Shakſpeare had certainly read, and perhaps remembered): "My ſovereign lorde and kyng, the cauſe of my coming, at this preſent, is, (*your*

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing [8].—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow [9]. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you [1].

Macb.

honour saved,) to have againe restitution of my person, my landes, and heritage, through your favourable licence." Holinshed's *Chron.* Vol. II. Our author himself also furnishes us with a passage that likewise may serve to confirm this emendation. See the *Winter's Tale*, p. 223:

"Save him from danger; do HIM *love and honour.*" MALONE.

[8] —*full of growing*—] is, I believe, exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth. So, in *Othello:*

"What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe?" MALONE.

[9] *My plenteous joys,*
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.]

——— lachrymas non sponte cadentes
Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto;
Non aliter manifesta potens abscondere mentis
Gaudia, quam lachrymis. *Lucan.* lib. ix.

There was no English translation of Lucan before 1614.—We meet with the same sentiment again in the *Winter's Tale:* "It seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears." It is likewise employed in the first scene of *Much ado about Nothing.* MALONE.

[1] *From hence to Inverness,*
And bind us further to you.] The circumstance of Duncan's visiting Macbeth, is supported by history; for, from the Scottish Chronicles it appears

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland [2] !—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For

appears, that it was customary for the king to make a progress through his dominions every year. "Inerat ei [Duncano] laudabilis consuetudo regni pertransire regiones semel in anno." *Fordun. Scotichron.* lib. iv. c. 44.

"Singulis annis ad inopum querelas audiendas perlustrabat provincias." Buchanan. lib. vii. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth at *Inverness* are yet standing. STEEVENS.

[2] *The prince of* Cumberland!] So, Holinshed, *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 171: "Duncan having two sonnes, &c. he made the elder of them, called *Malcolme*, prince of *Cumberland*, as it were thereby to appoint him successor in his kingdome immediatlie after his decease. Mackbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of bloud unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe, (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might, in time to come, pretend unto the crowne."

The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king, (as was often the case,) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief. STEEVENS.

The former part of Mr. Steevens's remark is supported by Bellenden's Translation of *Hector Boethius*: "In the mene tyme Kyng Duncane maid his son Malcolme *Prince of Cumbir, to signify yt he suld regne eftir hym*, quhilk wes gret displeseir to Makbeth; for it maid plane derog[illegible] to the thrid weird promittit afore to hym be this weird sisteris. Nochth[illegible] he thocht gif Duncane wer slane, he had maist rycht to the croun, becaus he wes nerest of blud yairto, be tenour of ye auld lavis maid eftir the deith of King Fergus, quhen young children wer unabyl to govern the croun, the nerrest of yair blude sall regne." So also Buchanan, Rerum Scoticarum Hist. lib. vii.

"Duncanus e filia Sibardi reguli Northumbrorum, duos filios genuerat. Ex iis Milcolumbum, vixdum puberem, Cumbriæ præfecit. Id factum

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

factum ejus Macbethus molestius, quam credi poterat, tulit, eam videlicet moram sibi ratus injectam, ut, priores jam magistratus (juxta visum nocturnum) adeptus, aut omnino a regno excluderetur, aut eo tardius potiretur, *cum præfectura Cumbriæ velut aditus ad supremum magistratum* SEMPER *esset habitus.*" It has been asserted by an anonymous writer that "the crown of Scotland was always hereditary, and that it should seem from the play that Malcolm was the first who had the title of *Prince* of Cumberland." An extract or two from Hector Boethius will be sufficient relative to these points. In the tenth chapter of the eleventh book of his History we are informed, that some of the friends of Kenneth III. the eightieth king of Scotland, came among the nobles, desiring them to choose Malcolm, the son of Kenneth, to be Lord of Cumbir, "*y^t be mycht be y^t way the better cum to y^e crown after his faderis deid.*" Two of the nobles said, it was in the power of Kenneth to make whom he pleased Lord of Cumberland; and Malcolm was accordingly appointed. "Sic thingis done, king Kenneth, be advise of his nobles, *abrogat y^e auld lawis* concerning the creation of yair king, and made new lawis in manner as followes: 1. The king beand deceßit, his eldest son or his eldest nepot, (notwithstanding quhat sumevir age he be of, and youcht he was born efter his faderis death, sal succede ye croun," &c. Notwithstanding this precaution, Malcolm, the eldest son of Kenneth, did *not* succeed to the throne after the death of his father; for after Kenneth reigned Constantine, the son of king Culyne. To him succeeded Gryme, who was *not* the son of Constantine, but the grandson of king Duffe. Gryme, says Boethius, came to Scone, "quhare he was crownit by the tenour of the auld lawis." After the death of Gryme, Malcolm, the son of king Kenneth, whom Boethius frequently calls *Prince* of Cumberland, became king of Scotland; and to him succeeded Duncan, the son of his eldest daughter.

These breaches, however, in the succession appear to have been occasioned by violence in turbulent times; and though the eldest son could not succeed to the throne, if he happened to be a minor at the death of his father, yet, as by the ancient laws the *next of blood* was to reign, the Scottish monarchy may be said to have been hereditary, subject however to peculiar regulations. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Inverness. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M.—*They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report*[3], *they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives*[4] *from the king, who all-hail'd me,* Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that shalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way; Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it*[5];
And that which rather thou dost fear to do[6],

Than

[3] — *by the perfectest report,*] By the best intelligence. JOHNSON.

[4] — *missives*—] Persons sent; messengers. The word is frequently used by our old writers. MALONE.

[5] *That which cries,* thus thou must do, if thou have *it*;] As the object of Macbeth's desire is here introduced speaking of itself, it is necessary to read—if thou have *me*. JOHNSON.

[6] *And that which rather thou dost fear to do,*] The construction, perhaps, is, thou would'st have that, [i. e. the crown,] which cries unto thee, *thou must do thus, if thou would'st have it, and* thou must do *that which rather,* &c. Sir T. Hanmer without necessity reads—And that's what

Than wishest be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear[7];
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal[8].—What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending,

what [illegible]. &c. The difficulty of this line and the succeeding hemistick seems to have arisen from their not being considered as part of the speech uttered by the object of Macbeth's ambition. As such they appear to me, and I have therefore distinguished them by Italicks. MALONE.

7 *That I may* pour my spirits *in thine ear*;] I meet with the same expression in lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*, 1607:
"Thou in my bosom us'd to *pour thy spright.*" MALONE.

8 *Which fate and metaphysical aid doth* seem
To have thee crown'd withal.] I do not concur with Dr. Warburton, in thinking that Shakspeare meant to say, that fate and metaphysical aid seem *to have* crowned Macbeth.—Lady Macbeth means to animate her husband to the attainment of "the golden round," with which fate and supernatural agency seem to intend *to have him crowned*, on a *future* day. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:
"——— Our dearest friend
"Prejudicates the business, and would *seem*
"*To have* us make denial."
There is, in my opinion, a material difference between—"To have thee crown'd,"—and "To have crown'd thee;" of which the learned commentator does not appear to have been aware.

Metaphysical, which Dr. Warburton has justly observed, means *supernatural*, seems in our author's time to have had no other meaning. In the *English Dictionary* by H. C. 1655, *Metaphysicks* are thus explained: "Supernatural arts." The *golden round*, as Dr. Johnson has observed, is the *diadem*. MALONE.

He

He brings great news. The raven himſelf is hoarſe[9],
[*Exit* Attendants.
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you ſpirits
That tend on mortal thoughts[1], unſex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direſt cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to remorſe[2];
That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it[3]! Come to my woman's breaſts,

And

9 — *The raven himſelf is hoarſe, &c.*] The meſſenger, ſays the ſervant, had hardly breath *to make up his meſſage*; to which the lady anſwers mentally, that he may well want breath, ſuch a meſſage would add hoarſeneſs to the raven. That even the bird, whoſe harſh voice is accuſtomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance of* Duncan but in a note of unwonted harſhneſs. JOHNSON.

1 — *Come, you ſpirits*
That tend on mortal *thoughts,*] This expreſſion ſignifies not *the thoughts of mortals*, but *murtherous, deadly*, or *deſtructive*. So, in Act V:

" Hold faſt the *mortal* ſword."

and in another place:

" With twenty *mortal* murthers." JOHNSON.

In *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, by T. Naſhe, 1592, (a very popular pamphlet of that time,) our author might have found a particular deſcription of theſe ſpirits, and of their office:

" The ſecond kind of devils, which he moſt employeth, are thoſe northern Martii, called the *Spirits of revenge*, and the authors of maſſacres, and ſeedſmen of miſchief; for they have commiſſion to incenſe men to rapines, ſacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the ſouthern ſpirits to wait upon them, as alſo great Arioch, that is termed *the ſpirit of revenge*." MALONE.

2 — *to* remorſe;] In all our ancient Engliſh books *remorſe* generally ſignifies *pity*. So, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Hiſtories*, 1614: " Their relations might move a kind of ſenſible pity and *remorſe* in the peruſer." MALONE.

3 — *nor keep peace between*
The effect, and it!] Lady Macbeth's purpoſe was to be effected by action. To *keep peace between the effect and purpoſe*, means, to delay the execution of her purpoſe; to prevent its proceeding to *effect*. For as long as there ſhould be a peace between the effect and purpoſe, or in other words, till hoſtilities were commenced, till ſome bloody action ſhould be performed, her purpoſe [i. e. the murder of Duncan] could

 not

And take my milk for gall[4], you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief[5]! Come, thick night[6],

not be carried into execution. So, in the following passage in *King John*, in which a corresponding imagery may be traced:

"Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
"This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
"*Hostility* and civil tumult *reigns*
"*Between my conscience* and my cousin's *death*."

A similar expression is found in a book which our author is known to have read, the *Tragicall Hystorie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"In absence of her knight, the lady no way could
"*Keep truce between her griefs and her*, though ne'er so fayne she would."

Sir W. D'Avenant's strange alteration of this play sometimes affords a reasonably good comment upon it. Thus, in the present instance:

"—— make thick
"My blood, stop all passage to remorse;
"That no relapses into mercy may
"*Shake my design, nor make it fall before*
"*'Tis ripen'd to effect*."

The old copy reads—between the effect and *bit*. The correction was made by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

4 —*take my milk for gall*,] *Take* away *my milk*, and put *gall* into the place. JOHNSON.

Her meaning is this: Come to my breasts, you murdering ministers, and suck my milk, which will have the effect of gall to stimulate and fit you for your bloody purposes. MASON.

I think Mr. Mason's is the true interpretation; perhaps however it is a little too much dilated. I believe, Lady Macbeth only means to say, take my milk, which is of such a quality that it will serve instead of gall, *your ordinary nutriment*. *For* here signifies *instead of*. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"And, *for* the raven, wake the morning lark." MALONE.

5 *You wait on* nature's mischief!] *Nature's mischief*, is mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness. JOHNSON.

6 —*Come, thick night*, &c.] A similar invocation is found in *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599, a tragedy which was certainly prior to *Macbeth*:

"O sable night, sit on the eye of heaven,
"That it discern not this black deed of darkness!
"My guilty soul, burnt with lust's hateful fire,
"Must wade through blood to obtain my vile desire:
"Be then my *coverture*, thick ugly *night*!
"The light hates me, and I do hate the light." MALONE.

And

And pall thee[7] in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark[8],
To

7 *And* pall *thee*—] i. e. wrap thyself in a *pall*. WARBURTON.

A *pall* is a robe of state. So, in Milton's *Penseroso*:

"Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
"In scepter'd *pall* come sweeping by."

Dr. Warburton seems to mean the covering which is thrown over the dead. STEEVENS.

8 *That my keen* knife *see not the wound it makes*;

Nor heaven peep *through the* blanket *of the dark*,] The word *knife* has been objected to, as being connected with the most sordid offices, and therefore unsuitable to the great occasion on which it is employed. But, however mean it may sound to our ears, it was formerly a word of sufficient dignity, and is constantly used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries as synonymous to *dagger*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—— He is dead, Cæsar,
"Not by a hired *knife*—."

Again, in *King Henry VI*. P. II.

"— to keep your royal person
"From treason's secret *knife*."

Again, in this play of *Macbeth*:

"— That should against his murderer shut the door,
"Not bear the *knife* myself."

Here it certainly was used for *dagger*, for it appears that Duncan was murdered with that instrument.—Again, in Seneca's *Hercules Oetæus*, translated by John Studley, 1581:

"But treason black, pale envy, deep deceipt,
"With privie *knyfe* of murder, step in streight."

In *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599, TRAGEDY enters with a whip in one hand, "in the other hand a *knife*."

This term, however, appears to have lost its ancient signification, and to have been debased in the time of Sir W. Davenant, for he has substituted another in its place:

"That my keen *steel* see not the wound it makes,
"Nor heaven peep through the *curtains* of the dark," &c.

I do not see that much is obtained by this last alteration. Sir W. Davenant seemed not willing to quit the bed. If we were at liberty to make any change, I should prefer *mantle*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—— Come civil *night*,
"With thy black *mantle*."

But *blanket* was without doubt the poet's word, and perhaps was suggested to him by the coarse *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which probably, while the house was yet but half-lighted, he had himself often *peeped*.—In *K. Hen. VI*. P. III. we have—"night's *coverture*.

A kin-

To cry, *Hold, hold*[9]!—Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor[1]!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond

A kindred thought is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:
"Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child,)
"The silver-shining queen he would distain;
"Her twinkling hand-maids too, [the stars] by him defil'd,
"Through *night's black bosom* should not *peep* again."
MALONE.

—*the* blanket *of the dark*,] Drayton, in the 26th song of his *Polyolbion*, has an expression resembling this:
"Thick vapours, that, like *rugs*, still hang the troubled air."
STEEVENS.

9 *To cry*, Hold, hold!] On this passage there is a long criticism in the *Rambler*. JOHNSON.

In this criticism the epithet *dun* is objected to as a mean one. Milton, however, appears to have been of a different opinion, and has represented Satan as flying "—in the *dun* air sublime." STEEVENS.

To cry, Hold, hold!] The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place inclosed: and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid *hold*, but the general." P. 264 of Mr. Bellay's *Instructions for the Wars*, translated in 1589. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's note will likewise illustrate the last line in Macbeth's concluding speech:
"And damn'd be him who first cries, *hold, enough!*"
STEEVENS.

1 —*Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!*] Shakspeare has supported the character of lady Macbeth, by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his return, or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himself, in the midst of the horrors of his guilt, still retains a character less fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom, accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEVENS.

This

This ignorant present [2], and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters [3]:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time [4]; bear welcome in your eye,
Your

[2] *This ignorant present,*] i. e. this ignorant present *time.* The same phraseology is found in many of our author's plays, and in the writings of his contemporaries. See p. 289, n. 7, l. ult. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"—— and make stale
"The glist'ring of *this present.*"

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"Shall I be charg'd no further than *this present*?" MALONE.

Again, in *Corinthians I.* ch. xv. v. 6: "—of whom the greater part remain unto *this present.*" STEEVENS.

Ignorant has here the signification of *unknowing*; that is, I feel by anticipation those future hours, of which, according to the process of nature, the present time would be *ignorant.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

"———— his shipping,
"Poor *ignorant* baubles," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:*] That is, thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion. HEATH.

So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"*Her face the book* of praises, *where is read*
"Nothing but curious pleasures." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Poor women's *faces* are their own faults' *books.*" MALONE.

[4] —*To beguile the time,
Look like the time;*] The same expression occurs in the 8th book of Daniel's *Civil Wars*:

"He draws a traverse 'twixt his grievances;
"*Looks like the time*: his eye made not report
"Of what he felt within; nor was he less
"Than usually he was in every part;
"Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart." STEEVENS.

The seventh and eighth books of Daniel's *Civil Wars* were not published

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under it. He that's coming
Muſt be provided for: and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my diſpatch;
Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.

Macb. We will ſpeak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame. Before the Caſtle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth *attending with torches.*
Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat[5]; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends itſelf

liſhed till the year 1609; [ſee the Epiſtle Dedicatorie to that edition:] ſo that, if either poet copied the other, Daniel muſt have been indebted to Shakſpeare; for there can be little doubt that *Macbeth* had been exhibited before that year. MALONE.

5 *This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat*;] This ſhort dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilſt they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's caſtle, has always appeared to me a ſtriking inſtance of what in painting is termed *repoſe*. Their converſation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its ſituation, and the pleaſantneſs of the air; and Banquo obſerving the martlet's neſts in every receſs of the cornice, remarks, that where thoſe birds moſt breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The ſubject of this quiet and eaſy converſation gives that repoſe ſo neceſſary to the mind after the tumultuous buſtle of the preceding ſcenes, and perfectly contraſts the ſcene of horror that immediately ſucceeds. It ſeems as if Shakſpeare aſked himſelf, What is a prince likely to ſay to his attendants on ſuch an occaſion. Whereas the modern writers ſeem, on the contrary, to be always ſearching for new thoughts, ſuch as would never occur to men in the ſituation which is repreſented.—This alſo is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midſt of battles and horrors, relieves and refreſhes the mind of the reader, by introducing ſome quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domeſtick life.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

Unto our gentle ſenſes [5].

Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet [6], does approve,
By his lov'd manſionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty frieze,
Buttreſs, nor coigne of vantage [7], but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they moſt breed [8] and haunt, I have obſerv'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!—
The love that follows us, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble [9].

Lady M.

5 *Unto our* gentle ſenſes.] *Senſes* are nothing more *than each man's ſenſe. Gentle ſenſes* is very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, compoſed,* and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day. JOHNSON.

6 —*martlet,*] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet.* JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

It is ſupported by the following paſſage in the *Merchant of Venice:*

"——— like the *martlet,*
"Builds in the weather on the outward wall." STEEVENS.

7 — *coigne of vantage,*] Convenient corner. JOHNSON.

8 — moſt *breed*—] The folio,—*muſt* breed. STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

9 *The love that follows us, ſometime is our trouble,*
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God yield *us* for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.] *The attention that is paid us* (ſays Duncan on ſeeing Lady Macbeth come to meet him,) *ſometimes gives us pain, when we reflect that we give trouble to others; yet ſtill we cannot but be pleaſed with ſuch attentions, becauſe they are a proof of affection.* So far is clear;—but of the following words, I confeſs, I have no very diſtinct conception, and I ſuſpect them to be corrupt. Perhaps the meaning is,—*By being the occaſion of ſo much trouble I furniſh you with a motive to pray to heaven to reward me for the pain I give you,* inaſmuch as the having ſuch an opportunity of ſhewing your loyalty may hereafter prove beneficial to you; *and herein alſo I afford you a motive to thank me for the trouble I give you,* becauſe by ſhewing me ſo much

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits [1].

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur [2], hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever [3]
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To

much attention, (however painful it may be to me to be the cause of it,) you have an opportunity of displaying an amiable character, and of ingratiating yourself with your sovereign: which finally may bring you both profit and honour. MALONE.

To bid any one *God-yeld him*, i. e. *God-yield him*, was the same as God reward him. WARBURTON.

I believe *yield*, or, as it is in the folio of 1623, *eyld*, is a corrupted contraction of *shield*. The wish implores not *reward*, but *protection*. JOHNSON.

I rather believe it to be a corruption of *God-yield*, i. e. reward. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with it at length:

"And the *gods yield* you for't."

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

"*God yelde you*, Esau, with all my stomach."

God shield means *God forbid*, and could never be used as a form of returning thanks. So, in Chaucer's *Milleres Tale*:

"*God shilde* that he died sodenly." v. 3427; late edit. STEEVENS.

[1] *We rest your* hermits.] *Hermits*, for beadsmen. WARBURTON.

That is, we as *hermits* shall always pray for you. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"I am your *beadsman*, bound to pray for you." STEEVENS.

[2] — *his great love, sharp as his spur*,] So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. iii:

"——— my desire,
"*More sharp than filed steel*, did spur me forth." STEEVENS.

[3] *Your servants ever* &c.] The metaphor in this speech is taken from

4

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a sewer[4], *and divers servants with dishes and service. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done[5], when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination[6]
Could

from the Steward's compting-house or audit-room. *In compt* means, *subject to account.* The sense of the whole is:—*We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your use, and for which we must be accountable whenever you please to call us to our audit; when, like faithful stewards, we shall be ready to answer your summons, by returning you what is your own.* STEEVENS.

4 *Enter—a* sewer,] The office of a *sewer* was to place the dishes in order at a feast. His chief mark of distinction was a towel round his arm. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman:*

"—clap me a clean *towel* about you, like a *sewer.*" STEEVENS.

5 *If it were done,* &c.] A sentiment parallel to this occurs in *The Proceedings against Garnet* in the Powder Plot: "It would have been commendable, when it had been done, though not before." FARMER.

6 *If the assassination,* &c.] Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakspeare agreeing about it. I understand it thus:

"If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be best *to do it quickly:* if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if *its success* could secure *its surcease,* if, being once done *successfully,* without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and enquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even *here* in *this world,* in this contracted period of temporal

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success [7]; that but this blow

poral existence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of *those cases* in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example." JOHNSON.

We are told by Dryden, that "Ben Jonson on reading some bombast speeches in *Macbeth*, which *are not to be understood*, used to say that it was *horrour*."—Perhaps the present passage was one of those thus depretiated. Any person but this envious detractor would have dwelt with pleasure on the transcendent beauties of this sublime tragedy, which, after *Othello*, is perhaps our author's greatest work; and would have been more apt to have been thrown "into strong shudders," and blood-freezing "agues," by its interesting and high-wrought scenes, than to have been offended by any imaginary hardness of its language; for such, it appears from the context, is what he meant by *horrour*. That there are difficult passages in this tragedy, cannot be denied; but that there are "some *bombast* speeches in it, *which are not to be understood*," as Dryden asserts, will not very readily be granted to him. From this assertion however, and the verbal alterations made by him and Sir W. D'Avenant in some of our author's plays, I think it clearly appears, that Dryden and the other poets of the time of Charles II. were not very deeply skilled in the language of their predecessors, and that Shakspeare was not so well understood fifty years after his death, as he is at this day. MALONE.

7 *Could* trammel *up the consequence, and catch,*
With his surcease, success;] I think the reasoning requires that we should read:

With its success, surcease—, JOHNSON.

A *trammel* is a net in which either birds or fishes are caught. *Surcease* is cessation, stop. *His* is used instead of *its*, in many places.

STEEVENS.

His certainly may refer to *assassination*, (as Dr. Johnson by his proposed alteration seems to have thought it did,) for Shakspeare very frequently uses *his* for *its*. But in this place perhaps *his* refers to Duncan; and the meaning may be, If the assassination, at the same time that it puts an end to the life of Duncan, could procure me unalloyed happiness, promotion to the crown unmolested by the compunctious visitings of conscience, &c. To *cease* often signifies in these plays, to *die*. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

"Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *cease*."

I think, however, it is more probable that *his* is used for *its*, and that it relates to *assassination*. MALONE.

Might

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time [1],—
We'd jump the life to come [2].—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor [3]: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips [4]. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan

1 —*shoal of time*,] This is Theobald's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old edition has *school*, and Dr. Warburton *shelve*. JOHNSON.

2 *We'd jump the life to come.*] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. sc. iv:
"—or *jump the after-enquiry* on your own peril." STEEVENS.
Again, in our author's 44th Sonnet:
"For nimble thought can *jump* both sea and land."
I suppose the meaning to be—We would over-leap, we would make no account of the life to come. So Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale*: "For *the life to come*, I sleep out the thought of it." MALONE.

3 —*we but teach*
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor:] So, in Bellenden's translation of Hector Boethius: "He [Macbeth] was led be wod furyis, as ye nature of all tyrannis is, quhilks conquessis landis or kingdomes be wrangus titil, ay full of hevy thocht and dredour, and *traisting ilk man to do siclik cruelte to hym, as he did afore to othir*". MALONE.

4 —*This even-handed justice*
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.] We might more advantageously read—
Thus, even-handed justice, &c.
Our poet, *apis Matinæ more modoque*, would stoop to borrow a sweet from any flower, however humble in its situation. "The pricke of conscience (says Holinshed) caused him ever to feare, lest he should be served of the same cup as he had minister'd to his predecessor." STEEVENS.

The old reading I believe to be the true one, because Shakspeare has very frequently used this mode of expression. So, a little lower:—
"Besides, *this* Duncan, &c." Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.
"That *this* same child of honour and renown,
"*This* gallant Hotspur, *this* all-praised knight—." MALONE.

Hath borne his faculties so meek [5], hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air [6],
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind [7].—I have no spur

5 *Hath borne his* faculties *so meek,*] *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power, &c. WARBURTON.

"Duncan (says Holinshed) was soft and gentle of nature."—And again: "Macbeth spoke much against the king's softness, and overmuch slackness in punishing offendors." STEEVENS.

6 *— like a naked new-born babe,*
Striding the blast, *or heaven's cherubin*, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,] So, in our author's 51st Sonnet:
"Then should I spur, though *mounted on the wind.*"
Again, in the Prologue to *K. Henry IV.* P. II.
"I, from the orient to the drooping west,
"Making the *wind* my post-*horse*—."
The thought of the *cherubin* (as has been somewhere observed) seems to have been borrowed from the eighteenth Psalm: "He rode upon the *cherubins* and did fly; he came *flying upon the wings of the wind.*" Again, in *the Book of Job*, ch. xxx. v. 22: "Thou causest me to *ride upon the wind.*" MALONE.

Courier is only *runner*. *Couriers of air* are *winds*, air in motion. *Sightless* is *invisible*. JOHNSON.

Again, in this play:
"Wherever in your *sightless* substances," &c.
Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, b. ii. c. 11:
"The scouring winds that *sightless* in the sounding air do fly."
STEEVENS.

7 *That tears shall drown the wind.*] Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.
"For raging wind blows up incessant showers;
"And when the rage allays, the *rain* begins." STEEVENS.
Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece:*
"This *windy* tempest, till it blow up rain,
"Held back his *sorrow's tide*, to make it more;
"At last it *rains*, and busy winds give o'er."
Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*
"Where are my *tears?* —rain, *rain* to lay this *wind.*"
MALONE.

To

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition [8], which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other—[9] How now! what news?

Enter Lady MACBETH [1].

Lady M. He has almost supp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

[8] —*I have no* spur
To prick *the sides of my intent, but only*
Vaulting ambition,] So, in *The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:
"Why think you, lords, that 'tis *ambition's spur*
"That *pricketh* Cæsar to these high attempts?" MALONE.

The *spur of the occasion* is a phrase us'd by Lord Bacon. STEEVENS.

[9] *And falls on the other*—] Hanmer has on this occasion added a word which every reader cannot fail to add for himself. He would give:
And falls on the other side.
But the state of Macbeth's mind is more strongly marked by this break in the speech, than by any continuation of it which the most successful critick can supply. STEEVENS.

[1] *Enter Lady M.*] The arguments by which lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none.
This topick, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier, and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shewn that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations laid on us by a high power, could not be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves. JOHNSON.

Part of Lady Macbeth's argument is derived from the translation of Hector Boethius. See Dr. Farmer's note, p. 279. MALONE.

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since [2]?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would [3],
Like the poor cat i' the adage [4]?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace [5]:
I dare do all that may become a man;

2 *Was the hope drunk,* &c.] The same expression is found in *King John*:

"O, where hath our intelligence been *drunk*,
"Where hath it *slept*?" MALONE.

3 *Would'st thou have that,*
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would, &c.] Do you wish to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain such a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to suffer your paltry fears, which whisper, "*I dare not*," to controul your noble ambition, which cries out, "*I would*?" STEEVENS.

4 *Like the poor cat i' the adage:*] The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet:*

"*Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.*" JOHNSON.

5 *Pr'ythee, peace:* &c.] A passage similar to this occurs in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. ii:

"——— be that you are,
"That is, a woman: if you're more, you're none."

The folio, instead of *do more*, reads *no more*, but the present reading is undoubtedly right. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Who

Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere[6], and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face[7],
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn[8]
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail[9]!

But

6 —*Nor time, nor place*
Did then adhere,—] Dr. Warburton would read *cohere*, not improperly, but without necessity. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Ford says of Falstaff, that his words and actions "no more *adhere* and keep pace together than," &c. STEEVENS.

So in *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599:

"—————— Neither time
"Nor place consorted to my mind." MALONE.

7 *I would, while it was smiling in my face,*] Polyxo, in the fifth book of Statius's Thebais, has a similar sentiment of ferocity:

"In gremio (licet amplexu lachrymisque moretur)
"Transadigam ferro." STEEVENS.

8 —*had I so* sworn] The latter word is here used as a dissyllable. The editor of the second folio, from his ignorance of our author's phraseology and metre, supposed the line defective, and reads—had I *but* so sworn; which has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

9 *We fail!*] I am by no means sure that this punctuation is the true one.—"If we fail, we fail,"—is a colloquial phrase still in frequent use. Macbeth having casually employed the former part of this sentence, his wife designedly completes it. *We fail*, and thereby know the extent of our misfortune. Yet *our success is certain, if you are resolute*.

Lady Macbeth is unwilling to afford her husband time to state any reasons for his doubt, or to expatiate on the obvious consequences of miscarriage in his undertaking. Such an interval for reflection to act in, might have proved unfavourable to her purposes. She therefore

 cuts

But screw your courage to the sticking place [1],
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince [2],

cuts him short with the remaining part of a common saying, to which his own words had offered an apt though accidental introduction.

This reply, at once cool and determined, is sufficiently characteristick of the speaker:—according to the old punctuation, she is represented as rejecting with contempt (of which she had already manifested enough) the very idea of failure. According to the mode of pointing now suggested, she admits a possibility of miscarriage, but at the same instant shows herself not afraid of its result. Her answer therefore communicates no discouragement to her husband.—*We fail!* is the hasty interruption of scornful impatience. *We fail.*—is the calm deduction of a mind which, having weighed all circumstances, is prepared, without loss of confidence in itself, for the worst that can happen. So Hotspur:

"If we fall in, good night:—or sink, or swim." STEEVENS.

1 *But screw your courage to the sticking place,*] This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *sticking place* is the *stop* which suspends its powers, till they are discharged on their proper object, as in driving piles, &c. So, in Sir W. Davenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

"—There is an engine made,
"Which spends its strength by force of nimble wheels;
"For they, once *screwed up*, in their return
"Will rive an oak."

Again, in *Coriolanus*, Act I. sc. viii:

"*Wrench up* thy power to the highest."

Perhaps indeed Shakspeare had a more familiar image in view, and took his metaphor from the *screwing up* the chords of string-instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking place*, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's last interpretation is, in my apprehension, the true one. Sir W. D'Avenant misunderstood this passage. By *the sticking place*, he seems to have thought the poet meant *the* stabbing *place*, the place where Duncan was to be wounded; for he reads,

"Bring but your courage to the *fatal* place,
"And we'll not fail." MALONE.

2 *Will I with wine and* wassel *so* convince,] To *convince*, is in Shakspeare, to *overpower* or *subdue*, as in this play:

"—Their malady *convinces*
"The great assay of art." JOHNSON.

So, in Holinshed: "—thus mortally fought, intending to vanquish and *convince* the other." STEEVENS.

That memory, the warder of the brain [3],
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reaſon [4]
A limbeck only [5]: When in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His ſpungy officers; who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell [6]?

— *and waſſel*—] What was anciently called *was haile* (as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*) was an annual cuſtom obſerved in the country on the vigil of the new year; and had its beginning, as ſome ſay, from the words which Ronix daughter of Hengiſt uſed, when ſhe drank to Vortigern, *loverd kyng was-heil*; he anſwering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-heile*. Afterwards it appears that *was-haile*, and *drinc-heile*, were the uſual phraſes of quaffing among the Engliſh, as we may ſee from *Thomas de la Moore* in the *Life of Edward II.* and in the lines of Hanvil the monk, who preceded him:

"Ecce vagante ciſo diſtento gutture *was-heil*,
"Ingeminant *waſs-heil*—.

But Selden rather conjectures it to have been a uſual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengiſt, as a note of *health-wiſhing*, ſuppoſing the expreſſion to be corrupted from *wiſh-heil*.

Waſſel or *Waſſail* is a word ſtill in uſe in the midland counties, and ſignifies at preſent what is called Lamba Wool, i. e. roaſted apples in ſtrong beer, with ſugar and ſpice. *Waſſel* is, however, ſometimes uſed for general riot, intemperance, or feſtivity. On this occaſion, I believe, it means *intemperance*. STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——— Antony,
"Leave thy laſcivious *waſſels*."

See alſo Vol. II. p. 411, n. 9. MALONE.

[3] —*the* warder *of the brain*,] A *warder* is a guard, a centinel. STEEVENS.

[4] — *the* receipt *of reaſon*] i. e. the *receptacle*. MALONE.

[5] *A limbeck only*:] That is, ſhall be only a veſſel to emit *fumes or vapours*. JOHNSON.

The *limbeck* is the veſſel, through which the diſtilled liquors paſs into the recipient. So ſhall it be with memory; through which every thing ſhall paſs, and nothing remain. A. C.

[6] *Of our great* quell?] *Quell* is *murder*, *manquellers* being in the old language the term for which *murderers* is now uſed. JOHNSON.

The word is uſed in this ſenſe by Holinſhed, p. 567: "— the poor people ran about the ſtreets, calling the capteins and governors *murtherers* and *manquellers*." STEEVENS.

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't [7]?

Lady M.

7 *—his two* chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſels ſo convince, &c.
————Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?] In the original Scottiſh Hiſtory by Boethius, and in Holinſhed's Chronicle, we are merely told that Macbeth ſlew Duncan at Inverneſs. No particulars whatſoever are mentioned. The circumſtance of making Duncan's chamberlains drunk, and laying the guilt of his murder upon them, as well as ſome other circumſtances, our author has taken from the hiſtory of Duffe, king of Scotland, who was murdered by Donwald, Captain of the caſtle of Fores, about eighty years before Duncan aſcended the throne. The fact is thus told by Holinſhed, in p. 150 of his Scottiſh Hiſtory (the hiſtory of the reign of Duncan commences in p. 168): "Donwald, not forgetting the reproach which his linage had ſuſteined by the execution of thoſe his kinſmen, whom the king for a ſpectacle to the people had cauſed to be hanged, could not but ſhew manifeſt tokens of great griefe at home amongſt his familie: which his wife perceiving, ceaſed not to travell with him till ſhe underſtood what the cauſe was of his diſpleaſure. Which at length when ſhe had learned by his owne relation, ſhe, as one that bare no leſſe malice in hir heart, for the like cauſe on his behalfe, than hir huſband did for his friends, counſelled him, (ſith the king uſed oftentimes to lodge in his houſe without anie gard about him other than the garriſon of the caſtle, [of Fores,] which was wholie at his commandement) to make him awaie, *and ſhewed him the meanes whereby he might ſooneſt accompliſh it.*

Donwald, thus being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife, determined to follow hir advice in the execution of ſo heinous an act. Whereupon deviſing with himſelfe for a while, which way hee *might beſt accompliſh his curſed intent, at length gat opportunitie, and* ſped his purpoſe as followeth. It chanced that the king upon *the daie before he purpoſed to depart foorth of the caſtell,* was long in his oratorie at his praiers, and there continued till it was late in the night. At the laſt, comming foorth, he called ſuch afore him as had faithfullie ſerved him *in purſute and apprehenſion of the rebels,* and giving them heartie thanks *he beſtowed ſundrie honourable gifts amongſt them, of the which number* Donwald *was one, as he that had been ever accounted a moſt faithful ſervant to the king.*

At

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon

At length, having talked with them a long time he got him into his privie chamber, *onlie with two of his chamberlains*, who having brought him to bed, came foorth againe, and then fell to banketting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared diverſe delicate diſhes, and ſundrie ſorts of *drinks* for their reare ſupper or collation, whereat *they ſate up ſo long, till they had charged their ſtomachs with ſuch full gorges*, that their heads were no ſooner got to the pillow, but aſleepe they were ſo faſt, that a man might have removed the chamber over them, ſooner than to have awaked them out of their drunken ſleepe.

Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatlie in heart, yet through inſtigation of his wife, he called foure of his ſervants unto him, (whom he had made privie to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpoſe with large gifts,) and now declaring unto them, after what ſort they ſhould worke the feat, they gladlie obeyed his inſtructions, and ſpeedilie going about the murther, they enter the chamber in which the king laie, a little before cocks crow, where they ſecretlie cut his throte as he lay ſleeping, without anie buſkling at all: and immediately by a poſterne gate they carried foorth the dead bodie into the fields, and throwing it upon a horſe there provided for that purpoſe, they convey it unto a place about two miles diſtant from the caſtell.—

Donwald, about the time that the murther was in dooing, got him amongſt them that kept the watch, and ſo continued to companie with them all the reſidue of the night. But in the morning when the noiſe was raiſed in the kings chamber, how the king was ſlaine, his bodie conveied awaie, and the bed all bewraied with bloud, *he with the watch ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter*; and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of bloud in the bed, and on the floore about the ſides of it, *he foorthwith ſlew the chamberlains*, as guiltie of that heinous murther, and then like a madman running to and fro, he ranſacked everie corner within the caſtell, as though it had beene to have ſeene if he might have found either the bodie, or any of the murtherers hid in anie privie place: but at length comming to the poſterne gate, and finding it open, he burdened the chamberleins, whom he had ſlaine, with all the fault, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore it could not be otherwiſe (ſaid he) but that they were of counſell in the committing of that moſt deteſtable murther.

Finallie, ſuch was his over-earneſt diligence in the ſevere inquiſition and trial of the offenders heerein, that ſome of the lords began to miſlike the matter, and to ſmell foorth ſhrewd tokens that he ſhould not be altogether cleare himſelfe. But for ſo much as they were in that countrie

Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up [7]
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

countrie where he had the whole rule, what by reaſon of his friends and authoritie together, they doubted to utter what they thought, till time and place ſhould better ſerve thereunto, and hereupon got them awaie everie man to his home." MALONE.

7 —*and* bend *up*—] A metaphor from the bow. So, in *K. Henry V.*

"—*bend* up every ſpirit
"To his full height."

Till this inſtant, the mind of Macbeth has been in a ſtate of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither reſolutely good, nor obſtinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had ariſen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance.—At the concluſion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to haſten the decree of fate, and quits the ſtage with an apparent reſolution to murder his ſovereign. But no ſooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative ſituation, he determines not to offend againſt the laws of hoſpitality, or the ties of ſubjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then aſſails his conſtancy afreſh. He yields to her ſuggeſtions, and, with his integrity, his happineſs is deſtroyed.

I have enumerated theſe particulars, becauſe the waverings of Macbeth have, by ſome criticks, been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumſtances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpiſſimus*, or that (as Angelo obſerves)

"——— when once our grace we have forgot,
"Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not—:"

a paſſage which contains no unapt juſtification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *and a Servant, with a torch before them.*

Ban[7]. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in heaven[8],
Their candles are all out[9].—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose[1]!—Give me my sword;—

Enter

7 *Banquo.*] The place is not mark'd in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where this encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky; it is not far from the bed-chamber, as the conversation shews: it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed. JOHNSON.

8 *There's* husbandry *in heaven,*] *Husbandry* here means *thrift, frugality.* So, in *Hamlet:*
"And borrowing dulls the edge of *husbandry.*" MALONE.

9 *Their* candles *are all out.*] The same expression occurs in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"Night's *candles* are *burnt out.*"
Again, in our author's 21st Sonnet:
"As those gold *candles* fix'd in heaven's air."
See also Vol. III. p. 100, n. 6. MALONE.

1 *— Merciful powers!*
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!—] It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shock'd at; and Shakspeare has here finely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up [2]
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought [3].
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have shew'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,

into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder. The same kind of invocation occurs in *Cymbeline:*

"From fairies, and the *tempters of the night,*
"Guard me!" STEEVENS.

2 —*shut up*] To *shut up*, is to conclude. So, in the *Spanish Tragedy:*

"And heavens have *shut up* day to pleasure us."

Again, in Stowe's account of the earl of Essex's speech on the scaffold:

"— he *shut up* all with the Lord's prayer." STEEVENS.

Again, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 833: "— the kings majestie [K. James] *shut up* all with a pithy exhortation on both sides." MALONE.

3 *Being unprepar'd,*
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.] This is obscurely expressed. The meaning seems to be:—Being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to shew the king our *willingness* to *serve* him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our *acts*.

Which refers, not to the last antecedent, *defect*, but to *will*.
MALONE.

If

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'ſt leiſure.

Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent,—when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you [4].

Ban.

[4] *If you ſhall cleave to my* conſent, *when 'tis,*
It ſhall make honour for you.] Macbeth expreſſes his thought with affected obſcurity; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind. *If you ſhall cleave to my conſent,* if you ſhall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown, *when 'tis,* when that happens which the prediction promiſes, *it ſhall make honour for you.* JOHNSON.

Such another expreſſion occurs in lord Surrey's tranſlation of the ſecond book of *Virgil's Æneid:*

"And if thy will *ſtick* unto mine, I ſhall
"In wedlocke ſure knit, and make her his own."

When 'tis, means, *when 'tis my leiſure to talk with you on this buſineſs;* referring to what Banquo had juſt ſaid, *at your kindeſt leiſure.*

But yet another explanation may be offered.—*Conſent* has ſometimes the power of the Latin *concentus.* Both the verb and ſubſtantive, decidedly bearing this ſignification, occur in other plays of our author. Thus in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. ſc. i:

"——— ſcourge the bad revolting ſtars
"That have *conſented* to king Henry's death;"—

i. e. *acted in concert* ſo as to occaſion it.—Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act V. ſc. i: "—they (Juſtice Shallow's ſervants) *flock together in conſent,* (i. e. in a *party,*) like ſo many wild geeſe."—In both theſe inſtances the words are ſpelt erroneouſly, and ſhould be written—concent and concented. See Spenſer, &c. as quoted in a note on the paſſage already adduced from *K. Henry VI.*

The meaning of Macbeth may then be as follows:—*If you ſhall cleave to my conſent*—i. e. if you ſhall ſtick, or adhere, to my *party,*—*when 'tis,* i. e. at the time when ſuch a *party* is formed, your conduct ſhall produce honour for you.

Macbeth mentally refers to the crown he expected to obtain in conſequence of the murder he was about to commit. The commentator, indeed, (who is acquainted with what precedes and follows) comprehends all that paſſes in the mind of the ſpeaker; but Banquo is ſtill in ignorance of it. His reply is only that of a man who determines to combat every poſſible temptation to do ill; and therefore expreſſes a reſolve that in ſpite of future combinations of intereſt, or ſtruggles for power, he will attempt nothing that may obſcure his preſent honour, alarm his conſcience, or corrupt his loyalty.

Macbeth could never mean, while yet the ſucceſs of his attack on the life of Duncan was uncertain, to afford Banquo the moſt dark or diſtant

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My

distant hint of his designs on the crown. Had he acted thus incautiously, Banquo would naturally have become his accuser, as soon as the murder had been discovered. STEEVENS.

I have too much respect for both the learned commentators, to omit their notes on this very difficult passage, though I do not agree with either of them. The word *consent* has always appeared to me unintelligible in the first of these lines, and was, I am persuaded, a mere errour of the press. A passage in *the Tempest* leads me to think that our author wrote—*content*. Antonio is counselling Sebastian to murder Gonzalo:

" O, that you bore
" The mind that I do; what, a sleep were there
" For your advancement! Do you understand me?
" *Seb.* I think I do.
" *Ant.* And how does your *content*
" Tender your own good fortune?"

In the same play we have—" Thy *thoughts I cleave to*," which differs but little from " I cleave to thy *content*."

In *the Comedy of Errors* our author has again used this word in the same sense:

" Sir, I commend you to your own *content*."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

" Madam, the care I have taken to even your *content*,"—

i. e. says Dr. Johnson, to act up to your desires. Again, in *King Richard III*:

" God hold it to your honour's good *content!*"

Again, in *the Merry Wives of Windsor*: " You shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, *to your own content*."

The meaning then of the present difficult passage, thus corrected, will be,—If you will closely adhere to my cause, if you will promote, as far as you can, what is likely to contribute to my satisfaction and *content*,—*when 'tis*, when the prophecy of the weird sisters is fulfilled, when I am seated on the throne, the event shall make honour for you.

If Macbeth does not mean to allude darkly to his attainment of the crown, (I do not say to his forcible or unjust acquisition of it, but to his attainment of it,) what meaning can be drawn from the words, " If you shall cleave," &c. whether we read *consent*, or the word now proposed? In the preceding speech, though he *affects* not to think of it, he yet clearly marks out to Banquo what it is that is the object of the mysterious words which we are now considering:

" Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
" We would spend it in some words upon *that business*;"

i. e.

My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

i. e. "upon the prophecy of the weird sisters, [that I should be thane of Cawdor, and afterwards *king*,] which, as you observe, has been *in part* fulfilled, and which by the kindness of fortune may at some future time be in the whole accomplished."

I do not suppose that Macbeth means to give Banquo the most distant hint of his having any intention to *murder Duncan*; but merely to state to him, that if he will strenuously endeavour to promote his satisfaction or *content*, if he will espouse his cause, and support him against all adversaries, whenever he shall be seated on the *throne* of Scotland, by whatever mysterious operation of fate that event may be brought about, such conduct shall be rewarded, shall make honour for Banquo. The word *content* admits of this interpretation, and is supported by several other passages in our author's plays; the word *consent*, in my apprehension, affords here no meaning whatsoever.

Consent or *concent* may certainly signify *harmony*, and in a metaphorical sense that *union* which binds to each other a party or number of men, leagued together for a particular purpose; but it can no more signify, as I conceive, the *party*, or body of men so combined together, or the *cause* for which they are united, than the harmony produced by a number of musical instruments can signify the instruments themselves or the musicians that play upon them. When Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso, says—

Birds, winds and waters sing with sweet *concent*,

we must surely understand by the word *concent*, not a *party*, or a *cause*, but *harmony*, or *union*; and in the latter sense, I apprehend, Justice Shallow's servants are said to flock together in *concent*, in the second part of *K. Henry IV.*

If this correction be just, "In seeking to augment *it*," in Banquo's reply, may *perhaps* relate not to his own honour, but to Macbeth's *content*. "On condition that I lose no honour, in seeking to increase *your satisfaction*, or *content*,—to gratify your wishes," &c. The words however may be equally commodiously interpreted,—"Provided that in *seeking an increase of honour*, I lose none," &c.

Sir William D'Avenant's paraphrase on this obscure passage is as follows:

"If when the prophecy begins to look like, you will
"Adhere to me, it shall make honour for you." MALONE.

Macbeth certainly did not mean to divulge to Banquo the wicked means by which he intended to secure the crown, but his prospect of obtaining the crown was evidently to be the subject of their conference: and it was only on the supposition of Macbeth's obtaining it, that he could promise any addition of honour to Banquo, who was his equal, while he remained a subject. MASON.

Macb. Good repose, the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you! [*Exit* BANQUO.
Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready[5],
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit* Serv.
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch[6] thee:—
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood[7],

5 — *when my drink is ready*,] See p. 326, n. 8. MALONE.

6 — clutch—] This word, though reprobated by Ben Jonson, who sneers at Decker for using it, was used by other writers beside Decker and our author. So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, by Marston, 1602:
" —— all the world is *clutch'd*
" In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep." MALONE.

7 *And on thy blade, and dudgeon*, gouts *of blood*,] Though *dudgeon* does sometimes signify a *dagger*, it more properly means *the haft* or *handle* of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it. Junius explains the *dudgeon*, i. e. *haft*, by the Latin expression, *manubrium apiatum*, which means *a handle of wood, with a grain rough as if the seeds of parsly were strown over it.*

So, in Lyllie's comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594: " —then have at the bag with the *dudgeon hafte*, that is, at the *dudgeon* dagger that hangs by his tantony pouch." STEEVENS.

Gascoigne confirms this: " The most knottie piece of box may be brought to a fayre *doogen hafte*." *Gouts* for *drops* is frequent in old English. FARMER.

— gouts *of blood*,] Or drops, French. POPE.

Gouts is the technical term for the *spots* on some part of the plumage of a hawk: or perhaps Shakspeare used the word in allusion to a phrase in heraldry. When a field is charged or sprinkled with red drops, it is said to be *gutty of gules*, or *gutty de sang*. STEEVENS.

Which

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead [8], and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates [9]
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd

[8] —*Now o'er the one half world*
Nature seems dead,] That is, *over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased.* This image, which is perhaps the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden in his *Conquest of Mexico:*

"All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
"The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
"The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
"And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night-dews sweat.
"Even lust and envy sleep!"

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakspeare may be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of Shakspeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lull'd with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakspeare, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover; the other, of a murderer. JOHNSON.

Now o'er the one half world &c.] So, in the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"'Tis yet dead night; yet all the earth is clutch'd
"In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep:
"No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
"No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
"Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,
"Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
"——I am great in blood,
"Unequal'd in revenge:—you horrid scouts
"That *sentinel* swart night, give loud applause
"From your large palms." MALONE.

[9] *The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates*—] The word *now* has been added by the editors for the sake of metre. Probably Shakspeare wrote—*The curtain'd* sleeper. The folio spells the word *sleepe*, and an addition of the letter *r* only, affords the proposed emendation. STEEVENS.

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost[1].—Thou sure and firm-set earth[2],
Hear

So afterwards:
"— a hideous trumpet calls to parley
"The *sleepers* of the house."

Now was added by Sir William D'Avenant in his alteration of this play, published in 1674. MALONE.

1 —— *thus with his stealthy pace,*
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, *towards his design*
Moves like a ghost.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope changed *sides* to *strides*. A ravishing *stride* being, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, "an action of violence, impetuosity and tumult," he would read—With *Tarquin* ravishing, *slides*, &c. MALONE.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson that a *stride* is always *an action of violence, impetuosity, or tumult*. Spenser uses the word in his *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 8. and with no idea of violence annexed to it:
"With easy steps so soft as foot could *stride*."

And as an additional proof that a *stride* is not always a *tumultuous effort*, the following instance from Harrington's *Translation of Ariosto*, [1591,] may be brought:
"He takes a long and leisurable *stride*,
"And longest on the hinder foot he staid;
"So soft he treads, altho' his steps were wide,
"As though to tread on eggs he was afraid.
"And as he goes, he gropes on either side
"To find the bed," &c. *Orlando Furioso*, B. 28, stanza 63.

Whoever has been reduced to the necessity of finding his way about a house in the dark, must know that it is natural to take large *strides*, in order to feel before us whether we have a safe footing or not. The ravisher and murderer would naturally take such *strides*, not only on the same account, but that their steps might be fewer in number, and the sound of their feet be repeated as seldom as possible. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's observation is confirmed by many instances that occur in our ancient poets. So, in a passage by J. Sylvester, cited in *England's Parnassus*, 1600:
"Anon he stalketh with an *easy stride*,
"By some clear river's lillie-paved side."

Again, in our author's *King Richard II*:
"Nay rather every *tedious stride* I make—."

Thus also the Roman poets:
"———— *vestigia* furtim
"*Suspenso* digitis fert *taciturna gradu*." *Ovid. Fasti.*

"Eunt

Hear not my steps, which way they walk [3], for fear
'Thy very stones prate of my where-about [4],
And

"Eunt *taciti* per mæsta silentia *magnis*
"*Passibus*." *Statius*, lib. x.

It is observable, that Shakspeare, when he has occasion, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, to describe the action here alluded to, uses a similar expression; and perhaps would have used the word *stride*, if he had not been fettered by the rhime:

"Into the chamber wickedly he *stalks*."

Plausible, however, as this emendation may appear, the old reading, *sides*, is, I believe, the true one; I have therefore adhered to it on the same principle on which I have uniformly proceeded throughout the present edition, that of leaving the original text undisturbed, whenever it could be justified either by comparing our author with himself or with contemporary writers. The following passage in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's ELEGIES, 8vo. no date, but printed about 1598, adds support to the reading of the old copy:

"I saw when forth a tired *lover* went,
"His *side* past service, and his courage spent."
Vidi, cum foribus lassus prodiret amator,
Invalidum referens emeritumque *latus*.

Again, in Martial:

Tu tenebris guades; me ludere, teste lucerna,
Et juvat admissa rumpere luce *latus*.

It may likewise be observed that Falstaff in the fifth act of *the Merry Wives of Windsor* says to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, "Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my *sides* to myself," &c. Falstaff certainly did not think them, like those of Ovid's lover, past service; having met one of the ladies by assignation.

I believe, however, a line has been lost after the words "stealthy pace." Our author did not, I imagine, mean to make the murderer a ravisher likewise. In the parallel passage in *The Rape of Lucrece*, they are distinct persons:

"While LUST and MURDER wake, to *stain* and *kill*."

Perhaps the line which I suppose to have been lost, was of this import:

——— and wither'd MURDER,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace
Enters the portal; *while night-waking* LUST,
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

There is reason to believe that many of the difficulties in Shakspeare's plays arise from lines and half lines having been omitted, by the compositor's eye passing hastily over them. Of this kind of negligence there is

And take the present horrour from the time,
Which now suits with it[5].—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear

is a remarkable instance in the present play, as printed in the folio, 1632, where the following passage is thus exhibited:

" ———— that we but teach
" Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
" *To plague the ingredience of our poison'd chalice*
" To our own lips."

If this mistake had happened in the first copy, and had been continued in the subsequent impressions, what diligence or sagacity could have restored the passage to sense?

In the folio, 1623, it is right, except that the word *ingredients*, is there also mis-spelt:

" ——— which, being taught, return
" To plague the *inventor. This even-handed justice*
" *Commends the* ingredience of our poison'd chalice
" To our own lips."

So, the following passage in *Much ado about nothing*,

" And I will break with her *and with her father,*
" *And thou shalt have her.* Was't not to this end," &c.

is printed thus in the folio, by the compositor's eye glancing from one line to the other:

" And I will break with her. Was't not to this end," &c.

Again, we find in the play before us, edit. 1632:

" ——— for their dear causes
" Excite the mortified man.

instead of

" ——— for their dear causes
" *Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm*
" Excite the mortified man."

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*, 1632:

" ——— in himself too mighty,
" Untill a time may serve."

instead of

" ——— in himself too mighty,
" *And in his parties, his alliance. Let him be,*
" Untill a time may serve."

See also Vol. V. p. 36, n. 5; p. 228, n. 8; and Vol. II. p. 4, n. 4.
MALONE.

With Tarquin's ravishing &c.] The justness of this similitude is not very obvious. But a stanza, in his poem of *Tarquin and Lucrece*, will explain it:

" Now

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE

" Now *stole upon the time the dead of night*,
" When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
" No comfortable *star did lend his light*,
" No noise but owls' and *wolves' dead-boding cries*;
" Now serves the season that they may surprise
" The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still,
" *While* lust *and* murder *wake, to slain and kill*." WARB.

2 *Thou sure and firm-set earth*,] The old copy reads—Thou *sowre*. The emendation now adopted was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

So, in Act IV. sc. iii:

" Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis *sure*." STEEVENS.

3 —*which way they walk*,] The folio reads—*which they* may *walk*—. STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 *Thy very stones prate of my where about*,] The following passage in a play which has been already mentioned, and which Langbaine says was very popular in the time of queen Elizabeth, *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599, perhaps suggested this thought:

" Mountains will not suffice to cover it,
" Cimmerian darknesse cannot shadow it,
" Nor any policy wit hath in store,
" Cloake it so cunningly, but at the last,
" If nothing else, yet will *the very stones*
" That lie within the streets, *cry out for vengeance*,
" And point at us to be the murderers." MALONE.

5 *And take the present horrour from the time,*
Which now suits with it.] i. e. lest the noise from the stones take away from this midnight season that present horror which suits so well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*; than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious design. This shews a great knowledge of human nature. WARBURTON.

Whether to *take horrour from the time* means not rather to *catch it* as communicated, than to *deprive the time of horrour*, deserves to be considered. JOHNSON.

The latter is surely the true meaning. Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such a horror to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Mr. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, observes, that "all general privations are great, because they are all terrible;" and, with other things, he gives *silence* as an instance, illustrating the whole by that remarkable passage in *Virgil*, where amidst all the images of terror

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man[6],
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores[7]: I have drugg'd their possets[8],

terror that could be united, the circumstance of *silence* is particularly dwelt upon:

"Dii quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque *silentes*,
"Et chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte *silentia* late."

When Statius in the fifth book of the Thebaid describes the Lemnian Massacre, his frequent notice of the silence and solitude after the deed is striking in a wonderful degree:

"Conticuere domus," &c. STEEVENS.

Dryden's well-known lines, which exposed him to so much ridicule,

"An *horrid* stillness first invades the ear,
"And in that *silence* we the tempest hear—"

show, that he had the same idea of the awfulness of silence as our poet. MALONE.

6 *It was the* owl *that shriek'd; the* fatal *bell-man,*] So, in *King Richard III:*

"Out on ye, *owls!* nothing but songs of *death!*" MALONE.

7 *—the surfeited grooms*
Do mock *their charge with snores:*] i. e. By going to sleep, they trifle and make light of the trust reposed in them, that of watching by their king. So, in *Othello:* "O mistress, villainy hath made *mocks* with love." MALONE.

8 *—their* possets,] It appears from this passage, as well as from many others in our old dramatick performances, that it was the general custom to eat *possets* just before bed-time. Macbeth himself has already said:

"Go bid thy mistress, when my *drink* is ready,
"She strike upon the bell."

And in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly promises Jack Rugby "a *posset* at night." STEEVENS.

That

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die [9].

Macb. [*within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them [1].—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't [2].—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

9 —*death and nature do contend about them,*
Whether they live, or die.] So, in *All's Well that ends well:*
"——— Nature and sickness
"Debate it at their leisure." MALONE.

1 —*Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,*
He could not miss them.] Compare Euripides,—Orestes, v. 1291, where Electra stands sentinel at the door of the palace whilst Orestes is within for the purpose of murdering Helen. The dread of a surprise, and eagerness for the business, make Electra conclude that the deed must be done ere time enough had elapsed for attempting it. She listens with anxious impatience; and hearing nothing, expresses strong fears lest the daggers should have failed. Read the whole passage. S. W.

2 —*Had he not resembled*
My father as he slept, I had done't.] This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards *present* objects, yet the likeness of one *past*, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. WARBURTON.

The same circumstance on a similar occasion is introduced by Statius in the fifth book of his *Thebaid*, v. 236:

Ut vero Alcimeden etiamnum in murmure truncos
Ferre patris vultus, et egentem sanguinis ensem
Conspexi, riguere comæ, atque in viscera sævus
Horror iit. Meus ille Thoas, mea dira videri
Dextra mihi. Extemplo thalamis turbata paternis
Inferor.

Thoas was the father of Hypsipyle, the speaker. STEEVENS.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—Who lies i'the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight[3]. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd, *murder!*
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had seen me*, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear[4], I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care[5],

The

[3] *This is a sorry sight.*] This expression might have been borrowed from Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. V. c. 1. st. 14:

"To whom as they approched, they espide
"A *sorie sight* as ever seene with eye;
"A headlesse ladie lying him beside,
"In her own *blood* all wallow'd wofully." WHALLEY.

* *As they had seen me,*] *As* for *As if*. See p. 254, n 4. MALONE.

[4] Listening *their fear.*] i. e. *Listening* to *their fear*, the particle omitted. This is common in our author. *Jul. Cæsar*, Act IV. sc. ii:

"—— and now Octavius,
"*Listen* great things."

Contemporary writers took the same liberty. So, in the *World toss'd at Tennis*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1620:

"*Listen* the plaints of thy poor votaries." STEEVENS.

[5] — *the ravell'd* sleave *of care,*] *Sleeve* signifies the ravell'd knotty part of the silk, which gives great trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver. HEATH.

A poet

The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds[6]*, great nature's ſecond courſe,*
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt[7]*;—*

A poet of Shakſpeare's age, Drayton, has likewiſe alluded to *ſleaved* or *ravelled ſilk*, in his *Queſt of Cynthia:*

" At length I on a fountain light,
" Whoſe brim with pinks was platted,
" The bank with daffadillies dight,
" With graſs, like *ſleave*, was *matted.*" LANGTON.

Sleave appears to have ſignified *coarſe, ſoft*, unwrought ſilk. *Seta groſſolana*, Ital. Cotgrave in his DICT. 1660, renders *ſoye ſloſche*, "ſleave ſilk." See alſo *ibid.* "*Cadaree*, pour faire *capiton.* The tow, or coarſeſt part of ſilke, whereof *ſleave* is made."—In *Troilus and Creſſida* we have—"Thou idle immaterial ſkein of *ſleave* ſilk." Again, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) in Holinſhed, p. 835: "Eight wild men, all apparelled in green moſs made of *ſleved* ſilk." MALONE.

6 Sleep, *that knits up the ravell'd* ſleave *of* care,
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds,] Is it not probable that Shakſpeare remembered the following verſes in Sir Philip Sydney's *Aſtrophel and Stella*, a poem, from which he has quoted a line in the *Merry Wives of Windſor:*

" Come *ſleepe*, O ſleepe, the certain *knot* of peace,
" The *baiting* place of wits, the *balm* of woe,
" The poor man's wealth, the priſoner's releaſe
" The indifferent judge between the high and low."

So alſo, in *the Famous Hiſtorie of George Lord Fauconbridge*, &c. bl. let: "—Yet ſleep, *the comforter of diſtreſſed minds*, could not lock up her eyes." Again, in Golding's Tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, B. VIII. 1587:

" — At ſuch a time as folkes are wont to find *releaſe*
" Of *cares* that all the day before were working in their heds,
" By *ſleep*, &c.

Again, ibid, B. XI.

" O *ſleepe*, quoth ſhe, the reſt of things, O gentleſt of the goddes,
" Sweete ſleepe, the peace of mind, with whom crookt *care* is aye at odds;
" Which cheriſheſt men's weary limbs appall'd with *toyling ſore*,
" And makeſt them as freſh to worke, and luſtie as before."

The late Mr. Gray had perhaps our author's "*death* of each *day's* life" in his thoughts, when he wrote—

" The curfew tolls the *knell* of parting *day*." MALONE.

The death of each day's life, means *the end of each day's labour, the conclusion of all that buſtle and fatigue that each day's life brings with it.* STEEVENS.

7 *Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt*;] So, in Chaucer's *Squiere's Tale*, v. 10661; late edit.

" The *norice* of digeſtion, the *ſlepe*." STEEVENS.

Lady M.

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil [8]. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt [9]. [*Exit.* *Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking!

[8] —*'tis the eye of childhood,*
That fears a painted devil.] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:
"*Terrify babes*, my lord, with *painted devils*." STEEVENS.

[9] *I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,*
For it must seem their guilt.] Could Shakspeare possibly mean to play upon the similitude of *gild* and *guilt*? JOHNSON.

This quibble very frequently occurs in the old plays. A few instances (for I could produce a dozen at least) may suffice:

"*Cand.* You have a silver beaker of my wife's?
"*Flu.* You say not true, 'tis *gilt*.
"*Cand.* Then you say true:——
"And being *gilt*, the *guilt* lies more on you."

Again, in Middleton's comedy of *A mad World my Masters*, 1608:
"Though *guilt* condemns, 'tis *gilt* must make us glad."

And, lastly, from Shakspeare himself:
"England shall double *gild* his treble *guilt*." *Henry IV.* P II.

Again, in *King Henry V:*
"Have for the *gilt* of France, O *guilt* indeed!" STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV. sc. last. MALONE.

How

How is't with me, when every noiſe appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood [1]
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous ſeas incarnardine [2],

Making

[1] *Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood* &c.]

"*Suſcipit, ô Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys,*
"*Nec genitor nympharum abluit oceanus.*"

Catullus in Gellium, 83.

Οἶμαι γὰρ οὔτ' ἂν Ἴστρον οὔτε Φᾶσιν ἂν
Νίψαι καθαρμῷ τήνδε τὴν στέγην. *Sophoc. Oedip.*

"*Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quæ barbaris*
"*Mæotis undis Pontico incumbens mari?*
"*Non ipſe toto magnus oceano pater*
"*Tantum expiarit ſceleris!*" Senec. Hippol. STEEVENS.

So, in the *Inſatiate Counteſs*, by Marſton, 1603:

"Although the waves of all the northern ſea
"Should flow for ever through theſe guilty hands,
"Yet the ſanguinolent ſtain would extant be." MALONE.

[2] *The* multitudinous *ſeas* incarnardine,] To *incarnardine*, is to ſtain any thing of a fleſh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *carnation*. So, in a comedy called *Any Thing for a quiet Life:*

"Grograms, ſattins, velvet fine,
"The roſy-colour'd *carnardine*." STEEVENS.

By *the multitudinous ſeas*, perhaps the poet meant, not the ſeas of every denomination, as the Caſpian, &c. (as ſome have thought,) nor the many-coloured ſeas, (as others contend,) but the ſeas which ſwarm with myriads of inhabitants. Thus Homer:

"Ποντον επ' ΙΧΘΥΟΕΝΤΑ φιλων απανευθε φερεσιν."

The word is uſed by Ben Jonſon, and by Thomas Decker in *the Wonderful Year*, 1603, in which we find "the *multitudinous ſpawn*." It is objected by Mr. Kenrick, that Macbeth in his preſent diſpoſition of mind would hardly have adverted to a property of the ſea, which has ſo little relation to the object immediately before him; and if Macbeth had really ſpoken this ſpeech in his caſtle of Invernеſſe, the remark would be juſt. But the critick ſhould have remembered, that this ſpeech is not the real effuſion of a diſtempered mind, but the compoſition of Shakſpeare; of that poet, who has put a circumſtantial account of an apothecary's ſhop into the mouth of Romeo, the moment after he has heard the fatal news of his beloved Juliet's death;—and has made Othello, when in the anguiſh of his heart he determines to kill his wife, digreſs from the object which agitates his ſoul, to deſcribe minutely the courſe of the Pontick ſea.

Mr. Steevens objects in the following note to this explanation, thinking it more probable that Shakſpeare ſhould refer "to ſome viſible

quality

Making the green one, red [3].

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white [4]. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At

quality in the ocean," than "to its concealed inhabitants; to the waters that might admit of diſcoloration," than "to the fiſhes whoſe hue could ſuffer no change from the tinct of blood." But in what page of our author do we find his alluſions thus curiouſly rounded, and complete in all their parts? Or rather does not every page of theſe volumes furniſh us with images crouded on each other, that are not naturally connected, and ſometimes are even diſcordant? Hamlet's propoſing to take up *arms* againſt a *ſea* of troubles is a well known example of this kind, and twenty others might be produced. Our author certainly alludes to the waters, which are capable of diſcoloration, and not to the fiſhes. His alluſion to the waters is expreſſed by the word *ſeas*; to which, if he has added an epithet that has no very cloſe connection with the ſubject immediately before him, he has only followed his uſual practice.

If however no alluſion was intended to the myriads of inhabitants with which the deep is peopled, I believe by the *multitudinous ſeas* was meant, not the *many-waved* ocean, as is ſuggeſted below, but *the countleſs maſſes of waters wherever diſperſed on the ſurface of the globe*; the *multitudes of ſeas*, as Heywood has it in a paſſage quoted in p. 333, that perhaps our author remembered: and indeed it muſt be owned that his having uſed the plural *ſeas* ſeems to countenance ſuch an interpretation; for the ſingular *ſea* is equally ſuited to the epithet *multitudinous* in the ſenſe of ιχθυοεντα, and would certainly have correſponded better with the ſubſequent line. MALONE.

I believe that Shakſpeare referred to ſome viſible quality in the ocean, rather than to its concealed inhabitants; to the waters that might admit of diſcoloration, and not to the fiſhes whoſe hue could ſuffer no change from the tinct of blood. Waves appearing over waves are no unapt ſymbol of a crowd. "A ſea of heads" is a phraſe employed by one of our legitimate poets, but by which of them I do not at preſent recollect. Blackmore in his *Job* has ſwelled the ſame idea to a ridiculous bulk:

"A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
"And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed."

He who beholds an audience from the ſtage or any other multitude gazing on any particular object, muſt perceive that their heads are raiſed over each other, *velut unda ſupervenit undam.* If therefore our author by the "*multitudinous* ſea" does not mean the *aggregate of ſeas*, he muſt be underſtood to deſign the *multitude of waves*, or *the waves that have the appearance of a multitude.* STEEVENS.

3 Making

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:

How

3 *Making the green one, red.*] The same thought occurs in *The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, [by T. Heywood,] 1601:

"He made the *green sea red* with Turkish blood."

Again: "The *multitudes* of seas died *red* with blood."

Another not unlike it is found in Spenser's *F. Q.* b. ii. c. 10. st. 48:

"The whiles with blood they all the shore did stain,
"And the *grey ocean into purple dye*."

Again, in the 19th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"And the vast *greenish sea discolour'd like to blood*." STEEVENS.

The same thought is also found in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, 1634:

"Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
"*Green Neptune into purple*."

The present passage is one of those alluded to in a note on *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 134, n. 5, in which, I apprehend, our author's words have been refined into a sense that he never thought of. The other is in *Othello*:—

"Put out the light, and then put out the light."

The line before us, on the suggestion of the ingenious author of *The Gray's-Inn Journal*, has been printed in some late editions in the following manner:

Making the green—one red.

Every part of this line, as thus regulated, appears to me exceptionable. *One red* does not sound to my ear as the phraseology of the age of Elizabeth; and *the green*, for the green *one*, or for the green *sea*, is, I am persuaded, unexampled. The quaintness introduced by such a regulation seems of an entirely different colour from the quaintnesses of Shakspeare. He would have written, I have no doubt, "Making the green *sea*, red," (So, in *the Tempest*:

"And 'twixt *the green sea* and the azure vault
"Set roaring war.")

if he had not used the word *seas* in the preceding line, which forced him to employ another word here. As to prevent the ear being offended, we have in the passage before us, "the *green one*," instead of "the green *sea*," so we have in *K. Henry VIII.* Act I. sc. ii. "lame *ones*," to avoid a similar repetition:

"They have all new *legs*, and *lame ones*."

Again, in *the Merchant of Venice*:

"A stage where every man must play a part,
"And mine *a sad one*."

Though the punctuation of the old copy is very often faulty, yet in all doubtful cases, it ought, when supported by more decisive circumstances, to have some *little* weight. In the present instance, the line is pointed as in the text:

Making the green one, red. MALONE.

4 My

How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself[5].
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would, thou could'st[6]!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

4 *My hands are of your colour, but I scorn To wear a* heart so white.] A similar antithesis is found in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, written before 1593:

"Your cheeks are black, let not your *soul look white.*" MALONE.

5 *To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.*] i. e. While I have *the thoughts* of this deed, it were best not know, or be *lost* to, myself. WARBURTON.

6 *Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st!*] Macbeth is addressing the person who knocks at the outward gate.—Sir William D'Avenant, in his alteration of this play, reads (and intended probably to point)—"Wake, Duncan, with *this* knocking!" conceiving that Macbeth called upon *Duncan* to awake. From the same misapprehension, I once thought his emendation right; but there is certainly no need of change.

After the horrour and agitation of this scene, the reader may perhaps not be displeased to pause for a few minutes. The consummate art which Shakspeare has displayed in the preparation for the murder of Duncan, and during the commission of the dreadful act, cannot but strike every intelligent reader. An ingenious writer, however, whose comparative view of Macbeth and Richard III. has just reached my hands, has developed some of the more minute traits of the character of Macbeth, particularly in the present and subsequent scene, with such acuteness of observation, that I am tempted to transcribe such of his remarks as relate to the subject now before us, though I do not *entirely* agree with him. After having proved by a deduction of many particulars, that the towering ambition of Richard is of a very different colour from that of Macbeth, whose weaker desires seem only to aim at pre-eminence of place, not of dominion, he adds, "Upon the same principle a distinction still stronger is made in the article of courage, though both are possessed of it even to an eminent degree; but in Richard it is intrepidity, and in Macbeth no more than resolution: in him it proceeds from exertion, not from nature; in enterprize he betrays a degree of fear, though he is able, when occasion requires, to stifle and subdue it. When he and his wife are concerting the murder, his doubt, "if we

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter

we ſhould fail?" is a difficulty raiſed by an apprehenſion; and as ſoon as that is removed by the contrivance of Lady Macbeth, to make the officers drunk and lay the crime upon them, he runs with violence into the other extreme of confidence, and cries out, with a rapture unuſual to him,

" —Bring forth men children only, &c.
" ——— Will it not be receiv'd
" When we have mark'd with blood theſe ſleepy two
" Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
" That they have done it?

which queſtion he puts to her who had the moment before ſuggeſted the thought of

" His ſpungy officers, who ſhall bear the guilt
" Of our great quell."

and his aſking it again, proceeds from that extravagance with which a delivery from apprehenſion and doubt is always accompanied. Then ſummoning all his fortitude he ſays, "I am ſettled," &c. and proceeds to the bloody buſineſs without any further recoil. But a certain degree of reſtleſsneſs and anxiety ſtill continues, ſuch as is conſtantly felt by a man not naturally very bold, worked up to a momentous atchievement. His imagination dwells entirely on the circumſtances of horrour which ſurround him; the viſion of the dagger; the darkneſs and the ſtillneſs of the night, and the terrors and the prayers of the chamberlains. Lady Macbeth, who is cool and undiſmayed, attends to the buſineſs only; conſiders of the place where ſhe had laid the daggers ready; the impoſſibility of his miſſing them; and is afraid of nothing but a diſappointment. She is earneſt and eager; he is uneaſy and impatient; and therefore wiſhes it over:

" I go, and it is done;" &c.

But a reſolution thus forced cannot hold longer than the immediate occaſion for it: the moment after that is accompliſhed for which it was neceſſary, his thoughts take the contrary turn, and he cries out in agony and deſpair,

" Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'ſt!"

That courage which had ſupported him while he was *ſettled and bent up*, forſakes him ſo immediately after he has performed the *terrible feat*, for which it had been exerted, that he forgets the favourite circumſtance of laying it on the officers of the bedchamber; and when reminded

ter of hell-gate, he should have old turning [7] the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the

reminded of it he refuses to return and complete his work, acknowledging,

"I am afraid to think what I have done;
"Look out again I dare not."

His disorder'd senses deceive him; and his debilitated spirits fail him; he owns that "every noise appals him;" he listens when nothing stirs; he mistakes the sounds he does hear; he is so confused as not to know whence the knocking proceeds. She, who is more calm, knows that it is from the south entry; she gives clear and direct answers to all the incoherent questions he asks her; but he returns none to that which she puts to him; and though after some time, and when necessity again urges him to recollect himself, he recovers so far as to conceal his distress, yet he still is not able to divert his thoughts from it: all his answers to the trivial questions of Lenox and Macduff are evidently given by a man thinking of something else; and by taking a tincture from the subject of his attention, they become equivocal:

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Len. Goes the king hence to-day?
Macb. He did appoint so.
Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay
Chimneys were blown down; &c.
Macb. Twas a rough night.

Not yet implies that he will by and by, and is a kind of guard against any suspicion of his knowing that the king would never stir more. *He did appoint so*, is the very counterpart of that which he had said to Lady Macbeth, when on his first meeting her she asked him,

"*Lady M.* When goes he hence?
"*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes."

in both which answers he alludes to his disappointing the king's intention. And when forced to make some reply to the long description given by Lenox, he puts off the subject which the other was so much inclined to dwell on, by a slight acquiescence in what had been said of the roughness of the night; but not like a man who had been attentive to the account, or was willing to keep up the conversation." *Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare*, [by Mr. Wheatley] 8vo. 1785.

To these ingenious observations I entirely subscribe, except that I think the wavering irresolution and agitation of Macbeth after the murder ought not to be ascribed *solely* to a remission of courage, since much of it may be imputed to the remorse which would arise in a man who was of a good natural disposition, and is described as originally "full of the milk of human kindness;—not without ambition, but without the illness should attend it." MALONE.

[7] — old *turning*—] That is, frequent turning. See Vol. V. p. 324, n. [illegible] MALONE.

name

name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough[7] about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake[8], yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose[9]: come in, taylor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter

7 — napkins *enough*—] i. e. handkerchiefs. So, in *Othello*:
"Your *napkin* is too little." STEEVENS.

8 — *here's an equivocator,—who committed treason enough for God's sake,*] Meaning a jesuit: an order so troublesome to the state in queen Elizabeth and king James the first's time: the inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation.* WARBURTON.

9 — *here's an English taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose:*] The archness of the joke consists in this, that a French hose being very short and strait, a taylor must be master of his trade who could steal any thing from thence. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has said this at random. The *French hose* (according to Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses*) were in the year 1595 much in fashion:—"*The Gallick hosen are made* very large and wide, *reaching down to their knees only, with three or foure gardes apeece laid down along either hose.*" Again, in the *Defence of Conycatching*, 1596: "Blest be the *French* sleeves and breech verdingales, that *grants them* (the taylors) *leave to coney-catch so mightily.*" STEEVENS.

When Mr. Steevens censured Dr. Warburton in this place, he forgot the uncertainty of *French fashions*. In the *Treasury of ancient and modern Times*, 1613, we have an account (from Guyon, I suppose) of the old French dresses: "*Mens hose* answered in length to their short-skirted doublets; being made *close to their limbes*, wherein they had no meanes for pockets." And *Withers*, in his satyr against vanity, ridicules "the spruze, *diminitive*, neat, *Frenchman's hose.*" FARMER.

From the following passages in *The Scornful Lady*, by B. and Fletcher, which appeared about the year 1613, it may be collected that *large* breeches were then in fashion:

Saville. [an old steward.] "A comelier wear, I wis, than your *dangling slops.*" Afterwards Young Loveless says to the steward,—"This is as plain as your old *minikin breeches.*" MALONE.

it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF, *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep[1], and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night[2].

[1] —*equivocates him* in *a sleep,*] We should read—*into* a sleep; or—*into* sleep. MASON.

[2] *I believe, drink gave thee the lie* last night.] It is not very easy to ascertain precisely the time when Duncan is murdered. The conversation that passes between Banquo and Macbeth in the first scene of this act might lead us to suppose that when Banquo retired to rest it was not *much* after twelve o'clock:

> *Ban.* How goes the night, boy?
> *Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
> *Ban.* And she goes down at *twelve.*
> *Fle.* I take't 'tis later sir.

The king was then "abed;" and immediately after Banquo retires Lady Macbeth strikes upon the bell, and Macbeth commits the murder. In a few minutes afterwards the knocking at the gate commences, (end of sc. ii,) and no time can be supposed to elapse between the second and the third scene, because the porter gets up in consequence of the knocking: yet here Macduff talks of *last night,* and says that he was commanded to call *timely* on the king, and that he fears he has almost

Port. That it did, ſir, i'the very throat o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him [3].

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble ſir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king ſtirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;

almoſt overpaſs'd the hour; and the porter tells him "we were carouſing till *the ſecond cock*;" ſo that we muſt ſuppoſe it to be now at leaſt ſix o'clock; for Macduff has already expreſſed his ſurprize that the porter ſhould lie *ſo late*.

From Lady Macbeth's words in the fifth act,—"One,—two—'tis time to do't,"—it *ſhould ſeem* that the murder was committed at *two* o'clock, and that hour is certainly not inconſiſtent with the converſation above quoted between Banquo and his ſon; for we are not told how much later than twelve it was when Banquo retired to reſt: but even the hour of *two* will not correſpond with what the Porter and [illegible] ſay in the preſent ſcene.

I ſuſpect our author (who is ſeldom very exact in his computation of time) in fact meant that the murder ſhould be ſuppoſed to be committed a little before *day-break*, which exactly correſponds with the ſpeech of Macduff now before us, though not ſo well with the other circumſtances already mentioned, or with Lady Macbeth's deſiring her huſband to put on his nightgown (that he might have the appearance of one newly rouſed from bed,) "leſt occaſion ſhould call them, and ſhew them to be *watchers*;" which may ſignify perſons who ſit up *late* at night, but can hardly mean thoſe who do not go to bed till *day-break*.

Shakſpeare, I believe, was led to fix the time of Duncan's murder near the break of day by Holinſhed's account of the murder of king Duffe, already quoted:—"he was long in his oratorie, and there continued till it was *late in the night*." Donwald's ſervants "enter the chamber where the king laie, *a little before cocks crew*, where they ſecretlie cut his throat." Donwald himſelf ſat up with the officers of the guard the whole of the night. MALONE.

3 — *I made a ſhift to caſt him.*] To *caſt him up*, to eaſe my ſtomach of him. The equivocation is between *caſt* or *throw*, as a term of wreſtling, and *caſt* or *caſt up*. JOHNSON.

I have

I have almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain[4].
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service[5]. [*Exit* MACDUFF.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time[6]: The obscure bird
Clamour'd

4 *The* labour *we* delight *in, physicks* pain.] So, in *the Tempest:*
"There be some sports are *painful*; and their *labour*
"*Delight* in them sets off." MALONE.

5 *For 'tis my* limited *service.*] *Limited,* for appointed. WARB. See Vol. V. p. 112, n. 8. MALONE.

6 *And prophesying, with accents terrible,*
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time:] *New hatch'd* relates, not to the last antecedent, *confus'd events,* but to *prophecying,* which in the metaphor holds the place of the egg. The events are the fruit of such hatching. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson observes, that "a *prophecy* of an *event new-hatch'd* seems to be a *prophecy of an event past.* And a *prophecy new-hatch'd* is a wry expression." The construction suggested by Mr. Steevens meets with the first objection. Yet the following passage in which the same imagery is found, inclines me to believe that our author meant, that *new hatch'd* should be referred to *events,* though the events were yet to come. Allowing for his usual inaccuracy with respect to the active and passive participle, the events may be said to be "the *hatch* and brood of time." See *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"The which observ'd, a man may *prophesy,*
"With a near aim, of the main chance of things
"*As yet not come to life;* which in their seeds
"And weak beginnings lie entreasured.
"Such *things* become the *hatch* and brood of *time.*"

Here

Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake[7].

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it. [illegible]

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horrour! horrour! horrour! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive[8], nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!

Here certainly it is the *thing* or *event*, and not the *prophecy*, which is the *hatch* of *time*; but it must be acknowledged, the word "*become*" sufficiently marks the future time. If therefore the construction that I have suggested be the true one, *hatch'd* must be here used for *hatching*, or "*in the state of being hatch'd.*"—*To* the woeful time, means—to *suit* the woeful time. MALONE.

7 —*some say, the earth*
Was feverous, and did shake.] So, in *Coriolanus*:
"——— as if the world
"Was feverous, and did tremble." STEEVENS.

8 —*Tongue,* nor *heart,*
Cannot *conceive*, &c.] The use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is very common in our author. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act III. sc. i:
"—— there is no harm
"Intended to your person, *nor* to *no* Roman else." STEEVENS.

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horrour [9]! [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak.—
Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell [1].—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter

9 —*this horrour!*] Here the old edition adds, *ring the bell*, which Theobald rejected, as a direction to the players. He has been followed by Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson. Shakspeare might think a repetition of the command to ring the bell necessary, and I know not how an editor is authorized to reject that which apparently makes a part of his author's text. STEEVENS.

The subsequent hemistich—"What's the business?"—which completes the metre of the preceding line, without the words "Ring the bell," affords, in my opinion, a strong presumptive proof that these words were only a marginal direction. It should be remembered that the stage directions were formerly often couched in imperative terms: "Draw a knife;" "Play musick," "Ring the bell;" &c. In the original copy we have here indeed also—*Bell rings*, as a marginal direction; but this was inserted, I imagine, from the players misconceiving what Shakspeare had in truth set down in his copy as a dramatick direction to the property-man, ("Ring the bell.") for a part of Macduff's speech; and, to distinguish the direction which they inserted, from the supposed words of the speaker, they departed from the usual imperative form. Throughout the whole of the preceding scene we have constantly an imperative direction to the prompter: "*Knock* within."

I suppose, it was in consequence of an imperfect recollection of this hemistich, that Mr. Pope, having in his preface charged the editors of the first folio with introducing stage-directions into their author's text, in support of his assertion quotes the following line:

"My queen is murder'd:—*ring the little bell.*"

a line that is not found in any edition of these plays that I have met with, nor, I believe, in any other book. MALONE.

1 *The repetition in a woman's ear,*
Would murder as it fell.] So, in *Hamlet:*
"—He would drown the stage with tears,
"And cleave the general ear with horrid speech."

Again

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house[2]?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time[3]; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

[*] ...in, in *the Puritan*, 1607: "The punishments that shall follow you in this world, would *with horrour kill the ear* should hear them related." MALONE.

[2] *What, in our house?*] This is very fine. Had she been innocent, nothing but the murder itself, and not any of its aggravating circumstances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her business was to appear highly disordered at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, she seeks for an aggravating circumstance, that might be supposed most to affect her personally; not considering, that by placing it there, she discovered rather a concern for herself than for the king. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of sorrow for the fact itself. WARBURTON.

[3] *Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,*
I had liv'd a blessed time;] So, in *the Winter's Tale*:
"——— Undone, undone!
"If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
"To die when I desire." MALONE.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood[4],
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows[5]; they star'd, and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood[6];
And

4 — badg'd *with blood*,] I once thought that our author wrote—*bath'd*; but *badg'd* is certainly right. So, in the second part of *King Henry VI*:

"With murder's crimson *badge*." MALONE.

5 — *their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found Upon their pillows*;] This idea, perhaps, was taken from the *Man of Lawes Tale*, l. 5027. Tyrwhitt's edit.

"And in the bed the blody knif he fond." STEEVENS.

6 — *Here lay Duncan, His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood*,] Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of these lines by substituting *goary blood* for *golden blood*; but it may easily be admitted that he who could on such an occasion talk of *lacing the silver skin*, would *lace it* with *golden blood*. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.

It is not improbable, that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to shew the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor. JOHNSON.

To *gild* any thing *with blood* is a very common phrase in the old plays. So, Heywood, in the second part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:

"—— we have *gilt* our Greekish arms
"*With blood* of our own nation."

Shakspeare repeats the image in *King John*:

"Their

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance[7]: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore[8]: Who could refrain,
That

"Their armours that march'd hence so *silver* bright,
"Hither return all *gilt* with Frenchmen's *blood*." STEEVENS.

His silver skin laced with his golden blood.] We meet with the same antithesis in many other places. Thus, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

"—— to see the fish
"Cut with her *golden* oars the *silver* stream."

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Spread o'er the *silver* waves thy *golden* hairs." MALONE.

The allusion is so ridiculous on such an occasion, that it discovers the declaimer not to be affected in the manner he would represent himself. The whole speech is an unnatural mixture of far-fetch'd and common-place thoughts, that shews him to be acting a part. WARBURTON.

7 *—a breach in nature,*
For ruin's wasteful entrance:] This comparison occurs likewise in *A Herrings Tayle*, a poem, 1598:

"A batter'd breech where troopes of wounds may enter in."
STEEVENS.

8 *Unmannerly* breech'd *with gore:*] The expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *hilts* or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton has justly observed that the word *unmannerly* is here used adverbially. So *friendly* is used for *friendlily* in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. and *faulty* for *faultily* in *As you like it*. A passage in the preceding scene, in which Macbeth's visionary dagger is described, strongly supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

"———— I see thee still;
"And on thy blade, and *dudgeon*, [i. e. *hilt* or *haft*] gouts of *blood*,
"Which was not so before."

The following lines in *King Henry VI.* P. III. may perhaps, after all, form the best comment on these controverted words:

"And full as oft came Edward to my side,
"With purple faulchion, *painted to the hilt*
"*In blood* of those that had encounter'd him."

Though so much has been written on this passage, the commentators have forgotten to account for the attendants of Duncan being furnished with daggers. The fact is, that in Shakspeare's time a dagger was a common weapon, and was usually carried by servants and others, suspended

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady [9].

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken

pended at their backs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:* "Then I will lay the *serving creature's dagger* on your pate." Again, ibid:

"This *dagger* hath mista'en; for lo! his house
"Is empty on the *back* of Mountague,
"And it missheathed in my daughter's bosom!" MALONE.

The sense is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily,—in a foul manner,—sheath'd with blood. A scabbard* is called a *pilche*, a *leather coat*, in *Romeo;*—but you will ask, whence the allusion to *breeches?* Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have well observed, that this speech of Macbeth is very artfully made up of unnatural thoughts and language: in 1605 (the year in which the play appears to have been written) a book was published by Peter Frondell, (with commendatory poems by Daniel, and other wits of the time,) called *The French Garden*, or a *Summer Dayes Labour*, containing, among other matters, some dialogues of a dramatick cast, which, I am persuaded, our author had read in the English; and from which he took, as he supposed, for his present purpose, this quaint expression. I will quote *literatim* from the 6th dialogue: "Boy! you do nothing but play tricks there, go fetch your master's silver hatched daggers, you have not brushed their *breeches* bring the brushes, and brush them before me."—Shakspeare was deceived by the pointing, and evidently supposes *breeches* to be a new and affected term for *scabbards*. But had he been able to have read the French on the other page, even as a *learner*, he must have been set right at once. "Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maistres, vous n'avez pas espoussété leur *haut-de chausses*,"—their *breeches*, in the common sense of the word: as in the next sentence *bas-de-chausses, stockings*, and so on through all the articles of dress. FARMER.

[9] *Look to the lady.*] Mr. Wheatley, from whose ingenious remarks on this play I have already made a large extract, justly observes that "on Lady Macbeth's seeming to faint,—while Banquo and Macduff are solicitous about her, Macbeth, by his unconcern, betrays a consciousness that the fainting is feigned."

I may add, that a bold and hardened villain would from a refined policy have assumed the *appearance* of being alarmed about her, lest this very imputation should arise against him: the irresolute Macbeth is not sufficiently at ease to act such a part. MALONE.

Here,

Here, where our fate, hid in an augre-hole[1],
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion,

Ban. Look to the lady:— [Lady Macb. *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure[2], let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice[3].

Macb.

[1] Here, *where our fate, hid in an augre-hole,*] In the old copy the word *here* is printed in the preceding line. The lines are disposed so irregularly in the original edition of this play, that the modern editors have been obliged to take many liberties similar to the present in the regulation of the metre. In this very speech the words *our tears* do not make part of the following line, but are printed in that subsequent to it. Perhaps however the regulation now made is unnecessary; for the word *where* may have been used by our author as a dissyllable. The editor of the second folio, to complete the measure, reads—*within* an augre-hole. A word having been accidentally omitted in *K. Henry V.* —"Let us die *in* [fight]," Mr. Theobald, with equal impropriety, reads there—"Let us die *instant*:" but I believe neither transcriber or compositor ever omitted *half* a word. MALONE.

— *hid in an augre-hole,*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— confin'd,
"Into an augre's bore." STEEVENS.

[2] *And when we have our naked frailties hid,*
That suffer in exposure,—] i. e. *when we have clothed our half-drest bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air.* It is possible that in such a cloud of words, the meaning might escape the reader. STEEVENS.

The porter in his short speech had observed, that "this place [i. e the court, in which Banquo and the rest now are,] is too *cold* for hell." Mr. Steevens's explanation is likewise supported by the following passage in *Timon of Athens*:

"——— Call the creatures,
"Whose *naked natures* live in all the spight
"Of wreakful heaven." MALONE.

[3] *In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,*
Against the undivulg'd pretence *I fight*
Of treasonous malice.] *Pretence* is intention, design, a sense in which

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but* Mal. *and* Don.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody[4].

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted[5]; and our safest way

which the word is often used by Shakspeare. So, in the *Winter's Tale*: "—conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband, the *pretence* whereof being by circumstance partly laid open." Again, in this tragedy of *Macbeth*:

"What good could they *pretend*?"

i. e. intend to themselves. Banquo's meaning is,—in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God; and relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its *further designs that have not yet come to light*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 145, n. 7.—*Hand*, as Mr. Upton has observed, is here used for *power*, or *providence*. So, in Psalm xxii: "Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the *power* [Heb. from the *hand*] of the dog." In *King Henry V*. we have again the same expression:

"——— Let us deliver
"Our puissance into *the hand of God*." MALONE.

4 —*the near in blood*,
The nearer bloody.] Meaning, that he suspected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the *nearest in blood* to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan. STEEVENS.

5 *This murderous shaft that's shot*,
Hath not yet lighted;] The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person, has not yet taken effect. JOHNSON.

The shaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done mischief in its flight, we have reason to apprehend still more before it has spent its force and falls to the ground. The end for which the murder was committed, is not yet attained. The death of the king only, could neither insure the crown to Macbeth, nor accomplish any other purpose, while his sons were yet living, who had therefore just reason to apprehend they should be removed by the same means. STEEVENS.

Is,

Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horſe;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which ſteals itſelf, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Without the Caſtle.

Enter ROSSE, *and an old Man.*

Old M. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Roſſe. Ah, good father,
Thou ſeeſt, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody ſtage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it[6]?
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On tueſday laſt,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place[7],

6 — *darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,*
When living light ſhould kiſs it?] After the murder of king Duffe, (ſays Holinſhed) "for the ſpace of ſix moneths togither there appeared no ſunne by day, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme, but ſtill was the ſky covered with continual clouds; and ſometimes ſuch outrageous winds aroſe with lightenings and tempeſts, that the people were in great fear of preſent deſtruction."—It is evident that Shakſpeare had this paſſage in his thoughts. See p. 312, n. 7. MALONE.

7 — *in her pride of place,*] Finely expreſſed, for confidence in its quality. WARBURTON.

In a place of which ſhe ſeemed proud;—in an elevated ſituation. Perhaps Shakſpeare remembered the following paſſage in Holinſhed's deſcription of Macbeth's caſtle at Dunſinane: "—he builded a ſtrong caſtell on the top of an hie hill called Dunſinane, on ſuch a *proud* height, that ſtanding there aloft a man might behold well neare all the countries of Angus, Fife," &c. MALONE.

Was by a mousing owl [7] hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,)
Beauteous, and swift, the minions of their race [8],
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend [9]?

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,

[7] — *by a mousing owl*—] i. e. by an owl that was hunting for mice, as her proper prey. WHALLEY.

This is found among the prodigies consequent on king Duffe's murder: "There was a *sparhawk* strangled by an owl." STEEVENS.

[8] — *minions of their race*,] Theobald reads—minions of *the* race,—very probably and very poetically. JOHNSON.

Their is probably the true reading, the same expression being found in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, a poem which Shakspeare had certainly read:

"There were two ancient stocks, which Fortune high did place
"Above the rest, endew'd with wealth, the nobler *of their race*." MALONE.

Most of the prodigies just before mentioned, are related by Holinshed, as accompanying king Duffe's death; and it is in particular asserted, *that horses of singular beauty and swiftness did eat their own flesh*. Macbeth's killing Duncan's chamberlains is taken from Donwald's killing those of king Duffe. STEEVENS.

[9] *What good could they* pretend?] To *pretend* is here to *propose to themselves*, to *set before themselves* as a motive of action. JOHNSON.

To *pretend*, in this instance, as in many others, is simply to *design*. See Vol. I. p. 140, n. 8. STEEVENS.

Are

Are ſtol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.

Roſſe. 'Gainſt nature ſtill:
Thriftleſs ambition, that wilt ravin up[1]
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis moſt like,
The ſovereignty will fall upon Macbeth[2].

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be inveſted.

Roſſe. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill[3];
The ſacred ſtorehouſe of his predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.

Roſſe. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, couſin, I'll to Fife.

Roſſe. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you ſee things well done there;—adieu!—
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new!

Roſſe. Farewel, father.

Old M. God's beniſon go with you; and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

1 —*that* wilt *ravin up*] The old copy reads—*will*. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

2 *Then 'tis moſt like,*
The ſovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.] Macbeth by his birth ſtood next in the ſucceſſion to the crown immediately after the ſons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predeceſſor, had two daughters, the youngeſt, the mother of Macbeth. *Holinſhed.* STEEVENS.

3 —*Colmes-kill*;] or *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the weſtern iſles, which Dr. Johnſon viſited, and deſcribes in his Tour. Holinſhed ſcarcely mentions the death of any of the ancient kings of Scotland, without taking notice of their being buried with their predeceſſors in *Colme kill*. STEEVENS.

It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill* in the Erſe language ſignifies a *burying-place*. MALONE.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd[3]; and, I fear,
Thou play'dſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid,
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity;
But that myſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many kings: If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their ſpeeches ſhine[4],)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? But, huſh; no more.

Senet ſounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King; Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen;* LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, ſir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence[5].

Ban.

3 *Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor,* Glamis, *all,*
As the weird women promis'd;] Here we have another paſſage, that might lead us to ſuppoſe that the thaneſhip of Glamis deſcended to Macbeth ſubſequent to his meeting the weird ſiſters, though that event had certainly taken place before. See p. 284, n. *. MALONE.

4 (*As upon thee, Macbeth, their ſpeeches* ſhine,)] *Shine,* for proſper. WARBURTON.

Shine, for appear with all the *luſtre* of *conſpicuous* truth. JOHNSON.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. ſc. ii:
"Heaven, and our lady gracious, hath it pleaſed
"To *ſhine* on my contemptible eſtate." STEEVENS.

5 *And I'll requeſt your preſence.*] I cannot help ſuſpecting this paſſage to be corrupt, and would wiſh to read:

And

Ban. Lay your[6] highneſs'
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tie
For ever knit[7].
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd your good advice
(Which ſtill hath been both grave and proſperous)
In this day's council; but we'll talk to-morrow[8].

And *I* requeſt your preſence.
Macbeth is ſpeaking of the preſent, not of any future, time. Sir W. D'Avenant reads:
And *all* requeſt your preſence. MALONE.

6 Lay *your*—] The folio reads, Let *your*—. STEEVENS.
The change was ſuggeſted by Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of this play. It was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

7 — *to the which, my* duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tie
For ever knit.] So, in our author's Dedication of his *Rape of Lucrece*, to Lord Southampton, 1594: "What I have done is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my *duty* would ſhew greater; mean time as it is, it is *bound* to your lordſhip." MALONE.

8 — *but we'll* talk *to-morrow*.] The old copy reads—we'll *take* to-morrow. For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. I propoſed it ſome time ago, and having ſince met with two other paſſages in which the ſame miſtake has happened, I truſt I ſhall be pardoned for giving it a place in the text. In *King Henry V*. edit. 1623, we find,
"For I can *take*, [talke] for Piſtol's cock is up."
Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 1623, p. 31: "It is no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her *take*." [inſtead of *talke*, the old ſpelling of *talk*.] So again, in the play before us:
"The interim having weigh'd it, let us *ſpeak*
"Our free hearts each to other."
Again, Macbeth ſays to his wife, "—We will *ſpeak* further."
Again, in a ſubſequent ſcene between Macbeth and the aſſaſſins:
"Was it not yeſterday we *ſpoke* together?"
In *Othello* we have almoſt the ſame ſenſe, expreſſed in other words:
"——— *To-morrow*, with the earlieſt,
"*Let me have ſpeech with you*."
Had Shakſpeare written *take*, he would ſurely have ſaid—"but we'll take't to-morrow." So, in the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act Fleance ſays to his father: "I take't, 'tis later, ſir." MALONE.

Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better[9],
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel.— [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.—
[*Exeunt Lady* MACBETH, *Lords*, *Ladies*, &c.
Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our pleasure?

9 —*go not my horse the* better,] i. e. if he does not go well. Shakspeare often uses the *comparative* for the *positive* and *superlative*. So, in *King Lear*:

"——— her smiles and tears
"Were like a *better* day."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"— it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. ix. c. 46. "— Many are caught out of their fellowes hands, if they bestirre not themselves the *better*." It may however mean, "If my horse does not go the better for the haste I shall be in to avoid the night." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's first interpretation is, I believe, the true one. It is supported by the following passage in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1603: "— and he that hit it not full, if he *rid* not *the faster*, had a sound blow in his neck, with a bag full of sand hanged on the other end." MALONE.

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit* Atten.] To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar[1]. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind[2];
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man[3],

To

1 *My genius is rebuk'd*; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.] Dr. Johnson once thought that the words—"as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Cæsar," ought to be rejected. He now believes them to be genuine. Sir William D'Avenant, I find, omitted them. But our author having alluded to this circumstance in *Antony and Cleopatra*, there is no reason to suspect any interpolation here:

"Thy dæmon, that's, thy spirit which keeps thee, is
"Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
"Where Cæsar's is not; but *near him thy angel*
"*Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd.*" MALONE.

2 — fil'd *my mind*;] i. e. defiled. WARBURTON.

To *file* is in the bishops' *Bible*. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 1:

"She lightly lept out of her *filed* bed." STEEVENS.

3 —*the common enemy of man*,] It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive

To make them kings, the ſeed of Banquo kings[4]!
Rather than ſo, come, fate, into the liſt,
And champion me to the utterance![5]—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and ſtay there till we call.
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Mur. It was, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you conſider'd of my ſpeeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent ſelf: this I made good to you

inquiſitive reader, to trace a ſentiment to its original ſource; and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil, is in itſelf natural and obvious, yet ſome may be pleaſed with being informed, that Shakſpeare probably borrowed it from the firſt lines of the *Deſtruction of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read. This expreſſion, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* ſignifies enemy. JOHNSON.

4 — *the ſeed of Banquo kings!*] The old copy reads—ſeeds. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

5 — *come, fate, into the liſt,*
And champion me to the utterance!] This paſſage will be beſt explained by tranſlating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la deſtinée ſe rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un defi* a l'outrance. A challenge or a combat *a l'outrance, to extremity,* was a fixed term in the law of arms, uſed when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum, an intention to deſtroy each other,* in oppoſition to trials of ſkill at feſtivals, or on other occaſions, where the conteſt was only for reputation or a prize. The ſenſe therefore is, *Let fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the ſons of Banquo, enter the liſts againſt me, with the utmoſt animoſity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* JOHNSON.

Utterance is a Scotch word from *oultrance*, extremity. WARBURTON.

We meet with the ſame expreſſion in the *Hiſtory of Graund Amoure and la bel Pucelle*, &c. by Stephen Hawes, 1555:
"That ſo many monſters put to *utteraunce*." STEEVENS.

In

In our laſt conference, paſt in probation with you;
How you were borne in hand[6]; how croſt; the inſtruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things elſe, that might,
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1. *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you ſo goſpell'd[7],
To pray for this good man, and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. *Mur.* We are men, my liege[8].

Macb.

6 —*paſt in* probation *with you*;
How you were borne in hand, &c.] The meaning may be, "paſt in *proving* to you, how you were," &c. So, in *Othello*:
"—————— ſo *prove* it,
"That the *probation* bear no hinge or loop
"To hang a doubt on."
Perhaps after the words "with you," there ſhould be a comma rather than a ſemicolon. The conſtruction, however, may be different. "This I made good to you in our laſt, conference, paſt &c. I made good to you, how you were borne," &c. To *bear in hand* is, to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair proſpects, without any intention of performance. See Vol. II. p. 23, n. 3. MALONE.

So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:
"Yet I will *bear* a dozen men *in hand*,
"And make them all my gulls." STEEVENS.

7 —*Are you ſo goſpell'd*,] Are you of that degree of preciſe virtue? *Goſpeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papiſts to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precurſors of *proteſtantiſm*. JOHNSON.

I believe, that *goſpelled* means no more than kept in obedience to that precept of the goſpel, "*to pray for thoſe that deſpitefully uſe us.*" STEEVENS.

8 *We are* men, *my liege*.] That is, we have the ſame feelings as the reſt of mankind, and, *as men*, are not without a *manly reſentment* for the wrongs which we have ſuffered, and which you have now recited. I ſhould not have thought ſo plain a paſſage wanted an explanation, if it had not been miſtaken by Dr. Grey, who ſays, "they don't anſwer in

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Shoughs[9], water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file[1]
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
Not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it;
And I will put that buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

in the name of *Chriſtians*, but as *men*, whoſe humanity would hinder them from doing a barbarous act." This falſe interpretation he has endeavoured to ſupport by the well-known line of Terence:

"Homo ſum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

That amiable ſentiment does not appear very ſuitable to a cut-throat. —They urge their manhood, in my opinion, in order to ſhew Macbeth their willingneſs, not their averſion, to execute his orders. MALONE.

9 Shoughs,] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *ſhocks*; demi-wolves, *lyciſcæ*; dogs bred between wolves and dogs. JOHNSON.

1 — *the* valued file] is the *file* or bill where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is ſet down, in contradiſtinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike*. *File*, in the ſecond inſtance, is uſed in the ſame ſenſe as in this, and with a reference to it.—*Now, if you belong to any claſs that deſerves a place in the valued* file *of man, and are not of the loweſt rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth diſtinguiſhing from each other.*

File and *liſt* are ſynonymous, as in the laſt act of this play:

"—— I have a *file*
"Of all the gentry."

Again, in Heywood's dedication to the ſecond part of his *Iron Age*, 1632: "— to number you in the *file* and *liſt* of my beſt and choiceſt well wiſhers." Again, in our author's *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "The greater *file* of the ſubject held the duke to be wiſe." In ſhort, the *valued file* is "the catalogue with prices annexed to it." STEEVENS.

2. Mur.

2. *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.
1. *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune [2],
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.
2. *Mur.* True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance [3],
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love;
Maſking the buſineſs from the common eye,
For ſundry weighty reaſons.
2. *Mur.* We ſhall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1. *Mur.* Though our lives—
Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. Within this hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant yourſelves;

2 —*tugg'd* with *fortune*,] *tug'd* or *worried* by fortune. JOHNSON.
So again, as Dr. Warburton has noted, in the *Winter's Tale:*
"Let *my ſelf and fortune tug* for the time to come."
Again, in an Epiſtle to Lord Southampton, by S. Daniel, 1603:
"He who hath never warr'd with miſery,
"Nor ever *tugg'd with fortune* and diſtreſs." MALONE.

3 — *in ſuch bloody* diſtance,] By *bloody diſtance* is here meant, ſuch a diſtance as mortal enemies would ſtand at from each other, when their quarrel muſt be determined by the ſword. This ſenſe ſeems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is repreſented as *thruſting at the neareſt part where life reſides.* STEEVENS.

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
The moment on't[4]; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness[5]: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure

4 *Acquaint you with the* perfect spy *of the time,*
The moment *on't*;] The meaning, I think is, I will acquaint you with the time when you may *look out* for Banquo's coming, with the most *perfect* assurance of not been disappointed; and not only with the *time* in general most proper for lying in wait for him, but with the very *moment* when you may expect him. MALONE.

The perfect spy of the time seems to be, *the exact time, which shall be spied and watched for the purpose.* STEEVENS.

I rather believe we should read thus:
Acquaint you with the perfect spot, the *time*,
The moment on't;—. TYRWHITT.

5 —*always thought,*
That I require a clearness:] i. e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion. So, Holinshed: "—appointing them to meet Banquho and his sonne *without the palace*, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might *cleare* himself." STEEVENS.

For

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than, by deſtruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of ſorrieſt fancies [6] your companions making?
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have ſcotch'd [7] the ſnake, not kill'd it,
She'll cloſe, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace [8],
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtacy [9]. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt: nor ſteel, nor poiſon,

6 — ſorrieſt *fancies*—] i. e. worthleſs, ignoble, vile. So, in *Othello*:
"I have a ſalt and *ſorry* rheum offends me."
Sorry, however, might ſignify *melancholy*, *diſmal*. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:
"The place of death and *ſorry* execution." STEEVENS.

7 —*ſcotch'd*—] Mr. Theobald.—Fol. *ſcorch'd*. JOHNSON.
Scotch'd is the true reading. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. ſc. v:
"—he *ſcotch'd* him and notch'd him like a carbonado." STEEVENS.

8 *Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,*] The old copy reads—Whom we, to gain our *peace*—. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

9 *In reſtleſs ecſtacy.*] *Ecſtacy*, in its general ſenſe, ſignifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means the emotions of pain, agony. So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, P. I:
"Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,
"And have no hope to end our *extaſies*." STEEVENS.

Malice

Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on; Gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your gueſts to-night.

Macb. So ſhall I, love;
And ſo, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; preſent him eminence[1], both
With eye and tongue: Unſafe the while, that we
Muſt lave our honours in theſe flattering ſtreams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.

Lady M. You muſt leave this.

Macb. O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne[2].

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloiſter'd flight[3]; ere, to black Hecat's ſummons,
The ſhard-borne beetle[4], with his drowſy hums,
Hath

1 —*preſent him eminence,*] i. e. do him the higheſt honours. WARBURTON.

2 — *nature's copy's not* eterne.] The *copy*, the *leaſe*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited. JOHNSON.

Eterne for *eternal* is often uſed by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's interpretation is ſupported by a ſubſequent paſſage in this play:

" — and our high-plac'd Macbeth
" Shall live the *leaſe of nature*, pay his breath
" To time and mortal cuſtom."

Again, by our author's 13th Sonnet:

" So ſhould that beauty which you hold in *leaſe*,
" Find no determination." MALONE.

Yet perhaps by *nature's copy* Shakſpeare may only mean, the human form divine. MASON.

3 — *the bat hath flown*
His cloiſter'd flight.] Bats are often ſeen flying round *cloiſters*, in the duſk of the evening, for a conſiderable length of time. MALONE.

4 *The* ſhard-borne *beetle,*] i. e. the beetle borne along the air by its *ſhards* or *ſcaly wings*. From a paſſage in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, it appears that *ſhards* ſignified *ſcales*:

" She

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck [5],
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night [6],

"She sigh, her thought, a dragon tho,
"Whose *scke* d. shynen as the sonne :" l. 6. fol. 138.

and hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called *shards*, they being of a *scaly* substance. To have an outward pair of wings of a *scaly* hardness, serving as integuments to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteristick of the beetle kind.

In *Cymbeline*, Shakspeare applies this epithet again to the beetle:

"——— we find
"The *sharded* beetle in a safer hold
"Than is the full-wing'd eagle."

Here there is a manifest opposition intended between the wings and flight of the *insect* and the *bird*. The *beetle*, whose *sharded wings* can but just *raise him above the ground*, is often in a state of greater *security* than the *vast winged eagle* that can soar *to any height*.

As Shakspeare is here describing the *beetle* in the act of flying, (for he never makes his humming noise but when he flies) it is more natural to suppose the epithet should allude to the peculiarity of his wings, than to the circumstance of his origin, or his place of habitation, both of which are common to him with several other creatures of the insect kind. STEEVENS.

The shard-borne beetle is the cock-chafer. Sir W. D'Avenant appears not to have understood this epithet, for he has given, instead of it,—the *sharp-brow'd* beetle. Mr. Tollet would read—"shard-*born* beetle, i. e. the beetle born in dung," in which sense he thinks the word *sharded* is used in the passage quoted from *Cymbeline* by Mr. Steevens. There (says he) the humble earthly abode of the beetle is opposed to the lofty eyry of the eagle." Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, the true one in the passage before us. MALONE.

5 — *dearest* chuck,] I meet with this term of endearment (which is probably corrupted from *chick* or *chicken*) in many of our ancient writers. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, b. v. c. 27:

"—immortal she-egg *chuck* of Tyndarus his wife." STEEV.

6 — *Come seeling night*,] *Seeling*, i. e. blinding. It is a term in falconry. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Booke of Hawkyng, Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "And he must take wyth hym nedle and threde to *enyle* the haukes that bene taken. And in thys manner they must be *ensiled*. Take the nedel and thryde, and put it through the over eye lyd, and soe of that other, and make them fast under the beeke that she se not, &c." STEEVENS.

Skarf

Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale [7]!—Light thickens [8]; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood [9]:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt*.

7 *Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond Which keeps me pale!*—] This may be well explained by the following passage in *King Richard III:*

"*Cancel his bond of life*, dear God, I pray."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. sc. iv:

"——— take this life,
"And *cancel* these cold *bonds*." STEEVENS.

8 Light thickens;—] By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakspeare means, the *light grows dull or muddy*. In this sense he uses it in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—— my lustre *thickens*,
"When he shines by." EDWARDS'S MSS.

So, in Spenser's *Calender*, 1579:

"But see, the welkin *thicks* apace,
"And stouping Phœbus steepes his face;
"It's time to haste us home-ward." MALONE.

It may be added, that in the second part of *King Henry IV*. Prince John of Lancaster tells Falstaff, that "his desert is *too thick to shine*." STEEVENS.

9 *Makes wing to the* rooky *wood:*] *Rooky* may mean *damp, misty, steaming with exhalations*. It is only a North country variation of dialect from *reeky*. In *Coriolanus*, Shakspeare mentions "—the *reek* of the rotten fens." *Rooky wood* may, however, signify a *rookery, the wood that abounds with rooks*. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The same. A Park or lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1. *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us[1]?
3. *Mur.* Macbeth.
2. *Mur.* He needs not our miftruft; fince he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juft[2].
1. *Mur.* Then ftand with us.
The weft yet glimmers with fome ftreaks of day:
Now fpurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The fubject of our watch.
3. *Mur.* Hark! I hear horfes.
Ban. [*within.*) Give us a light there, ho!
2. *Mur.* Then it is he; the reft
That are within the note of expectation[3],
Already are i'the court.
1. *Mur.* His horfes go about.
3. *Mur.* Almoft a mile: but he does ufually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate
Make it their walk.

[1] *But who did bid thee join with us?*] The third affaffin feems to have been fent to join the others, from Macbeth's fuperabundant caution. From the following dialogue it appears that fome converfation has paffed between them before their prefent entry on the ftage.
MALONE.

[2] ——— *fince he delivers*
Our offices, &c.] By his exact knowledge of what we are to do, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not to be miftrufted.
JOHNSON.

[3] —*the note of expectation,*] i. e. they who are fet down in the lift of guefts, and expected to fupper. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *a* Servant *with a torch preceding them.*

2. *Mur.* A light, a light!
3. *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1. *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1. *Mur.* Let it come down. [*assaults* BANQUO.
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!
[*Dies.* Fleance *and Servant escape* [4].
3. *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
1. *Mur.* Was't not the way [5]?
3. *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.
2. *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1. *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of state in the Palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,
And last, the hearty welcome [6].

4 Fleance, &c. *escape.*] Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where by the daughter of the Prince of that country he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of *Walter Steward.* From him in a direct line King James I. was descended; in compliment to whom our author has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime. MALONE.

5 *Was't not the way?*] i. e. the best means we could take to evade discovery. STEEVENS.

6 *You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,*
And last, the hearty welcome.] I believe the true reading is:
You know your own degrees, sit down.—To *first*
And last the hearty welcome.
All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received. JOHNSON.

Lords.

Lords. Thanks to your majeſty.

Macb. Ourſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt.
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate[7]; but, in beſt time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, ſir, to all our friends;
For my heart ſpeaks, they are welcome.

Enter firſt Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:—
Both ſides are even: Here I'll ſit i'the midſt:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a meaſure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within[8].
Is he diſpatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the beſt o'the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didſt it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Moſt royal ſir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.

[7] *Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate;* &c.] This idea might have been borrowed from Holinſhed, p. 805: "The king (Henry VIII.) cauſed the queene to *keepe the eſtate,* and then ſat the ambaſſadours and ladies as they were marſhalled by the king, who would not ſit, but walked from place to place, making cheer, &c." STEEVENS.

A *ſtate* was a royal chair with a canopy over it. So, in Sir Thomas Herbert's *Memoirs of Charles I.* "—where being *ſet,* the king under a *ſtate,*" &c. Again, in *The View of France,* 1598: "—eſpying the *chaire* not to ſtand well under the *ſtate,*" &c. MALONE.

[8] *'Tis better* thee without, than he within.] The ſenſe requires that this paſſage ſhould be read thus:

'Tis better thee without, than him *within.*

That is, *I am better pleaſed that the blood of Banquo ſhould be on thy face than in his body.*—The authour might mean, *It is better that Banquo's blood were on thy face, than* he *in this room.* Expreſſions thus imperfect are common in his works. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt that this laſt was the author's meaning. MALONE.

Macb.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes [9] on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:—
There the grown serpent lies; the worm [*], that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit* Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making [1],
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

9 —trenched *gashes*—] *Trancher*, to cut. Fr. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:
"Is deeply *trenched* on my blushing brow."
So, in another play of Shakspeare:
"—like a figure
"*Trenched* in ice." STEEVENS.

* —*the* worm—] This term in our author's time was applied to all of the serpent kind. MALONE.

1 —*the feast is* sold, &c.] The meaning is,—That which is not *given chearfully*, cannot be called a *gift*, it is something that must be paid for. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *the Romaunt of the Rose*:
"Good dede done through praiere,
"*Is sold*, and bought to dere." STEEVENS.

Enter

The ghost of Banquo *rises*[2], *and sits in* Macbeth's *place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance *!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion [3];
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

2 *The ghost of Banquo rises,*] This circumstance of *Banquo's ghost* seems to be alluded to in *The Puritan*, first printed in 1607, and ridiculously ascribed to Shakspeare: "We'll ha' the *ghost* i' the white sheet sit at *upper end o' the table.*" FARMER.

* *Than pity for mischance!*] This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. Macbeth by these words discovers a consciousness of guilt; and this circumstance could not fail to be recollected by a nice observer on the assassination of Banquo being publickly known. Not being yet rendered sufficiently callous by "hard use," Macbeth betrays himself (as Mr. Wheatley has observed,) "by an over-acted regard for Banquo, of whose absence from the feast he affects to complain, that he may not be suspected of knowing the cause, though at the same time he very unguardedly drops an allusion to that cause." MALONE.

3 *—extend his passion;*] Prolong his suffering; make his fit longer. JOHNSON.

Lady M. O proper ſtuff[4]!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you ſaid,
Led you to Duncan. O, theſe flaws, and ſtarts,
(Impoſtors to true fear,) would well become[5]
A woman's ſtory, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf!
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done,
You look but on a ſtool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, ſee there! behold! look! lo! how ſay you?—
Why, what care I? If thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.—
If charnel-houſes, and our graves, muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites[6]. [*Ghoſt diſappears.*

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.

Lady M. Fie, for ſhame!

Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i'the olden time,
Ere human ſtatute purg'd the gentle weal[7];
Ay, and ſince too, murders have been perform'd

4 *O proper ſtuff!*] This ſpeech is rather too long for the circumſtances in which it is ſpoken. It had begun better at, *Shame itſelf!* JOHNSON.

5 *O, theſe flaws and ſtarts,*
(Impoſtors to true fear,) *would well become,* &c.] i. e. theſe flaws and ſtarts, as they are indications of your needleſs fears, are the imitators or impoſtors only of thoſe which ariſe from a fear well grounded. WARBURTON.

Flaws are ſudden guſts. JOHNSON.

So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"Guſts and foul *flaws* to herdmen and to herds."

"Impoſtors *to* true fear," either means, impoſtors or counterfeits, *compared with* true fear, or *to* may be uſed for *of*. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have an expreſſion reſembling this:

"Thou *counterfeit to* thy true friend." MALONE.

6 *Shall be the maws of kites,*] The ſame thought occurs in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 8:

"But be *entombed* in the raven or the *kight*." STEEVENS.

7 *Ere human ſtatute purg'd the* gentle weal;] The *gentle weal*, is, the *peaceable community*, the ſtate made quiet and ſafe by *human ſtatutes*.

"*Mollia ſecuræ peragebant otia gentes.*" JOHNSON.

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me [8], my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all [9].

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

8 *Do not* muse *at me,*] To *muse* anciently signified to be in *amaze.* So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV:
"I *muse,* you make so slight a question." STEEVENS.
See also Vol. I. p. 67, n. 8; Vol. III. p. 413, n. 6. MALONE.

9 *And all to all.*] i. e. all good wishes to all: such as he had named above, *love, health, and joy.* WARBURTON.

I once thought it should be *hail* to all, but I now think that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

Timon uses nearly the same expression to his guests, Act I: "*All to you.*" Again, in *K. Henry VIII.* more intelligibly:
"—and *to you all* good health." STEEVENS.

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger [1],
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit thee [2], proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſhadow!
[*Ghoſt diſappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, ſo;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, ſit ſtill.

Lady M. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With moſt admir'd diſorder.

Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud,

1 — *or the* Hyrcan *tyger,*] Sir William D'Avenant unneceſſarily altered this to *Hircanian* tyger, which was followed by Theobald and others. *Hircan* tygers are mentioned by Daniel, our author's contemporary, in his Sonnets, 1594:

" ——— reſtore thy fierce and cruel mind
" To *Hircan tygers,* and to ruthleſs beares." MALONE.

2 ——— *Or, be alive again,*
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit thee,—] The old copy reads, by a manifeſt error of the preſs,—If trembling I *inhabit then,* &c. The emendation, *inhibit,* was made by Mr. Pope. I have not the leaſt doubt that it is the true reading.—In *All's Well that ends well,* we find in the ſecond and all the ſubſequent folios,—" which is the moſt *inhabited* ſin of the canon," inſtead of *inhibited.* By the other ſlight but happy emendation, the reading *thee* inſtead of *then,* which was propoſed by Mr. Steevens, and to which I have paid the reſpect that it deſerved by giving it a place in the text, this paſſage is rendered clear and eaſy. Mr. Steevens's correction is ſtrongly ſupported by the punctuation of the old copy, where the line ſtands—If trembling I inhabit then, proteſt &c. and not—If trembling I inhabit, then proteſt &c.

In our author's *King Richard II.* we have nearly the ſame thought:

" If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
" *I dare meet Surrey in a wilderneſs.*" MALONE.

Inhibit ſeems more likely to have been the poet's own word, as he uſes it frequently in the ſenſe required in this paſſage. *Othello,* Act I. ſc. vii:

" ——— a practiſer
" Of arts *inhibited*"—.

Hamlet, Act II. ſc. vi: " I think their *inhibition* comes of the late innovation." To *inhibit* is to *forbid.* STEEVENS.

Without

Without our special wonder[3]? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe[4],
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear[5].

Rosse.

3 *Can such things be,*
And overcome *us, like a summer's cloud,*
Without our special wonder?] The meaning is, can such wonders as these *pass over* us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes over us. JOHNSON.

No instance is given of this sense of the word *overcome*; it is however to be found in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 7. st. 4:

"A little valley——
"All cover'd with thick woods, that quite it *overcame*."
FARMER.

Again, in *Marie Magdalene's Repentaunce:*

"With blode *overcome* were both his eyen." MALONE.

4 *You make me strange*
Even to the disposition that I owe,] This passage seems to mean,—*You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek permits it to remain in yours.* In other words,—*You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours on the trial is found to exceed it.* A thought somewhat similar occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. i: "I'll entertain myself like one I am not acquainted withal." Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*, Act V:

"—— if you know
"That you are well acquainted with yourself." STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, *You render me a stranger to*, or forgetful of, *that* brave *disposition which* I know *I possess*, and make me fancy myself a coward, when I perceive that I am terrified by a sight which has not in the least alarmed you. A passage in *As you like it* may prove the best comment on that before us:

"If with myself I hold intelligence,
"Or have acquaintance with my own desires—."

So Macbeth says, he has no longer *acquaintance* with his own *brave* disposition of mind: His wife's *superior* fortitude makes him as ignorant of his own courage as a *stranger* might be supposed to be.
MALONE.

5 *When mine are blanch'd with fear.*] The old copy reads—*is* blanch'd. Sir T. Hanmer corrected this passage in the wrong place, by reading—*cheek*; in which he has been followed by the subsequent editors. His correction gives perhaps a more elegant text, but not the text of Shakspeare. The alteration now made is only that which every

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health,
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt* Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood[6]:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations[7], have

By

editor has been obliged to make in almost every page of these plays.—See Vol. I. p. 46, n. 8. In this very scene the old copy has "—the times *has* been," &c. Perhaps it may be said that *mine* refers to *ruby*, and that therefore no change is necessary. But this seems very harsh. MALONE.

6 *It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:*] So, in the *Mirrour of Magistrates*, p. 118:

"Take heed, ye princes, by examples past,
"*Bloud will have bloud*, eyther at first or last." HENDERSON.

I would thus point the passage:

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood.

As a confirmation of the reading, I would add the following authority:

"Bloud asketh bloud, and death must death requite."
Ferrex and Porrex, Act IV. sc. ii. WHALLEY.

7 *Augurs, and understood* relations,] By the word *relation* is understood the *connection* of effects with causes; to *understand relations* as *an augur*, is to know how those things *relate* to each other, which have no visible combination or dependence. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare in his licentious way, by *relations*, might only mean *languages*, i. e. the language of birds. WARBURTON.

The old copy has the passage thus:

Augures, and understood relations, have
By maggot-pies and choughs, &c.

Perhaps we should read, *auguries*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens or prodigies. These, together with the connection of effects with causes, being understood, (says he) have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders.

In Cotgrave's Dictionary, a *magpie* is called a *magatapie*. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the bird; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we say *Robin* to a redbreast, *Tom* to a titmouse,

Philip

By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding[6]?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them[7], but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will,) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd[8].

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep[9].

Macb.

Philip to a sparrow, &c. The modern *mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French. STEEVENS.

In Minshew's *Guide to the Tongues*, 1617, we meet with a *maggata-pie*. FARMER.

6 *How say'st thou*, &c.] What do you think of this circumstance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding? What is your opinion of that matter? So, in *Othello*, Act I. sc. iii.

"*How say you* by this change?"

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"*Speed*. But, Launce, *how say'st thou, that* my master is become a notable lover?

"*Launce*. I never knew him otherwise." MASON.

So, in *King Henry V.*:

"*How now* for mitigation of the bill
"Urg'd by the Commons?" MALONE.

7 *There's not* a one *of them*,] *A one* of them, however uncouth the phrase, signifies an individual. In *Albumazar*, 1615, the same expression occurs: "—Not *a one* shakes his tail, but I sigh out a passion." This avowal of the tyrant is authorized by Holinshed: "He had in every nobleman's house one slie fellow or other in fee with him to reveale all," &c. STEEVENS.

8 —*be* scann'd.] To *scan* is to examine nicely. STEEVENS.

9 *You lack the* season *of all natures, sleep*.] I take the meaning to be, *you want sleep*, which *seasons*, or gives the relish to, *all nature*. "*Indiget somni vitæ condimenti*." JOHNSON.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed[1]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter, from opposite sides, HECATE[2], *and the three* Witches.

1. *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecat'? you look angerly.
Hec.

This word is often used in this sense by our author. So, in *All's Well that ends well:* "'Tis the best brine a maiden can *season* her praise in." Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*, where, as in the present instance, the word is used as a substantive:

"And salt too little, which may *season* give
"To her foul tainted flesh."

An anonymous correspondent thinks the meaning is, "You stand in need of the time or season of sleep, which all natures require." MALONE.

[1] *We are yet but young* in deed.] The editions before Theobald read; *We are yet but young* indeed. JOHNSON.

The meaning is not ill explained by a line in *King Henry VI.* P. III. We are not, Macbeth would say,

"Made *impudent* with use of *evil deeds*."

The initiate fear, is the fear that always attends the first initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and insensible by frequent repetitions of it, or (as the poet says) by *hard use*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Enter*—Hecate,] Shakspeare has been censured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and, consequently, for confounding ancient with modern superstitions.—He has, however, authority for giving a mistress to the witches. *Delrio Disquis. Mag.* lib. ii quæst. 9. quotes a passage of *Apuleius, Lib. de Asino aureo:* "de quadam Caupona, *regina* Sagarum." And adds further:—"ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab iis hoc *titulo* honoratas." In consequence of this information, Ben Jonson, in one of his masques, has introduced a character which he calls a *Dame*, who presides at the meeting of the Witches:

"Sisters, stay; we want our *dame*."

The *dame* accordingly enters, invested with marks of superiority, and the rest pay an implicit obedience to her commands. Shakspeare is therefore blameable only for calling his presiding character Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety under any other title whatever. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare seems to have been unjustly censured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, book iii. c. 2, and c. 16, and book xii. c. 3, mentions it as the common

Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our art?
And, which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward ſon,
Spightful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron [3]
Meet me i'the morning; thither he
Will come to know his deſtiny.
Your veſſels, and your ſpells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide:
I am for the air; this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal and a fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound [4];
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

mon opinion of all writers, that witches were ſuppoſed to have nightly "meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods," and "that in the night-times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddeſs of the Pagans," &c.—Their dame or chief leader ſeems always to have been an old Pagan, as "the ladie Sibylla, Minerva, or *Diana*." TOLLET.

3 —*the pit of* Acheron—] Shakſpeare ſeems to have thought it allowable to beſtow the name of *Acheron* on any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly ſuppoſed to be a communication between this and the infernal world. The true original *Acheron* was a river in Greece; and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of *Amſanctus* in Italy. STEEVENS.

4 —*vaporous drop profound*;] That is, a drop that has *profound*, *deep*, or *hidden* qualities. JOHNSON.

This vaporous drop ſeems to have been meant for the ſame as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was ſuppoſed to ſhed on particular herbs, or other objects, when ſtrongly ſolicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Erictho uſing it; l. 6:

"——*et virus large* lunare *miniſtrat*." STEEVENS.

And

And that, diſtill'd by magick ſlights [5],
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As, by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion:
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortals' chiefeſt enemy.

SONG. [*within.*] *Come away, come away,* &c [6].

Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and ſtays for me. [*Exit.*

1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, *and another* Lord [7].

Len. My former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I ſay,
Things have been ſtrangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—

[5] —*ſlights,*] Arts; ſubtle practices. JOHNSON.

[6] *Come away,* &c.] Whether this ſong was compoſed by Shakſpeare, it is now impoſſible to determine. It is printed at length incorrectly in Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of this play, publiſhed in 1674, and alſo with ſome variations in an unpubliſhed play entitled *The Witch*, written by *Thomas Middleton*; from which D'Avenant appears to have tranſcribed it. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Article, MACBETH; Vol. I. MALONE.

[7] *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*] As this tragedy, like the reſt of Shakſpeare's, is perhaps overſtocked with perſonages, it is not eaſy to aſſign a reaſon why a nameleſs character ſhould be introduced here, ſince nothing is ſaid that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other diſaffected man. I believe therefore that in the original copy it was written, with a very common form of contraction, Lenox and An. for which the tranſcriber, inſtead of Lenox and Angus, ſet down Lenox and *another Lord.* The authour had indeed been more indebted to the tranſcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance. JOHNSON.

And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may ſay, if it pleaſe you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought[8], how monſtrous[9]
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not ſtraight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink, and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I ſay,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's ſons under his key,
(As, an't pleaſe heaven, he ſhall not,) they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father; ſo ſhould Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear,
Macduff lives in diſgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The ſon of Duncan[1],
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the Engliſh court; and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious Edward with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect: Thither Macduff is gone;
To pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of theſe, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;

[8] *Who cannot want the thought,*] The ſenſe requires—Who can want the thought—. Yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakſpeare is ſometimes incorrect in theſe *minutiæ*. MALONE.

[9] —*monſtrous*—] This word is here uſed as a triſyllable. MALONE.

[1] *The ſon of Duncan,*] Old Copy—*ſons*. MALONE.
Theobald corrected it. JOHNSON.

Free

Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives [2];
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours [3],
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate their king [4], that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd [5]!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;*] The construction is—Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives. Perhaps the words are transposed, and the line originally stood:

Our feasts and banquets free from bloody knives. MALONE.

[3] — *and receive* free *honours,*] *Free* may be either honours *freely bestowed,* not purchased by crimes; or honours *without slavery,* without dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON.

[4] — *their king,*] i. e. Macbeth. *Their* refers to the son of Duncan, and Macduff. Sir T. Hanmer reads unnecessarily, I think, *the* king. MALONE.

[5] — *to this our suffering country,*
Under a hand accurs'd!] The construction is,—to our country suffering under a hand accursed. MALONE.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.[6]

A dark Cave. In the middle, a cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd[7].
2. *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd[8].

6 SCENE I.] As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to observe, with how much judgment Shakspeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakspeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the spirit of one of those witches was Grimalkin; and when any mischief was

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7 *Thrice the brinded* cat *hath mew'd,*] A *cat* from time immemorial has been the agent and favourite of witches. This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps this: *When Galinthia was changed into a* cat *by the Fates, (says Antonius Liberalis,* Metam. *cap.* 29.*) by witches, (says Pausanias in his* Bœotics) Hecate *took pity of her, and made her priestess; in which office she continues to this day.* Hecate *herself too, when Typhon forced all the gods and goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the shape of a* cat. So, *Ovid:*

"Fele soror Phœbi latuit." WARBURTON.

8 *Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.*] Mr. Theobald reads: *Twice* and once, &c. and observes that odd numbers are used in all enchantments and magical operations. The remark is just, but the passage was misunderstood. The second Witch only repeats the number which the first had mentioned, in order to confirm what she had said; and then adds, that the *hedge-pig* had likewise cried, though but once. Or what seems more easy, the hedge-pig had whined *thrice*, and after an interval had whined once again.

Even numbers, however, were always reckoned inauspicious. So, in the *Honest Lawyer*, by S. S. 1616: "Sure 'tis not a lucky time; the first crow I heard this morning, cried *twice*. This *even*, sir, is no good number." *Twice and once*, however, might be a cant expression. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Silence says: "I have been merry *twice and once*, ere now." STEEVENS.

3 *Witch.*

3. *Witch.* Harper cries[9] :—'tis time, 'tis time[1].
1. *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go[2];
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.—

was to be done, ſhe uſed to bid Rutterkin *go and fly*. But once when ſhe would have ſent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the counteſs of Rutland, inſtead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from whence ſhe diſcovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not univerſal, but limited, as Shakſpeare has taken care to inculcate:

"Though his bark cannot be loſt,
"Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt."

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loſs of fleſh, which are threatned by one of Shakſpeare's witches:

"Weary ſev'n nights, nine times nine,
"Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."

It was likewiſe their practice to deſtroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to ſecure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they ſeem to have been moſt ſuſpected of malice againſt ſwine. Shakſpeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that ſhe has been *killing ſwine*; and Dr. Harſnet obſerves, that about that time, "*a ſow could not be ill of the meaſles, nor a girl of the ſullens, but ſome old woman was charg'd with witchcraft.*"

"Toad, that under the cold ſtone,
"Days and nights haſt thirty one
"Swelter'd venom ſleeping got,
"Boil thou firſt i'the charmed pot."

Toads have likewiſe long lain under the reproach of being by ſome means

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9 Harper *cries*:—] This is ſome imp, or familiar ſpirit, concerning whoſe etymology and office, the reader may be wiſer than the editor. Thoſe who are acquainted with Dr. Farmer's pamphlet, will be unwilling to derive the name of *Harper* from Ovid's *Harpalos*, ab ἁρπάζω rapio. See Upton's *Critical Obſervations*, &c. edit. 1748, p. 155. STEEVENS.

1 — *'tis time, 'tis time.*] This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments, but *cries*, i. e. gives them the ſignal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to her ſiſters:

Harper cries:—'tis time, 'tis time. STEEVENS.

2 *Round about the cauldron go*;] Milton has caught this image in his *Hymn on the Morning of Chriſt's Nativity*:

"In diſmal dance about the furnace blue." STEEVENS.

Toad, that under the cold ſtone[3],
Days and nights haſt[4] thirty one

means acceſſary to witchcraft, for which reaſon Shakſpeare, in the firſt ſcene of this play, calls one of the ſpirits Padocke or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad firſt into the pot. When Vaninus was ſeized at Tholouſe, there was found at his lodgings *ingens bufo vitro incluſus*, *a great toad ſhut in a vial*, upon which thoſe that proſecuted him *veneficium exprobrabant*, *charged him*, I ſuppoſe, *with witchcraft.*

"Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
"In the cauldron boil and bake:
"Eye of newt, and toe of frog;—
"For a charm, &c."

The propriety of theſe ingredients may be known by conſulting the books *de Viribus Animalium* and *de Mirabilibus Mundi*, aſcribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may diſcover very wonderful ſecrets.

"Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
"Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;"—

It has been already mentioned in the law againſt witches, that they are ſuppoſed to take up dead bodies to uſe in enchantments, which was confeſſed by the woman whom king James examined, and who had of a dead body that was divided in one of their aſſemblies, two fingers for her ſhare. It is obſervable that Shakſpeare, on this great occaſion which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumſtances of horrour. The babe, whoſe finger is uſed, muſt be ſtrangled in its birth; the greaſe muſt not only be human, but muſt have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the ſow, whoſe blood is uſed, muſt have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. Theſe are touches of judgment and genius.

"And now about the cauldron ſing,—
"Black ſpirits and white,
"Red ſpirits and grey,
"Mingle, mingle, mingle,
"You that mingle may."

And in a former part:

"—weird ſiſters, hand in hand,—
"Thus do go about, about;
"Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
"And thrice again, to make up nine!

Theſe

3 — the *cold ſtone*,] *The*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

4 *Days and nights* haſt —] Old Copy—*has*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

Swelter'd

Swelter'd venom [5] sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'the charmed pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble [6];
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
1. *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting [7],
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shewn, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilised natives of that country: "When any one gets a fall, *says the informer of Camden*, he starts up, and, *turning three times to the right*, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground, and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the east, west, north and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies, red, black, and white*." There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakspeare, describing, amongst other properties, the *colours* of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakspeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge. JOHNSON.

5 Swelter'd *venom*—] This word seems to be employ'd by Shakspeare to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exudations. So, in the twenty-second song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"And all the knights there dub'd the morning but before,
"The evening sun beheld there *swelter'd* in their gore."

In the old translation of Boccace's Novels, [1620] the following sentence also occurs: "—an huge and mighty *toad* even *weltering* (as it were) in *a boie full of poison*." STEEVENS.

6 *Double, double toil and trouble*;] As this was a very extraordinary incantation, they were to double their pains about it. I think, therefore, it should be pointed as I have pointed it:

Double, double toil and trouble;

otherwise the solemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence of the rhime. STEEVENS.

7 —blind-worm's *sting*,] The *blind-worm* is the *slow-worm*. So, Drayton in *Noah's Flood*:

"The small-ey'd *slow-worm* held of many *blind*." STEEVENS.

All.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3. *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf[8],
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark[9];
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse[1];
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips[2];
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tyger's chaudron[3],
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

8 —*maw, and gulf,*] The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat.* STEEVENS.

In the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, we have—"monstrous *mawes and gulfes.*" HENDERSON.

9 — ravin'd *salt-sea shark*;] *Ravin'd* is glutted with prey. *Ravin* is the ancient word for *prey obtain'd by violence.* So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 7:

"—— but a den for beasts of *ravin* made."

The same word occurs again in *Measure for Measure.* STEEVENS.

In *Measure for Measure* the *verb* is used: "Like rats that *ravin* down, &c. To *ravin*, according to Minsheu, is to *devour*, or *eat greedily*. See his DICT. 1617, in v. *To devour.* I believe, our author, with his usual licence, used *ravin'd* for *ravenous*, the passive participle for the adjective. Mr. Mason would read *ravin.* So, in *All's Well that ends well*, "— the *ravin* lion." MALONE.

1 Sliver'd *in the moon's eclipse*;] *Sliver* is a common word in the North, where it means *to cut a piece* or *a slice.* Again, in *K. Lear*:

"She who herself will *sliver* and disbranch." STEEVENS.

2 *Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips*;] These ingredients in all probability owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Saracens were held, on account of the *holy wars.* STEEVENS.

3 *Add thereto a tyger's* chaudron,] *Chaudron*, i. e. *entrails*; a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, I meet with a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaldron.* See also Mr. Pegge's *Forme of Cury, a roll of ancient English Cookery*, &c. octavo, 1780, p. 66. STEEVENS.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, *and other three* Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one ſhall ſhare i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in. [*Muſick.*

SONG[4].

Black ſpirits and white,
Red ſpirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs[5],
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

4 SONG.] Of this ſong only the firſt two words are found in the old copy of the play. The reſt was ſupplied from Betterton's or Sir W. Davenant's alteration of it in the year 1674. The ſong was however in all probability a traditional one. The colours of ſpirits are often mentioned. STEEVENS.

Reginald Scot in his *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, enumerating the different kinds of ſpirits, particularly mentions *white, black, grey,* and *red* ſpirits. See alſo a paſſage quoted from Camden, ante, p. 384, n. 4. This ſong is likewiſe found in *Middleton's* play, entitled *The Witch.* The modern editions, without authority, read—*Blue* ſpirits and grey. MALONE.

5 *By the pricking of my thumbs,* &c.] It is a very ancient ſuperſtition, that all ſudden pains of the body, and other ſenſations which could not naturally be accounted for, were preſages of ſomewhat that was ſhortly to happen. Hence Mr. Upton has explained a paſſage in the *Miles Glorioſus* of Plautus: "Timeo quod rerum geſſerim hic, ita *dorſus totus prurit.*" STEEVENS.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) anſwer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves [6]
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though caſtles topple [7] on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of nature's germins [8] tumble all together,
Even till deſtruction ſicken, anſwer me
To what I aſk you.

1. *Witch.* Speak.

2. *Witch.* Demand.

3. *Witch.* We'll anſwer.

1. *Witch.* Say, if thou'dſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters'?

Macb. Call them, let me ſee them.

1. *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, that's ſweaten

6 —*yeſty waves*] That is, *foaming* or *frothy waves.* JOHNSON.

7 *Though caſtles* topple—] *Topple* is uſed for *tumble.* So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, Act IV. ſc. iii:
"That I might pile up Charon's boat ſo full,
"Until it *topple* o'er." STEEVENS.

8 *Of nature's* germins—] This was ſubſtituted by Theobald for *nature's* germaine. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Lear*, Act III. ſc. ii:
"——all *germins* ſpill at once
"That make ungrateful man."
Germins are ſeeds which have begun to *germinate* or ſprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. STEEVENS.

From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show[9].

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed head rises[1].

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1. *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought[2].

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife[3].—Dismiss me:—Enough.
[*descends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright[4]:—But one word more:—

9 — deftly *show.*] i. e. with adroitness, dexterously. So, in the second part of *K. Edward IV.* by Heywood, 1626: "—my mistress speaks *deftly* and truly." *Deft* is a North Country word. STEEVENS.

[1] *An Apparition of an armed head rises.*] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head, cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane. This observation I have adopted from Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

Lord Howard, in his *Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, 1583, mentions "a notable example of a conjuror, who represented (as it were, in dumb show) all the persons who should possess the crown of France; and caused the king of Navarre, or rather a wicked spiritin his stead, to appear in the fifth place," &c. FARMER.

[2] —*say thou nought.*] Silence was necessary during all incantations. So, in Dr. *Faustus*, 1604:

"Your grace, demand no questions,—
"But in dumb *silence* let them come and go."

Again, in *the Tempest:*

"— be *mute*, or else our spell is marr'd." STEEVENS.

3 *Beware the thane of Fife.*] "—He had learned of certaine wizzards, in whose words he put great confidence, how that he ought to take heede of *Macduff*," &c. Holinshed. STEEVENS.

4 *Thou hast* harp'd *my fear aright:*] To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act II. sc. ult.

"*Harp* on that still." STEEVENS.

1. *Witch.*

1. *Witch* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the firſt.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody child riſes.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—.
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute: laugh to ſcorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth [5]. [*deſcends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of fate: thou ſhalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And ſleep in ſpight of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.

That riſes like the iſſue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of ſovereignty [6]?
All. Liſten, but ſpeak not to't.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunſinane-hill
Shall come againſt him [7]. [*deſcends.*

Macb.

[5] *Shall harm Macbeth.*] So Holinſhed:—"And ſurely hereupon he had put Macduff to death, but that a certeine witch, whom he had in great truſt, had told him, that he ſhould never be ſlaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquiſhed till the wood of Bernane came to the caſtell of Dunſinane. This prophecie put all feare out of his heart." STEEVENS.

[6] —*the round*
And top of ſovereignty?] The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that riſes above it. JOHNSON.

[7] ——————— *until*
Great Birnam wood to high Dunſinane-hill
Shall come againſt him.] Propheſies of apparent impoſſibilities were common in Scotland; ſuch as the removal of one place to another.

 Under

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest [8]; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never [9], till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfy'd: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

1. *Witch.* Shew! 2. *Witch.* Shew! 3. *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Under this popular prophetick formulary the present prediction may be ranked. In the same strain peculiar to his country, says Sir David Lindsay:

" Quhen the Bas and the Isle of May
" Beis set upon the Mount Sinay,
" Quhen the Lowmound besyde Falkland
" Be liftit to Northumberland—." WARTON.

8 *Who can impress the forest;*] i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impress'd. JOHNSON.

9 *Rebellious* head, *rise never,*] The old copy has—rebellious *dead.* MALONE.

We should read:—*Rebellious* head,—i. e. let rebellion never make head against me till a forest move, and I shall reign in safety. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald rightly observes, that *head* means *host*, or power.

" That Douglas and the English rebels met;—
" A mighty and a fearful *head* they are." *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

" My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
" Who first *rais'd head* against usurping Richard." JOHNSON.

Eight

Eight kings[1] *appear, and pass over the stage in order; the last, with a glass in his hand:* Banquo *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls[2]:—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former[3]:—Filthy hags!
Why do you shew me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom[4]?—
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—

1 *Eight kings—*] "It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, for having a legion of ghosts in it. One should imagine he either had not learned English, or had forgot his Latin; for the spirits of Banquo's line are no more ghosts, than the representations of the Julian race in the Æneid; and there is no ghost but Banquo's throughout the play." *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montague. STEEVENS.

2 *Thy crown does* sear *mine eye-balls:*] The expression of Macbeth, that the *crown* sears *his* eye-balls, is taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning bason before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *abacinare*, to *blind*. JOHNSON.

3 In former editions:

——— *and thy* hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—

A third is like the former:] As Macbeth expected to see a train of kings, and was only enquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be surprised that the *hair* of the second was *bound with gold* like that of the first; he was offended only that the second resembled the first, as the first resembled Banquo, and therefore said:

——— *and thy* air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

This Dr. Warburton has followed. JOHNSON.

In support of Dr. Johnson's emendation, it may be observed, that the common people (of which rank the person who recited these plays to the transcriber, probably was,) almost universally pronounce the word *air*, as if it were written *hair*, and *vice versa*. MALONE.

4 *— to the* crack *of doom?*] i. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification. It was anciently employ'd in a more exalted sense. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

"And will as fearless entertain this fight,
"As a good conscience doth the *cracks* of Jove." STEEVENS.

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs [5],
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry [6]:
Horrible ſight!—Now, I ſee, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo [7] ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this ſo?

5 *And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,*] This method of juggling prophecy is again referred to in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. ſc. vii:

" —— and like a prophet,
" Looks in a *glaſs*, and ſhews me *future evils*."

So, in an *Extract from the Penal Laws againſt Witches*, it is ſaid, that "they do anſwer either by voice, or elſe do ſet before their eyes in *glaſſes*, chryſtal ſtones, &c. the pictures or images of the *perſons* or things ſought for." Among the other knaveries with which Face taxes Subtle in the *Alchemiſt*, this ſeems to be one:

" And taking in of ſhadows with a *glaſs*."

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of ſatires, no date:

" Shew you the devil in a *chryſtal glaſs*."

Spenſer has given a very circumſtantial account of the *glaſs* which Merlin made for king Ryence, in the ſecond canto of the third book of the *Faery Queen*. A *mirror* of the ſame kind was preſented to *Cambuſcan* in the *Squiers Tale* of Chaucer. STEEVENS.

6 *That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry:*] This was intended as a compliment to king James the firſt, who firſt united the two iſlands and the three kingdoms under one head; whoſe houſe too was ſa[id] to be deſcended from Banquo. WARBURTON.

Of this laſt particular, our poet ſeems to have been thoroughly aware, having repreſented Banquo not only as an innocent, but as a noble character; whereas, according to hiſtory, he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakſpeare, however, is not more groſs than that of Ben Jonſon, who has condeſcended to quote his majeſty's book on *Dæmonology*, in the notes to the *Maſque of Queens*, 1609. STEEVENS.

7 —*the* blood-bolter'd *Banquo*—] *Blood-bolter'd* means one whoſe blood hath iſſued out at many wounds, as flour of corn paſſes through the holes of a ſieve. Shakſpeare uſed it to inſinuate the barbarity of Banquo's murderers, who covered him with wounds. WARBURTON.

The ſame idea occurs in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" Then ſtab him, till his fleſh be as a *ſieve*."

Again, in the *Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

" I'll have my body firſt bored like a *ſieve*." STEEVENS.

1. *Witch*,

1. *Witch.* Ay, ſir, all this is ſo;—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, ſiſters, cheer we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a ſound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Muſick. The* Witches *dance, and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurſed in the calendar[8]!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird ſiſters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all thoſe that truſt them!—I did hear
The galloping of horſe: Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits[9]:
The flighty purpoſe never is o'er-took,
Unleſs the deed go with it: From this moment,

[8] *Stand aye accurſed in the calendar!*] In the ancient almanacks the unlucky days were diſtinguiſhed by a mark of reprobation. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

" —— henceforth let it ſtand
" Within the wizard's book, the *kalender*,
" *Mark'd with a marginal finger*, to be choſen,
" By thieves, by villains, and black murderers." STEEVENS.

[9] *Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:*] To *anticipate* is here to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity. JOHNSON.

The

The very firstlings [1] of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line [2]. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fife. *A Room in* Macduff's *Castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her son, and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Rosse. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch [3]: for the poor wren [4],
The

[1] *The very* firstlings—] *Firstlings* in its primitive sense is the first produce or offspring. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613: "The *firstlings* of their vowed sacrifice." Here it means the thing first thought or done. Shakspeare uses the word again in the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida:*

"Leaps o'er the vant and *firstlings* of these broils." STEEVENS.

[2] *That* trace *him*, &c.] i. e. follow, succeed him. STEEVENS.

[3] —*natural touch*:] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

So, in an ancient Ms. play, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*:
"—— How she's beguil'd in him!
"There's no such *natural touch*, search all his bosom."
STEEVENS.

4 —*the*

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season[5]. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves[6]; when we hold rumour
From what we fear[7], yet know not what we fear;
But

4 —*the poor wren*, &c.] The same thought occurs in the third part of *King Henry VI*:

" —doves will peck, in safety of their brood.
" Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
" Which sometimes they have us'd in fearful flight)
" Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
" Offering their own lives in their young's defence?" STEEV.

5 *The fits of the season.*] The *fits of the season* should appear to be, from the following passage in *Coriolanus*, the *violent disorders* of the season, its *convulsions*:

" ——— but that
" The *violent fit* o'th' times craves it as physick." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is,—what is most *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture. ANONYMOUS.

6 —— *when we are traitors,*
And do not know *ourselves*;] i. e. when we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are *unconscious* of guilt: when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to *know ourselves*. MALONE.

7 —*when we hold rumour*
From what we fear,] *To hold rumour* signifies to be governed by the authority of rumour. WARBURTON.

I rather think to *hold* means in this place, to *believe*; as we say, *I hold such a thing to be true*, i. e. *I take it, I believe it to be so*. Thus, in *K. Henry VIII*:

" ——— Did you not of late days hear, &c.
" 1. *Gen.* Yes, but *held* it not."

The sense of the whole passage will then be: *The times are cruel when our fears induce us to believe, or take for granted, what we hear rumour'd or reported abroad; and yet at the same time, as we live under a tyrannical*

But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* ROSSE.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead [8];
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

tyrannical government where will *is substituted for* law, *we know not what we have to fear, because we know not when we offend.* Or: *When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which we should be disturbed with those fears.* A passage like this occurs in *K. John:*

"Possess'd with *rumours*, full of idle dreams,
"*Not knowing what they fear*, but full of fear."

This is the best I can make of the passage. STEEVENS.

8 Sirrah, *your father's dead*;] *Sirrah* in our author's time was not a term of reproach, but generally used by masters to servants, parents to children, &c. So before, in this play, Macbeth says to his servant:

"*Sirrah*, a word with you: Attend these men our pleasure?"

MALONE.

L. Macd.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit; and yet i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one that does ſo, is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honeſt men.

Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools: for there are liars and ſwearers enough to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'ſt!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect [9].
I doubt, ſome danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too ſavage;
To do worſe to you, were fell cruelty [1],

Which

9 —*in your ſtate of honour I am* perfect.] i. e. I am *perfectly acquainted* with your rank of honour. So, in the old book *that treateth of the Lyfe of Virgil*, &c. bl. l. no date: "—which when Virgil ſaw, he looked in his boke of negromancy, wherein he was *perfit*." STEEV.

1 *To do* worſe *to you were fell cruelty*,] To do *worſe* is, to let her and her children be deſtroyed without warning. JOHNSON.

Mr.

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Messenger.
L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter certain Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain[2].
Mur. What, you egg? [*stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Mr. Edwards explains these words differently. "*To do worse to you* (says he) signifies,—to fright you more, by relating all the circumstances of your danger; which would detain you so long that you could not avoid it." The meaning, however, may be, *To do worse to you*, not to disclose to you the perilous situation you are in, from a foolish apprehension of alarming you, would be fell cruelty. Or the messenger may only mean, to do more than *alarm* you by this disagreeable intelligence,—to do you any actual and bodily harm, were fell cruelty. MALONE.

[2] —shag-ear'd *villain.*] Perhaps we should read *shag-hair'd*, for is an abusive epithet very often used in our ancient plays. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. II. 1630: "—a *shag-haired* cur." Again, in our author's *K. Henry VI.* P. II: "—like a *shag-hair'd* crafty kern." Again, in the spurious play of *K. Leir*, 1605:

"There she had set a *shag-hayr'd* murdering wretch." STEEV.

This emendation appears to me extremely probable. In *K. John*, Act V. we find "un*hear'd* sauciness," for "un*hair'd* sauciness:" and we have had in this play *hair* instead of *air*. These two words, and the word *ear*, were all, I believe, in the time of our author, pronounced alike. See a note on VENUS AND ADONIS, p. 411, n. 1; and p. 456, n. 5, edit. 1780, octavo.

Hair was formerly written *heare*. Hence perhaps the mistake. So, in Ives's SELECT PAPERS, *chiefly relating to English Antiquities*, N°. 3, p. 133: "—and in her *heare* a circlet of gold richely garnished." However, as flap-*ear'd* is used as an epithet of contempt in the *Taming of the Shrew*, the old copy may be right. MALONE.

Son.

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies. Exit* L. Macduff, *crying murder, and pursued by the murderers.*

SCENE III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter Malcolm, *and* Macduff [3].

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd.

3 *Enter* Malcolm *and* Macduff.] The part of Holinshed's *Chronicle*, which relates to this play, is no more than an abridgement of John Bellenden's translation of the *Noble Clerk, Hector Boece*, imprinted at Edinburgh, 1541. For the satisfaction of the reader, I have inserted the words of the first mentioned historian, from whom this scene is almost literally taken: "Though Malcolme was verie sorrowfull for the oppression of his countriemen the Scots, in manner as Makduffe had declared, yet doubting whether he was come as one that ment unfeinedlie as he spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to betraie him, he thought to have some further triall, and thereupon dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth:

" I am trulie verie sorie for the miserie chanced to my countrie of Scotland; but though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason of certaine incurable vices, which reigne in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensualitie (the abhominable fountaine of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I should seek to defloure your maids and matrones, in such wise that mine intemperancie should be more importable unto you than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is. Hereunto Makduffe answered: This surelie is a verie euil fault, for manie noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdomes for the same, neverthelesse there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsell. Make thy selfe king, and I shall conveie the matter so wiselie, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise, that no man shall be aware thereof.

" Then said Malcolme, I am also the most avaritious creature in the earth, so that if I were king, I should seeke so manie waies to get lands and goods, that I would slea the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by surmized accusations, to the end I might injoy their lands, goods and possessions; and therefore to shew you what mischiefe may insue on you through mine unsatiable covetousnes, I will rehearse unto you a fable. There was a fox having a sore place on him overset with a swarme of flies, that continuallie sucked out hir bloud: and when one that

came

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride

came by and saw this manner, demanded whether she would have the flies driven beside hir, she answered no; for if these flies that are alreadie full, and by reason thereof sucke not verie eagerlie, should be chased awaie, other that are emptie and fellie an hungred, should light in their places, and sucke out the residue of my bloud farre more to my greevance than these, which now being satisfied doo not much annoie me. Therefore, saith Malcolme, suffer me to remaine where I am, lest if I atteine to the regiment of your realme, mine unquenchable avarice may proove such, that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieve you, should seem easie in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might insue through my comming amongst you.

" Makduffe to this made answer, how it was a far woorse fault than the other: for avarice is the root of all mischiefe, and for that crime the most part of our kings have been slaine, and brought to their finall end. Yet notwithstanding follow my counsell, and take upon thee the crowne. There is gold and riches inough in Scotland to satisfie thy greedie desire. Then said Malcolme again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings, and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturallie rejoise in nothing so much, as to betraie and deceive such as put anie trust or confidence in my woords. Then sith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those faire and noble vertues which are comprehended onelie in soothfastnesse, and that lieng utterlie overthroweth the same, you see how unable I am to governe anie province or region: and therefore sith you have remedies to cloke and hide all the rest of my other vices, I praie you find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue.

" Then said Makduffe: This yet is the woorst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore saie; Oh ye unhappie and miserable Scotishmen, which are thus scourged with so manie and sundrie calamities ech one above other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you, without anie right or title, oppressing you with his most bloudie crueltie. This other that hath the right to the crowne, is so replet with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing woorthie to injoy it: for by his owne confession he is not onelie avaritious and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withall, that no trust is to be had unto anie woord he speaketh. Adieu Scotland, for now I account my selfe a banished man for ever, without comfort or consolation: and with those woords the brackish tears trickled downe his cheekes verie abundantlie.

" At the last, when he was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke him by the sleeve, and said: Be of good comfort, Makduffe, for I have none of these vices before remembred, but have jested with thee in this manner,

Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom[4]: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend[5], I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me[6]: and wisdom *
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

ner, onlie to prove thy mind: for divers times heretofore Makbeth sought by this manner of means to bring me into his hands," &c. Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 175. STEEVENS.

4 *Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom:*] The old copy has—*downfall.* Corrected by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution. So Falstaff says to Hal: "—if thou see me down in the battle, and *bestride me*, so."

Birthdom for *birthright* is formed by the same analogy with *masterdom* in this play, signifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *master*. JOHNSON.

In the second part of *K. Henry IV.* Morton says,

"he doth *bestride a bleeding land.*" STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 245, n. 9. MALONE.

5 —*to* friend,] i. e. to *befriend*. STEEVENS.

6 *You may* deserve *of him through me:*] The old copy reads—*discerne.* The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who supports it by Macduff's answer—"I am not treacherous." MALONE.

* —*and wisdom*—] That is, and '*tis* wisdom. HEATH.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge [7]. But I ſhall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe:
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace [8],
Yet grace muſt ſtill look ſo.

Macd. I have loſt my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs [9] left you wife, and child,
(Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties:—You may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dares not check thee [1]! wear thou thy wrongs [2],
Thy title is affear'd [3]!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would

[7] *A good and virtuous nature may recoil In an imperial charge.*] A good mind may *recede* from goodneſs in the execution of a *royal commiſſion*. JOHNSON.

[8] *Though all things foul* &c.] This is not very clear. The meaning perhaps is this:—*My ſuſpicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by ſuppoſing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not ſay that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue muſt wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villany.* JOHNSON.

[9] *Why in that rawneſs*—] Without previous proviſion, without due preparation, without *maturity* of counſel. JOHNSON.

I meet with this expreſſion in Lilly's *Euphues*, 1580, and in the quarto 1608, of *K. Henry V*:

"Some their wives *rawly* left." STEEVENS.

[1] *For goodneſs* dares *not check thee!*] The old copy reads—*dare*. Corrected in the third folio. MALONE.

[2] — *wear thou thy wrongs,*] That is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs*. JOHNSON.

[3] Thy *title is* affeard!] *Affeard*, a law term for confirm'd. POPE.

The old copy reads—*The* title. The modern editors—*his* title. For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. *The* was, I conceive, the tranſcriber's miſtake, from the ſimilar ſounds of *the* and *thy*, which are frequently pronounced alike. See p. 407, n. 2.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs! Thy title* is

I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils, to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious [4], smacking of every sin

to them is now fully established by law. Or perhaps he addresses Malcolm. Continue to endure tamely the wrongs you suffer: thy just title to the throne is *cow'd*, has not spirit to establish itself. MALONE.

Throughout the ancient editions of Shakspeare the word *afraid* is written as it was formerly pronounced, *afeard*. The old copy reads—*The* title &c. i. e. the regal title is afraid to assert itself. STEEVENS.

If we read, *The* title is *affeer'd*, the meaning may be:—Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs, *the title to them is legally settled by those who had the final judication of it. Affeerers* had the power of confirming or moderating fines and amerciaments. TOLLET.

4 Sudden, *malicious,*] *Sudden* is violent, passionate, hasty. JOHNSON.

That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust[5]: and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;

[5] *Than summer-*seeming *lust:*] Summer-*seeming* lust, is, I suppose, lust that seems as hot as summer. STEEVENS.

Read—summer-*feeding*. The allusion is to plants; and the sense is, "Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays." BLACKSTONE.

Summer-*seeming* is, I believe, the true reading. In Donne's poems, we meet with "winter-*seeming*." MALONE.

Scotland

Scotland hath foysons [6] to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are 'portable [7],
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth [8].

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

6 —*foysons*—] Plenty. POPE.
It means *provisions* in plenty. The word was antiquated in the time of Cartwright, [1643,] and is by him put into the mouth of an antiquary. *Foison* is pure French. STEEVENS.

7 *All these are* 'portable,] *Portable* is, perhaps, here used for *supportable*. All these vices, being balanced by your virtues, may be *endured*. MALONE.

8 — *Nay, had I power, I should*
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.] Malcolm, I think, means to say, that if he had ability, he would change the general state of things, and introduce into hell, and earth, perpetual vexation, uproar, and confusion. *Hell*, in its natural state, being always represented as full of *discord* and mutual enmity, in which its inhabitants may be supposed to take the greatest delight, he proposes as the severest stroke on them, to pour the *sweet milk of concord* among them, so as to render them peaceable and quiet, a state the most adverse to their natural disposition; while on the other hand he would throw the peaceable inhabitants of earth into uproar and confusion.

Perhaps, however, this may be thought too strained an interpretation. Malcolm, indeed, may only mean, that he will pour *all* that *milk of human kindness*, which is so beneficial to mankind, into the abyss, so as to leave the earth without any portion of it; and that by thus depriving mankind of those humane affections which are so necessary to their mutual happiness, he will throw the whole world into confusion. I believe, however, the former interpretation to be the true one.

In King James's first speech to his parliament, in March 1603-4, he says, that he had "suck'd the *milk* of God's *truth* with the milk of his nurse." MALONE.

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miſerable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-ſcepter'd,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome days again?
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurs'd,
And does blaſpheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd [9]. Fare thee well!
Theſe evils, thou repeat'ſt upon thyſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from Scotland.—O, my breaſt,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh Macbeth
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his power; and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte [1]: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forſworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No leſs in truth, than life: my firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon myſelf: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:

[9] *Dy'd ev'ry day ſhe liv'd.*] The expreſſion is borrowed from the ſacred writings: "I proteſt, by your rejoicing which I have in Chriſt Jeſus, *I die daily*." MALONE.

To *die* unto *ſin*, and to *live* unto *righteouſneſs*, are phraſes uſed in our liturgy. STEEVENS.

[1] *From over-credulous haſte:*] From over-haſty credulity. MALONE.

Whither,

Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach[2],
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point[3], was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel[4]! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?
Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces[5]
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.
Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit* Doctor.
Macd. What's the disease he means?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,

2 — thy *here-approach*,] The old copy has—*they* here. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

3 ——— *ten thousand warlike men,*
All ready at a point,] So, in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. I. C. 2:
"A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd *to point*." MALONE.

4 —*And the* chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel!] That is, may the event be, of the goodness of heaven, [*pro justitia divina*,] answerable to the cause.

The author of the *Revisal* conceives the sense of the passage to be rather this: *And may the success of that goodness, which is about to exert itself in my behalf, be such as may be equal to the justice of my quarrel.*

But I am inclined to believe that Shakspeare wrote:
——— *and the chance, O goodness,*
Be like our warranted quarrel!—
This some of his transcribers wrote with a small *o*, which another imagined to mean *of*. If we adopt this reading, the sense will be: *And, O thou sovereign Goodness, to whom we now appeal, may our fortune answer to our cause.* JOHNSON.

5 —*convinces*] i. e. overpowers, subdues. See p. 310, n. 2. STEEVENS.

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures *;
Hanging a golden stamp[5] about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction[6]. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

* — *he cures*;] It has been said, that "the miraculous gift of curing the *evil* was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the *cramp*." But this is a mistake. Laneham in his *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, in 1575, says that Queen Elizabeth, while she was there, cured nine persons "of the peynful and dangerous disease called the *Kings Evil*, for that kings and queens of this realm without oother medsin, save only by handling and prayer, only doo it." So also, (as Mr. Reed has observed) Andrew Borde, who wrote in the time of Henry VIII. says, in his *Introduction to Knowledge*, 1542, "the kynges of England, by the power that God hath given them, doth make sick men whole of a sycknes called the *Kynge's Evill*." MALONE.

5 — a *golden stamp* &c.] This was the coin called an *angel*. So, Shakspeare, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*
"*Stamped in gold*, but that's insculp'd upon."

The value of the coin was ten shillings. STEEVENS.

6 ———— *and 'tis spoken,*
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction.] Dr. Warburton here invents an objection, in order to solve it. "The Confessor (says he) was the *first* who pretended to this gift: how then could it be at that time generally spoken of, that the gift was *hereditary*? This he [Shakspeare] has solved, by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it."—But Shakspeare does not say, that it was hereditary in Edward, or, in other words, that he had inherited this extraordinary power from his *ancestors*; but that "it was generally *spoken*, that he *leaves* the healing benediction to *succeeding* kings:" and such a rumour there might be in the time of Edward the Confessor, (supposing he had such a gift,) without his having the gift of prophecy along with it.

Shakspeare has merely transcribed what he found in Holinshed, without the conceit which Dr. Warburton has imputed to him: "As hath beene thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophesie, and also to have had the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to helpe those that were vexed with the disease commonlie called the King's evil, and *left that virtue* as it were *a portion of inheritance unto his successors*, the *kings* of this realme." Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 195. MALONE.

Enter

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman[6]; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle coufin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us ftrangers!
Roffe. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Roffe. Alas, poor country;
Almoft afraid to know itfelf! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once feen to fmile;
Where fighs, and groans, and fhrieks that rent the air[7],
Are made, not mark'd; where violent forrow feems
A modern ecftacy[8]; the dead man's knell
Is there fcarce afk'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they ficken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the neweft grief?
Roffe. That of an hour's age doth hifs the fpeaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Roffe. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Roffe. Well too.

[6] *My countryman*;] Malcolm difcovers Roffe to be his countryman, while he is yet at fome diftance from him, by his drefs. This circumftance lofes its propriety on our ftage, as all the characters are uniformly reprefented in Englifh habits. STEEVENS.

[7] —*that rent the air*,] i. e. that *rend*. So, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597:
"While with his fingers he his haire doth *rent*." MALONE.
To *rent* is an ancient verb which has been long ago difufed. STEEV.

[8] *A* modern *ecftacy*;] *Modern* is *foolifh* or *trifling*. JOHNSON.
Modern is generally ufed by Shakfpeare to fignify *trite*, *common*; as "*modern* inftances," in *As you like it*, &c. &c. STEEVENS.
See Vol. III. p. 163, n. 5.—*Ecftacy*, is ufed by Shakfpeare for a temporary alienation of mind. MALONE.

Macd.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses [9].
Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them [1].
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief [2],
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

9 *To* doff &c.] To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. STEEVENS.

1 —*should not* latch *them*.] To *latch* any thing, is to lay hold of it. So, in the prologue to Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, 1554:
" Hereof for that thei wolden *lache*
" With such duresse, &c."
To *latch*, (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*. STEEVENS.

2 —*fee-grief*,] A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh. JOHNSON.
So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:
" My woeful self that did in freedom stand,
" And was my own *fee-simple*." MALONE.

Rosse

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer [3],
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows [4];
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak [5],
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children [6].—All my pretty ones?
Did

3 *Were, on the* quarry *of these murder'd deer,*] *Quarry* is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both sports it means either the game that is pursued, or the game after it is killed. STEEVENS.

4 *—ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;*] The same thought occurs in the ancient ballad of *Northumberland betrayed by Douglas*;

"*He pulled his hatt over his browe,*
"And in his heart he was full woe," &c.

Again:

"Jamey *his hatt pull'd over his brow,*" &c. STEEVENS.

5 *—the grief that does not speak,*]
"*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*" STEEVENS.

6 *He has no children.*] It has been observed by an anonymous critick, that this is not said of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who having none, supposes a father can be so easily comforted. JOHNSON.

He has no children.] The meaning of this may be, either that Macduff could not by retaliation revenge the murder of his children, because Macbeth had none himself; or that if he had any, a father's feelings for a father, would have prevented him from the deed. I know not
from

Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop [6]?
Mal. Dispute it like a man [7].
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission [8]; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;

from what passage we are to infer that Macbeth had children alive. The Chronicle does not, as I remember, mention any. The same thought occurs again in *K. John*:

"He talks to me, that *never had a son*."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"You have *no children*: butchers, if you had,
"The thought of them would have stir'd up remorse."

STEEVENS.

Surely the latter of the two interpretations offered by Mr. Steevens is the true one, supposing these words to relate to Macbeth.

The passage, however, quoted from *King John*, seems in favour of the supposition that these words relate to Malcolm.

That Macbeth had children at some period, appears from what Lady Macbeth says in the first act: "I have given suck," &c. MALONE.

6 *At one fell* swoop?] *Swoop* is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry. It is frequently, however, used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, to express the swift descent of rivers. STEEVENS.

7 *Dispute it like a man.*] i. e. contend with your present sorrow like a man. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV. sc. iii.

"For though my soul *disputes* well with my sense," &c.

STEEVENS.

8 *Cut short all* intermission;] i. e. *all pause, all intervening time.* So, in *King Lear*:

"Delivered letters, spight of *intermission*." STEEVENS.

Within

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven, forgive him too[9]!

Mal. This tune[1] goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments[2]. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor *of physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and

9 —— *if he 'scape,*
Heaven, forgive him too!] The meaning, I believe, is, if heaven be so unjust as to let him escape my vengeance, I am content that it should proceed still further in its injustice, and to impunity in this world add forgiveness hereafter. MALONE.

1 *This tune*—] The folio reads: This *time*. *Tune* is Rowe's emendation. STEEVENS.

The emendation is supported by a former passage in this play, where the word is used in a similar manner:
"*Macb.* Went it not so?
"*Banq.* To the self-same *tune* and words." MALONE.

2 Put on *their instruments.*] i. e. encourage, thrust forward us their instruments against the tyrant. STEEVENS.

other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense are shut [3].

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two [4] Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky [5]!—Fie my

[3] *Ay, but their sense are shut.*] So the old copy, and so the author certainly wrote, though it sounds very harshly to our ears. So again in his 112th Sonnet:

"In so profound abysm I throw all care
"Of others' voices, that my adder's *sense*
"To critick and to flatterer stopped *are.*" MALONE.

[4] *One; Two;*] Macbeth does not, previously to the murder, mention the hour at which Lady Macbeth is to strike upon the bell, which was to be the signal for his going into Duncan's chamber to execute his wicked purpose; but it seems that Lady Macbeth is now thinking of the moment when she rang the bell; and that two o'clock was the hour when the deed was perpetrated. This agrees with the scene that immediately precedes the murder, but not with that which follows it. See p. 338, n. 2. MALONE.

[5] *—Hell is murky!—*] Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when

my lord, fie! a soldier, and afear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? —Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him[6]?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have

when awake. She therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes) has just said, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? This explanation, I think, gives a spirit to the passage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being perhaps misapprehended by those who placed a full point at the conclusion of it. STEEVENS.

Murky is *dark*. So *Holinshed*: "—the battle lasted, till that *mirke* night parted them in sunder." MALONE.

6 —*who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?*] Statius, in a passage already quoted, speaking of the sword by which an old man was slain, calls it *egentem sanguinis ensem*; and Ovid, (Met. l. 7.) describing a wound inflicted on a superannuated ram, has the same circumstance:

——guttura cultro
Fodit, et *exiguo* maculavit *sanguine* ferrum. STEEVENS.

known

known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate[7]. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady* Macbeth.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good-night:
My mind she has mated[8], and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

7 *To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.*] Lady Macbeth in her sleep is talking of Duncan's murder, and recalls to her mind the circumstance of the knocking at the gate just after it. A. C.

8 *My mind she has mated,*] Astonished, confounded. JOHNSON.

The expression is taken from *chess-playing*:

"——— woman,
"Worse than Medusa *mateth* all our minds."

Orlando Furioso, by R. Greene, 1599.

"Not mad, but *mated.*" *Comedy of Errors.* STEEVENS.

Our author, as well as his contemporaries, seems to have used the word as explained by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Pope supposes *mated* to mean here *conquered* or *subdued*; but that clearly is not the sense annexed to it by Shakspeare; though the etymology, supposing the expression to be taken from *chess playing*, might favour such an interpretation. "Cum sublatis gregariis agitur regis de vita et fortunâ, sic cum nulla est elabendi via, nullum subterfugium, qui *vicit*, MATE, inquit, quasi *matado*, i. e. occisus, killed, a *matar*, [Hispan.] occidere." Minsheu's DICT. in v. *Mate.* MALONE.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward[9], and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man[1].
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths[2], that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel

[9] *His uncle Siward,*] "Duncan had two sons (says Holinshed) by his wife, who was the daughter of *Siward, earl of Northumberland.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *Excite the* mortified *man.*] He who has subdued his passions, is *dead* to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Ascetic.* WARBURTON.

So, in Greene's *Never too late,* 1616: "I perceived in the words of the hermit the perfect idea of a *mortified man.*" Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost,* Act I. sc. i:
"My loving lord Dumain is *mortified*;
"The grosser manner of this world's delights
"He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves," &c.
STEEVENS.

[2] *— unrough youths,*] An odd expression. It means smooth-faced, unbearded. STEEVENS.

His ſecret murders ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.

Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itſelf, for being there [3]?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin [4] of the ſickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower [5], and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.

Dunſinane. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports [6]; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunſinane,

3 *When all that is within him does condemn Itſelf, for being there?*] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in ſelf-condemnation. JOHNSON.

4 —*the medecin*—] i. e. phyſician. Shakſpeare uſes this word in the feminine gender where Lafeu ſpeaks of Helen in *All's Well that ends well*; and Florizel, in the *Winter's Tale*, calls Camillo "the medecin of our houſe." STEEVENS.

5 *To* dew *the ſovereign flower,* &c.] This uncommon verb occurs in *Look about you,* 1600:

"*Dewing* your princely hand with [illegible]s tears."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen,* b. iv. c. 8:

"*Dew'd* with her drops of bounty ſoveraigne." STEEVENS.

6 *Bring me no more reports;* &c.] *Tell me not any more of deſertions:—Let all my ſubjects leave me:—I am ſafe till,* &c. JOHNSON.

I [illegible]not

I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures [8]:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt [9], nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon [1]!
Where got'st thou that goose look [2]?

8 —*English epicures:*] The reproach of epicurism, on which Mr. Theobald has bestowed a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, against those who have more opportunities of luxury. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare took the thought from Holinshed, p. 180, of his *History of Scotland:* "For manie of the people abhorring the riotous manners and superfluous gormandizing brought in among them by the Englyshemen, were willing inough to receive this Donald for their king, trusting (because he had beene brought up in the Isles, with the old customes and manners of their antient nation, without tast of *English likerous delicats*)," &c. The same historian informs us, that in those ages the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very sparingly. It appears from Dr. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that the natives had neither *kail* nor *brogues*, till they were taught the arts of planting the one, and making the other, by the soldiers of Cromwell; and yet King James VI. in his seventh parliament thought it necessary to form an act "against superfluous banqueting." STEEVENS.

9 *Shall never* sagg *with doubt,*] To *sagg* is to fluctuate, to waver. So, in the 16th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"This said, the aged Street *sagg'd* sadly on alone."

Drayton is speaking of a river. STEEVENS.

To *sag*, or *swag*, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload. See Junius's *Etymologicon*. It is common in Staffordshire to say, "a beam in a building *sags*, or has *sagged*." TOLLET.

So, in *Wits, Fits and Fancies*, 1614: "He tooke exceptions to the traveller's bag, which he wore *sagging* down his belly before." MALONE.

1 —*loon!*] At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow. K. Stephen, in the old song, called his taylor, *loon*. STEEVENS.

2 *Where got'st thou that* goose *look?*] So, in *Coriolanus:*

"——— Ye souls of *geese*,
"That bear the shape of men, how have ye run
"From slaves that apes would beat?" MALONE.

Ser. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy[3]. What soldiers, patch[4]?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear[5]. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life[6]
Is fall'n into the sear[7], the yellow leaf:

And

[3] —*lilly liver'd boy.*] Chapman thus translates a passage in the 20th Iliad:

"—his sword that made a vent for his *white liver's blood*,
"*That caus'd such pitiful effects*—."

Again, Falstaff says, in the second part of *K. Henry IV*: "—left the liver *white and pale*, which is the badge of *pusillanimity and cowardice*." STEEVENS.

[4] —*patch?*] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *py'd*, *patch'd*, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families. STEEVENS.

[5] —*those linen cheeks of thine*
Are counsellors *to fear.*] The meaning is, they infect others who see them, with cowardice. WARBURTON.

[6] *I have liv'd long enough: my* way *of life*
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf: &c.] The meaning of this contested passage, I think, is this. I have lived long enough. In the course or progress of life, I am arrived at that period when the body begins to decay; I have reached the autumn of my days. Those comforts which ought to accompany old age, (to compensate for the infirmities naturally attending it,) I have no title to expect; but on the contrary, the curses of those I have injured, and the hollow adulation of mortified dependants. I have lived long enough. It is time for me to retire.

A passage in one of our author's Sonnets (quoted by Mr. Steevens in a subsequent note) may prove the best comment on the present:

"*That time of year* in *me* thou may'st behold,
"When *yellow leaves* or none or few do hang
"Upon those boughs, which shake against the cold,
"Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

Are not these lines almost a paraphrase on the contested [illegible] the

And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must

passage before us?—He who could say that you might behold the *autumn in him*, would not scruple to write, that *he* was fallen into the autumn of his days (i. e. into that decay which always accompanies autumn); and how easy is the transition from this to saying that "the *course or progress of his life* had reached the autumnal season?" which is all that is meant by the words of the text, "My way of life," &c.

The using "the sear, the yellow leaf," simply and absolutely for *autumn*, or rather *autumnal decay*, because in autumn the leaves of trees turn yellow, and begin to fall and decay, is certainly a licentious mode of expression; but it is such a licence as may be found in almost every page of our author's works. It would also have been more natural for Macbeth to have said, that, in the course or progress of life, *he* had arrived at his autumn, than to say, that the course of his life itself had fallen into autumn or decay; but this too is much in Shakspeare's manner. With respect to the word *fallen*, which at first view seems a very singular expression, I strongly suspect that he caught it from the language of conversation, in which we at this day often say that this or that person is "*fallen into a decay*;" a phrase that might have been current in his time also. It is the very idea here conveyed. Macbeth is *fallen into his* autumnal *decline*.

In *King Henry VIII.* the word *way* seems to signify, as in the present passage, *course* or *tenour:*

"The *way* of our profession is against it."

And in *K. Richard II.* "*the fall of leaf*" is used, as in the passage before us, simply and absolutely for *bodily decay:*

"He who hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
"Hath now himself met with *the fall of leaf*."

When a passage can be thus easily explained, and the mode of expression is so much in our poet's general manner, surely any attempt at emendation is not only unnecessary, but dangerous. However, as a reading which was originally proposed by Dr. Johnson, and has been adopted in the modern editions, "—my *May* of life," has many favourers, I shall add a word or two on that subject.

By this "*May* of life having fallen into the yellow leaf," that is, into autumn, we must understand that Macbeth means either, that being in reality young, he is, in consequence of his cares, arrived at a *premature* old age;—or that he means simply to assert, that in the progress of life he has passed from May or youth to autumn or old age; in other words, that he is now an old man, or at least near being one.

If the first interpretation be maintained, it is sufficient to say, (I use the words of my friend Mr. Flood, whose ingenious comment on this passage I published some years ago,) that "Macbeth, when he speaks th[illegible], is *not youthful*. He is contemporary to Banquo who is ad-

I muſt not look to have; but, in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleaſure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my fleſh be hack'd.—
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horſes, ſkirr the country round[8]:
Hang

vanced in years, and who hath a ſon upon the ſcene able to eſcape the purſuit of aſſaſſins and the vigilance of Macbeth." I may likewiſe add that Macbeth having now ſat for ſeventeen years on the throne of Scotland, cannot with any probability be ſuppoſed to be like our author's Henry V. "in the *May*-morn of his youth." We muſt therefore underſtand theſe words in the latter ſenſe; namely, that he means only, that in the ordinary progreſs he has paſſed from the ſpring to the autumn of life, from youth to the confines of age. What then is obtained by this alteration? for this is preciſely the meaning of the words as they ſtand in the old copy.

There is ſtill another very ſtrong objection to the propoſed emendation. It is alleged that in this very play *may* is printed inſtead of *way*, and why may not the contrary error have happened here?—For this plain reaſon; becauſe *May* (the month) both in manuſcript and print always is exhibited with a capital letter, and it is exceedingly improbable that a compoſitor at the preſs ſhould uſe a ſmall w inſtead of a capital M.

But, without going further into this ſubject, it is ſufficient for our purpoſe, that the text, as it is exhibited in the ancient copy, affords an obvious, eaſy ſenſe, without any emendation whatſoever. MALONE.

7 —*the* ſear,] *Sear* is dry. Shakſpeare has the ſame thought in his 73d Sonnet:

"That time of year thou may'ſt in me behold,
"When *yellow leaves*," &c.

And Milton has—"Ivy never *ſear*." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*, where the epithet is ſo uſed, as clearly to aſcertain the meaning of "the ſear, the yellow leaf," in the paſſage before us:

"—— ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
"Some beauty peep'd through lattice of *ſear'd age*." MALONE.

8 —ſkirr *the country round*;] To *ſkirr*, I believe, ſignifies to ſcour, to ride haſtily. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

"

Hang those that talk of fear!—Give me mine armour.—
How goes your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her[9] from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff[1],

"——— the light shadows,
"That, in a thought, *scur* o'er the fields of corn,
"Halted on crutches to them." STEEVENS.

9 *That keep* her—] The latter word, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

1 *Cleanse the* stuff'd *bosom of that perilous* stuff,] The recurrence of the word *stuff* in this passage, is very unpleasing to the ear, but there is no ground, I think, to suspect the text to be corrupt; for our author was extremely fond of such repetitions. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Now for the *love* of *love*,—."
"The greatest *grace* lending *grace*." *All's Well that ends well.*
"—— with what good speed
"Our *means* will make us *means*." *Ibid.*
"Is *only* grievous to me *only* dying." *K. Henry VIII.*
"Upon his brow *shame* is *asham'd* to sit." *Romeo and Juliet.*
"For by this knot thou shalt so *surely* tie
"Thy now *unsur'd assurance* to the crown." *King John.*
"*Believe* me, I do not *believe* thee, man." *Ibid.*
"Those he *commands*, move only in *command*,—." *Macbeth.*

The words *stuft* and *stuff*, however mean they may sound at present, have, like many other terms, been debased by time, and appear to have been formerly considered as words proper to be used in passages of the greatest dignity. As such Shakspeare has employed them in *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *the Winter's Tale*, *Julius Cæsar*, &c. Again, in *The Tempest*, in a passage where the author certainly aimed at dignity:

"And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,
"Leave not a rack behind.—We are such *stuff*
"As dreams are made of."

In a note on a passage in *Othello*, Dr. Johnson observes, that "*stuff* in the Teutonick languages is a word of great force. The elements (he adds) are called in Dutch *boefd stoffen*, or *head-stuffs*." MALONE.

Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land [2], find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna [3], or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, [*Aside.*
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane: *A wood in view.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his Son,* MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?

2 ——— cast *The water of my land,*] *To cast the water* was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine. So, in *Eliosto Libidinoso,* a novel by John Hinde, 1606: "Lucilla perceiving without *casting her water,* where she was pained," &c. STEEVENS.

3 —*senna,*] The old copy reads—*cyme.* STEEVENS. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

—*Ment.*

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant[4]
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt[5];
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

4 —*but the* confident *tyrant*—] He was *confident* of success; so *confident* that he would not fly, but endure their *setting down* before his castle. JOHNSON.

5 *For where there is* advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;] The impropriety of the expression, *advantage to be given*, instead of *advantage given*, and the disagreeable repetition of the word *given* in the next line, incline me to read:

— *where there is* a 'vantage *to be* gone,—.

Advantage or *'vantage*, in the time of Shakspeare, signified *opportunity*, *He shut up himself and his soldiers*, (says Malcolm) *in the castle, because when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all desert him.*

More and less is the same with *greater and less*. So, in the interpolated *Mandeville*, a book of that age, there is a chapter of *India the More and the Less*. JOHNSON.

I would read, if any alteration were necessary:

For where there is advantage to be got.

But the words as they stand in the text, will bear Dr. Johnson's explanation, which is most certainly right.——"For wherever an opportunity of flight is *given* them," &c.

More and *less*, for *greater* and *less*, is likewise found in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the 12th:

"Of Britain's forests all from th' *less* unto the *more*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. 8:

"——all other weapons *lesse* or *more*,
"Which warlike uses had devis'd of yore." STEEVENS.

I suspect that *given* was caught by the printer's eye glancing on the subsequent line, and strongly incline to Dr. Johnson's emendation, *gone*. MALONE.

Macd.

Macd. Let our just censures [6]
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe [7].
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate [8]:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come:* Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
[*A cry within, of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:

6 *Let our just censures,* &c.] The arbitrary change made in the second folio, (which some criticks have represented as an *improved* edition,) is here worthy of notice:

"Let our *best* censures
"*Before* the true event, and put we on," &c. MALONE.

7 *What we shall say we have, and what we owe.*] When we are governed by legal kings, we shall know the limits of their claim, i. e. shall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us. STEEVENS.

8 —*arbitrate:*] i. e. *determine.* JOHNSON.

So, in the 18th Odyssey translated by Chapman:
"———— straight
"Can *arbitrate* a war of deadliest weight." STEEVENS.

The

The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek [9]; and my fell of hair [1]
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrours [2];
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word [3].—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow [4],
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

9 —*my senses would have* cool'd
To hear a night-shriek;] The *blood* is sometimes said to be *chilled*; but I do not recollect any other instance in which this phrase is applied to the *senses*. Perhaps our author wrote—*'coil'd*. My senses would have shrunk back; died within me. So, in the second scene of the present act:

"—Who then shall blame
"His pester'd *senses* to *recoil* and start?" MALONE.

1 —fell *of hair*] My hairy part, my *capillitium*. *Fell* is *skin*. JOHNSON.

A dealer in hides is still called a *fell*-monger. STEEVENS.

2 *I have* supp'd full *with horrours*;] Statius has a similar thought in the second book of his *Thebais*:

"—attollit membra, toroque
"Erigitur, *plenus monstris*, vanumque cruorem
"Excutiens."

The conclusion of this passage may remind the reader of Lady Macbeth's behaviour in her sleep. STEEVENS.

3 *She should have dy'd hereafter*;
There would have been a time for such a word.—&c.] Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour. There would have been a more convenient time for such intelligence.—*Such is the condition of human life, that we always think* to-morrow *will be happier than to day, but to morrow and to-morrow steals over us unenjoyed and unregarded, and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for our end. All these days, which have thus passed away, have sent multitudes of fools to the grave, who were engrossed by the same dream of future felicity, and, when life was departing from them, were, like me, reckoning on to-morrow.*

We say, we send *word* when we give intelligence. JOHNSON.

4 *To-morrow and to-morrow, and to-morrow*,] This repetition, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, occurs in Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, 1570:

"*Cras, cras, cras*, to-morrow we shall amende" STEEVENS.

To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time[5];
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to duſty death[6]. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow; a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue; thy ſtory quickly.
Meſ. Gracious my lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.
Macb. Well, ſay, ſir.
Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and ſlave! [*ſtriking him.*
Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo;
Within this three mile may you ſee it coming;

5 *To the laſt ſyllable of* recorded time;] *Recorded time* ſeems to ſignify the time fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life. The *record* of *futurity* is indeed no accurate expreſſion, but as we only know tranſactions paſt or preſent, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of preſcience in which future events may be ſuppoſed to be written. JOHNSON.

So, in *All's Well that ends well:*
"To the *utmoſt ſyllable* of your worthineſs."

Recorded is probably here uſed for *recording* or *recordable*; one participle for the other, of which there are many inſtances both in Shakſpeare and other Engliſh writers. Virgil uſes *penetrabile* frigus for *penetrans* frigus, and *penetrabile* telum for telum *penetrans*. STEEVENS.

6 *The way to* duſty *death.*] *The duſt of death* is an expreſſion uſed in the 22d Pſalm. *Duſty death* alludes to the expreſſion of *duſt to duſt* in the burial ſervice, and to the ſentence pronounced againſt Adam: "*Duſt* thou art, and to *duſt* thou ſhalt return." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon juſtly obſerves that *duſty* is a very natural epithet. Our author again alludes to the *duſt* of death, in the *Winter's Tale:*
"Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
"Where no prieſt ſhovels in *duſt*." MALONE.

I ſay,

I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee[7]: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution[8]; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now undone[9].—
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back[1]. [*Exeunt.*

7 *Till famine* cling *thee*:] *Clung*, in the northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up. By famine, the intestines are, as it were, stuck together. So, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"My wither'd corps with deadly cold is *clung*."

Again, in Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Drama's*, 1637:

"His entrails with long fast and hunger *clung*."

Mr. Whalley, however, observes, that "till famine *cling* thee," means, till it *dry thee up*, or exhaust all thy moisture. *Clung* wood is wood of which the sap is entirely dried or spent. STEEVENS.

8 *I* pull *in resolution*;] Dr. Johnson, I think, without necessity, would read—I *pall* in resolution. "I languish in my constancy, my confidence begins to forsake me." MALONE.

There is surely no need of change; for Shakspeare, who made Trinculo, in the *Tempest*, say, "I will *let loose* my opinion," might have written: *I pull in* my resolution.

He had permitted his courage (like a fiery horse) to carry him to the brink of a precipice, but, seeing his danger, resolves to *check* that confidence to which he had *given the rein before*. STEEVENS.

9 *I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun*, &c.]

Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat, tædet cœli convexa tueri. THEOBALD.

1 *At least we'll die with harness on our back.*] i. e. with armour. So, in the continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle, 1543: "— well perceyving that the intendours of such a purpose would rather have had their *harnesse on their backs*, than to have bound them up in barrelles." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c. and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And shew like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.

The same. Another part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course [2],—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

[2] —*I must fight the* course.] A phrase taken from bear-baiting. So, in *The Antipodes,* by Brome, 1638: "Also you shall see two ten-dog *courses* at the great bear." STEEVENS.

Macb.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou lieſt, abhorred tyrant; with my ſword
I'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt.

[*They fight; and young* Siward *is ſlain.*

Macb. Thou waſt born of woman.—
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noiſe is:—Tyrant, ſhew thy face;
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched kernes, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or elſe my ſword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I ſheath again undeeded[3]. There thou ſhould'ſt be;
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited[4]: Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almoſt itſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

3 —*either thou, Macbeth,*
Or elſe my ſword, &c.] I ſuſpect an intermediate line has been loſt; perhaps of this import:

——— either thou, Macbeth,
Advance, and bravely meet an injur'd foe,
Or elſe my ſword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I ſheath again undeeded. MALONE.

4 *Seems* bruited:] From *bruit*, Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noiſe. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "Lais was one of the moſt *bruited* common women that clerkes do write of." STEEV.

Mal.

Mal. We have met with foes
That ſtrike beſide us.

Siw. Enter, ſir, the caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own ſword? whiles I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my ſword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou loſeſt labour:
As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air[5]
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts;
I bear a charmed life[6], which muſt not yield

To

5 —*the* intrenchant air—] i. e. air which cannot be cut. JOHNSON.

As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:

So, Milton, *Paradiſe Loſt*, b. vi:

"Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
"Receive, no more than can the fluid air." STEEVENS.

6 *I bear a* charmed *life,*] In the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniouſly bleſſed, each took an oath that he uſed no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in alluſion to this cuſtom, tells Macduff of the ſecurity he had in the prediction of the ſpirit.

To this likewiſe Poſthumus alludes in *Cymbeline*, Act V:

"——I in my own woe *charm'd*,
"Could not find death." UPTON.

So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633, by L. Machin:

"Here you ſhall ſwear by hope, by heaven, by Jove,
"And by the right you challenge in true fame,
"That here you ſtand, not arm'd with any guile,
"Of philters, *charms*, of night-ſpells, characters,
"Or other black infernal vantages," &c.

Again,

To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense [7];
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole [8]; and under-writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough* [9].

[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 4:
" ——— *he bears a charmed* shield,
" And eke enchaunted arms that none can pierce." STEEV.

7 — palter *with us in a double sense*;] That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions. JOHNSON.

So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:
" Now fortune, frown and *palter*, if thou please." STEEVENS.

8 *We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,*
Painted upon a pole;] That is, on cloth suspended on a pole. MALONE.

9 — *Hold, enough.*] See Mr. Tollet's note on the words, " To cry, *hold! hold!*" p. 298, n. 9. STEEVENS.

" To cry *hold*, is the word of yielding," says Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 74, i. e. when one of the combatants cries so. TOLLET.

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd[1].
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more;

[1] *Had I as many sons as I have hairs,*
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.] This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon by Camden in his *Remains*, from which our author probably copied it.

When Siward, the martial earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, in the fore part, he replied, "I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine." JOHNSON.

Our author might have found the same incident recorded by Holinshed in his Chronicle, Vol. I. p. 192. MALONE.

They

They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* Macbeth's *head on a pole*[2].

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl[3],
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd[4]. What's more to do,

2 —*on a pole.*] These words I have added to the stage-direction, from the Chronicle: "Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm." This explains the word *stands* in Macduff's speech. Many of the stage-directions appear to have been inserted by the players; and they are often very injudicious. In this scene, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) according to their direction, Macbeth is slain on the stage, and Macduff immediately afterwards enters with Macbeth's head. MALONE.

3 —*thy kingdom's* pearl,] *Thy kingdom's pearl* means thy *kingdom's wealth*, or rather *ornament*. So, J. Sylvester, *England's Parnassus*, 1600:

"Honour of cities, *pearle of kingdoms* all."

Again, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Ourania*, by N. Breton, 1606:

"————————an earl,
"And worthily then termed Albion's *pearl*."

John Florio, in a Sonnet prefixed to his *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, calls Lord Southampton "bright *pearle* of peers." MALONE.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*:

"Queen, Prince, Duke, and Earls,
"Countesses, ye courtly *pearls*," &c. STEEVENS.

4 —*the first that ever Scotland In such an honour nam'd.*] "Malcolm immediately after his coronation called a parlement at Forfair, in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth.—Manie of them that were before *thanes*, were at this time made *earles*, as Fife, Menteth, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Cathness, Rosse, and Angus." Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 176. MALONE.

Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone[5].

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

5 This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action, but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON.

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a list of no less than CII. dramatick subjects, had fixed on the story of this play among the rest. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle. "The matter of Duncan (says he) may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." It should seem from this last memorandum, that Milton disliked the licence that his predecessor had taken in comprehending a history of such length within the short compass of a play, and would have new-written the whole on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not surely have indulged so vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakspeare in the *Tragedy of Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

Macbeth was certainly one of Shakspeare's latest productions, and it might possibly have been suggested to him by a little performance on the same subject at Oxford, before king James, 1605. I will transcribe my notice of it from *Wake's Rex Platonicus*: "Fabulæ ansam dedit antiqua de regiâ prosapiâ historiola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurrisse duobus Scotiæ proceribus, Macbetho & Banchoni, & illum prædixisse regem futurum, sed regem nullum geniturum; hunc regem non futurum, sed reges geniturum multos.

Vaticinii

Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. Banchonis enim è ſtirpe potentiſſimus Jacobus oriundus." p. 29.

Since I made the obſervation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwittingly* make Shakſpeare learned at leaſt in Latin, as this muſt have been the language of the performance before king James. One might perhaps have plauſibly ſaid, that he probably picked up the ſtory at *ſecond-hand*; but mere accident has thrown an old pamphlet in my way, intitled *The Oxford Triumph*, by one Anthony Nixon, 1605, which explains the whole matter: "This performance, ſays Anthony, was firſt in Latine to the King, then in Engliſh to the queene and young prince;" and, as he goes on to tell us, "the conceipt thereof the king did very much applaude." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed king James once wrote to Shakſpeare, was on this occaſion.— FARMER.

Dr. Johnſon uſed often to mention an acquaintance of his, who was for ever boaſting what great things he would do, could he but meet with Aſcham's *Toxophilus*, at a time when Aſcham's pieces had not been collected, and were very rarely to be found. At length *Toxophilus* was procured, but—nothing was done. The Interlude performed at Oxford in 1605, by the ſtudents of Saint John's college, was for a while ſo far my *Toxophilus*, as to excite my curioſity very ſtrongly on the ſubject. Whether Shakſpeare in the compoſition of this noble tragedy was at all indebted to any preceding performance, through the medium of tranſlation, or in any other way, appeared to me well worth aſcertaining. The Britiſh Muſeum was examined in vain. Mr Warton very obligingly made a ſtrict ſearch at St. John's college, but no traces of this literary performance could there be found. At length chance threw into my hands the very verſes that were ſpoken in 1605 by three young gentlemen of that college; and, being thus at laſt obtained, "that no man" (to uſe the words of Dr. Johnſon) "may ever want them more," I will here tranſcribe them.

There is ſome difficulty in reconciling the different accounts of this entertainment. The author of *Rex Platonicus* ſays, 'Tres adoleſcentes concinno Sibyllarum habitu induti è collegio [Divi Johannis] prodeuntes, et carmina lepida alternatim canentes, regi ſe tres eſſe Sibyllas profitentur, quæ Banchoni olim ſobolis imperia prædixerant, &c. Deinde tribus principibus ſuaves felicitatum triplicitates triplicatis carminum vicibus ſuccinentes,—principes ingenioſa fictiuncula delectatos dimittunt.

But in a manuſcript account of the king's viſit to Oxford in 1605, in the Muſeum, (Mſs. Baker, 7044,) this interlude is thus deſcribed: "This being done, he [the king] rode on untill he came unto St. John's college, where coming againſt the gate, three young youths, in habit and attire like *Nymphes*, confronted him, repreſenting England, Scotland, and Ireland; and talking dialogue-wiſe each to other of their ſtate, at laſt concluded, yielding up themſelves to his gracious government." With this A. Nixon's account in *The Oxford Triumph*, quarto,

 1605,

1605, in some measure agrees, though it differs in a very material point; for, if his relation is to be credited, these young men did not alternately recite verses, but pronounced three distinct orations: "This finished, his Majestie passed along till hee came before Saint John's college, where three little boyes, coming foorth of a castle made all of ivie, drest like three *nymphes*, (the conceipt whereof the king did very much applaude,) delivered three *orations*, first in Latine to the king, then in English to the queene and young prince; which being ended his majestie proceeded towards the east gate of the citie, where the townesmen againe delivered unto him another speech in English."

From these discordant accounts one might be led to suppose, that there were six actors on this occasion, three of whom personated the Sybills, or rather the Weird sisters, and addressed the royal visitors in Latin, and that the other three represented England, Scotland and Ireland, and spoke only in English. I believe however that there were but three young men employed; and after reciting the following Latin lines, (which prove that the weird sisters and the representatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland were the same persons,) they might perhaps have pronounced some English verses of a similar import, for the entertainment of the queen and the princes.

To the Latin play of *Vertumnus*, written by Dr. Mathew Gwynne, which was acted before the king by some of the students of St. John's college on a subsequent day, we are indebted for the long-sought-for interlude performed at St. John's gate; for Dr. Gwynne, who was the author of this interlude also, has annexed it to his *Vertumnus*, printed in 4to. in 1607.

" Ad regis introitum, e Joannensi Collegio extra portam urbis borealem sito, tres quasi Sibyllæ, sic (ut e sylva) salutarunt.

---

1. Fatidicas olim fama est cecinisse sorores
Imperium sine fine tuæ, rex inclyte, stirpis.
Banquonem agnovit generosa Loquabria Thanum;
Nec tibi, Banquo, tuis sed sceptra nepotibus illæ
Immortalibus immortalia vaticinatæ:
In saltum, ut lateas, dum Banquo recedis ab aula.
Tres eadem pariter canimus tibi fata tuisque,
Dum spectande tuis, e saltu accedis ad urbem;
Teque salutamus: Salve, cui Scotia servit;
2. Anglia cui, salve. 3. Cui servit Hibernia, salve.
1. Gallia cui titulos, terras dant cætera, salve.
2. Quem divisa prius colit una Britannia, salve.
3. Summe Monarcha Britannice, Hibernice, Gallice, salve.

1. ANNA,

1. Anna, parens regum, ſoror, uxor, filia, ſalve.
2. Salve, Henrice hæres, princeps pulcherrime, ſalve.
3. Dux Carole, et perbelle Polonice regule, ſalve.
1. Nec metas fatis, nec tempora ponimus iſtis;
Quin orbis regno, famæ ſint terminus aſtra:
Canutum referas regno quadruplice clarum;
Major avis, æquande tuis diademate ſolis.
Nec ſerimus cædes, nec bella, nec anxia corda;
Nec furor in nobis; ſed agente caleſcimus illo
Numine, quo Thomas Whitus per ſomnia motus,
Londinenſis eques, muſis hæc tecta dicavit.
Muſis? imo Deo, tutelarique Joanni.
Ille Deo charum et curam, prope prætereuntem
Ire ſalutatum, Chriſti precurſor, ad ædem
Chriſti pergentem, juſſit. Dictâ ergo ſalute
Perge, tuo aſpectu ſit læta Academia, perge." Malone.

⁎ THE following Songs are found in Sir William D'Avenant's alteration of this play, printed in 1674. The firſt and ſecond of them were, I believe, written by him, being introduced at the end of the ſecond act, in a ſcene of which he undoubtedly was the author. Of the other ſong, which is ſung in the third act, the firſt words (*Come away*) are in the original copy of *Macbeth*, and the whole is found at length in Middleton's play, entitled *The Witch*, which has been lately printed from a manuſcript in the collection of Major Pearſon. Whether this ſong was written by Shakſpeare, and omitted, like many others, in the printed copy, cannot now be aſcertained. Malone.

ACT II.

FIRST SONG BY THE WITCHES.

1. *Witch*. Speak, ſiſter, ſpeak; is the deed done?
2. *Witch*. Long ago, long ago:
Above twelve glaſſes ſince have run.
3. *Witch*. Ill deeds are ſeldom ſlow;
Nor ſingle: following crimes on former wait:
The worſt of creatures faſteſt propagate.
Many more murders muſt this one enſue,
As if in death were propagation too.
2. *Witch*. He will—
1. *Witch*. He ſhall—

3. *Witch.* He muſt ſpill much more blood;
And become worſe, to make his title good.
1. *Witch.* Now let's dance.
2. *Witch.* Agreed.
3. *Witch.* Agreed.
4. *Witch.* Agreed.
Chor. We ſhould rejoice when good kings bleed.
When cattle die, about we go;
What then, when monarchs periſh, ſhould we do?

SECOND SONG.

Let's have a dance upon the heath;
We gain more life by Duncan's death.
Sometimes like brinded cats we ſhew,
Having no muſick but our mew:
Sometimes we dance in ſome old mill,
Upon the hopper, ſtones, and wheel,
To ſome old ſaw, or bardiſh rhime,
Where ſtill the mill-clack does keep time.
Sometimes about an hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we:
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetle, ſinging drowſy hums:
Sometimes we dance o'er fens and furze,
To howls of wolves, and barks of curs:
And when with none of thoſe we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.
At the night-raven's diſmal voice,
Whilſt others tremble, we rejoice;
And nimbly, nimbly dance we ſtill,
To the echoes from an hollow hill. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE V.

HECATE *and the three* Witches.

MUSICK *and* SONG.

[*Within.*] *Hecate, Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!
Hec. Hark, I am call'd, my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.
[*Within.*] Come away, *Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!
Hec. I come, I come, with all the ſpeed I may,
With all the ſpeed I may.
Where's Stadling?
2. Here. [*within.*]
Hec. Where's Puckle?

3. Here;

3. Here; [*within.*]
And Hopper too, and Helway too[6].
We want but you, we want but you:
Come away, make up the count.

Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount:
I will but 'noint, &c.

[*Within.*] Here comes down one to fetch his dues,
[*A Machine with* Malkin *in it descends*[7].
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.

Hec. O, art thou come? What news?

[*Within.*] All goes fair for our delight:
Either come, or else refuse.

Hec. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight;
[Hecate *places herself in the Machine.*
Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
O, what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail i'the air,
While the moon shines fair;
To sing, to toy, to dance and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains;
Over hills, and misty fountains[8];
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of waters' breach,
Nor cannons' throats our height can reach. [Hecate *ascends.*

1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

2. *Witch.* But whilst she moves through the foggy air,
Let's to the cave, and our dire charms prepare. [*Exeunt.*

6 *And* Hopper *too, and* Helway *too.*] In the *Witch*, these personages are called *Hoppo* and *Heltwayne*. MALONE.

7 This stage-direction I have added. In *the Witch* there is here the following marginal note: "A spirit like a cat descends." In Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, printed in 1674, this song, as well as all the rest of the piece, is printed very incorrectly. I have endeavoured to distribute the different parts of the song before us, as, I imagine the author intended. MALONE.

8 *Over hills*, &c.] In the *Witch*, instead of this line we find:
Over seas, our mistress' fountains. MALONE.

KING JOHN.

Perſons Repreſented.

King John:
Prince Henry, *his ſon*; *afterwards King* Henry III.
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretagne, *ſon of* Geffrey, *late Duke of* Bretagne, *the elder brother of King* John.
William Mareſhall, *Earl of* Pembroke.
Geffrey Fitz-Peter, *Earl of* Eſſex, *Chief Juſticiary of* England.
William Longſword, *Earl of* Saliſbury *.
Robert Bigot, *Earl of* Norfolk.
Hubert de Burgh, *Chamberlain to the King.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſon of Sir* Robert Faulconbridge:
Philip Faulconbridge, *his half-brother*; *baſtard ſon to* K. Richard *the Firſt*.
James Gurney, *ſervant to Lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet*.

Philip, *king of* France.
Lewis, *the dauphin*.
Arch-duke of Auſtria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate*.
Melun, *a* French *Lord*.
Chatillon, *Ambaſſador from* France *to king* John.

Elinor, *the widow of King* Henry II. *and mother of King* John.
Conſtance, *mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *daughter to* Alphonſo *king of* Caſtile, *and niece to king* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *mother to the baſtard, and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, *Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, ſometimes in England, *and ſometimes in* France.

* —*Saliſbury,*] Son to King Henry II. by Roſamond Clifford.
STEEVENS.

KING JOHN[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton. *A Room of ſtate in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and Others, with* CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, ſay, Chatillon, what would France with us?

[1] A play entitled *The troubleſome raigne of John King of England*, in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele; and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, ſays that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakſpeare and W. Rowley. But this is not true. In the *ſecond* edition of this old play in 1611, the letters W. Sh. were put into the title-page, to deceive the purchaſer, and to lead him to ſuppoſe the piece was Shakſpeare's play, which at that time was not publiſhed.—See a more minute account of this fraud in *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. Our author's *King John* was written, I imagine, in 1596. The reaſons on which this opinion is founded, may be found in that Eſſay. This drama was evidently formed on the old anonymous play. Probably, however, Shakſpeare alſo peruſed Holinſhed's account of this reign, he being undoubtedly his guide in all his hiſtorical plays.

This play comprehends a period of almoſt ſeventeen years, being nearly the whole reign of King John, commencing ſoon after his acceſſion to the throne, and ending with his death. MALONE.

There muſt have been ſome tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded. I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the firſt *King John*; and when Shakſpeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookſeller reprinted the old one, with W. Sh. in the title-page. FARMER.

"A booke called *The Hyſtorie of Lord Faulconbridge, baſtard Son to Richard Cordelion*," was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29, 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter hiſtory, or a play on the ſame ſubject. For the original *King John* ſee *Six old plays on which Shakſpeare founded* &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing-Croſs. STEEVENS.

The hyſtorie of Lord Faulconbridge, &c. is a proſe narative, in bl. l. The earlieſt edition that I have ſeen of it, was printed in 1616.

A book entitled "Richard *Cur* de Lion," was entered on the Stationers' Books in 1558. MALONE.

Chat.

Which now the manage[7] of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the sheriff of Northamptonshire, *who whispers* Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit* Sheriff.
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, *with* Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his bastard brother*[8].

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,

As

[7] *—the manage—*] i. e. conduct, administration. So, in *King Richard II:*

" —————— for the rebels
" Expedient *manage* must be made, my liege." STEEVENS.

[8] *—and Philip, his bastard brother.*] Though Shakspeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is not improper to mention that it is compounded of two distinct personages.

Matthew Paris says:—" Sub illius temporis curriculo, *Falcasius de Brente*, Neusteriensis, et spurius ex parte matris, atque Bastardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat," &c.

Matt. Paris, in his *History of the Monks of St. Albans*, calls him *Falco*, but in his *General History*, *Falcasius de Brente*, as above.

Holinshed says, " that Richard I. had a natural son named Philip, who in the year following killed the viscount De Limoges, to revenge the death of his father." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the following passage in the Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol. 24, b. ad ann. 1472, induced the author of the old play to affix the name of *Faulconbridge* to King Richard's natural son, who is only mentioned in our histories by the name of Philip: " —one *Faulconbridge*, therle of Kent his *bastarde*, a stoute-harted man."

Who

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may [9].

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

Who the mother of Philip was, is not ascertained. It is said that she was a lady of Poictou, and that King Richard bestowed upon her son a lordship in that province.

In expanding the character of the Bastard, Shakspeare seems to have proceeded on the following slight hint in the original play:

"Next them, a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
"*A hardie wild-head, rough, and venturous.*" MALONE.

[9] *But for the certain knowledge of that truth,*
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.] The resemblance between this sentiment and that of Telemachus in the first book of the *Odyssey*, is apparent. The passage is thus translated by Chapman:

"My mother, certaine, sayes I am his sonne;
"I know not; nor was ever simply knowne,
"By any child, the sure truth of his sire."

Mr. Pope has observed that the like sentiment is found in *Euripides*, *Menander*, and *Aristotle*. Shakspeare expresses the same doubt in several of his other plays. STEEVENS.

But

But whe'r* I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face [1],
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face [2] would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year [3]!

Rob.

* *But* whe'r—] *Whe'r* for *whether*. See p. 469, n. 1. MALONE.

[1] *He hath a* trick *of Cœur-de-lion's face,*] The *trick*, or *tricking*, is the same as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shewn by the slightest outline. The following passage in B. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, proves the expression to be borrowed from delineation: "*Car.* You can blazon the rest, Signior? *Sog.* O ay, I have it in writing here o' purpose; it cost me two shillings the *tricking*." STEEVENS.

Our author often uses this phrase, and generally in the sense of a peculiar air or cast of countenance or feature. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: "That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous *trick* of thine eye,—". See also Vol. III. p. 358, n. 7. In *K. Lear*, as Mr. Mason has observed, the word is applied to the voice: "The *trick* of that voice I do well remember." MALONE.

[2] *With that half-face*—] The old copy reads—With *half that* face. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[3] *A* half-fac'd *groat five hundred pound a year!*] He sneers at the meagre sharp visage of his brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the king's face in profile, so shewed but half the face. The groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of

silver,

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Baſt. Well, ſir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale muſt be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an embaſſy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his abſence took the king,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf,)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all huſbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;

ſilver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. in 1504 coined groats and half-groats, as alſo ſome ſhillings, with half faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin has now. In this alluſion the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachroniſm: for in the time of king John there were no groats at all; they being firſt, as far as appears, coined in the reign of king Edward III. THEOBALD.

The ſame contemptuous alluſion occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"You *half-fac'd groat*, you thick-cheek'd chitty-face." STEEV.

In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes[4],—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside[5]?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him[6];
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes[7]!
And,

4 *This concludes,*—] This is a *decisive argument*. As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him, so, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. JOHNSON.

5 *Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?*] *Lord of thy presence* means master of that dignity and grandeur of appearance that may sufficiently distinguish thee from the vulgar, without the help of fortune. *Lord of his presence* apparently signifies, *great in his own person*, and is used in this sense by king John in one of the following scenes. JOHNSON.

6 *And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;*] This is obscure and ill expressed. The meaning is: *If I had his shape,—sir Robert's,—as he has.*

Sir Robert his, for *sir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of *his*. So, Donne:

"——Who now lives to age,
"Fit to be call'd Methusalem *his* page?" JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 457, n. 3. The old copy reads—Sir Robert's his; which cannot be right, as we have thus a double genitive. For the slight emendation now made, I am answerable. MALONE.

7 ——— *my face so thin,*
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings *goes!*] In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorously

And, to his ſhape, were heir to all this land [8],
Would I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be ſir Nob in any caſe [9].

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to France.

humorouſly to rally a thin face, eclipſed, as it were, by a full-blown *roſe*. We muſt obſerve, to explain this alluſion, that queen Elizabeth was the firſt, and indeed the only princeſs, who coined in England three-halfpence, and three-farthing pieces. And theſe pieces all had her head, and the *roſe* behind. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has not mentioned a material circumſtance relative to theſe three-farthing pieces, on which the propriety of the alluſion in ſome meaſure depends; viz. that they were made of ſilver, and conſequently extremely *thin*. From their thinneſs they were very liable to be cracked. Hence Ben Jonſon, in his *Every Man in his Humour*, ſays, "He values me at a *crack'd three-farthings*." MALONE.

The *roſes* [*ſtuck in the ear*] were, I believe, only *roſes* compoſed of ribbands. In Marſton's *What you Will*, 1607, is the following paſſage:

"Dupatzo the elder brother, the fool, he that bought the half-penny *ribband*, wearing it in his *ear*," &c.

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, 1601: "—This *ribband* in my *ear*, or ſo." I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in the duke of Queenſbury's collection at Ambroſbury, to have ſeen one with the lock neareſt the ear ornamented with ribbands which terminate in *roſes*; and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, ſays, that "it was once the faſhion to ſtick real *flowers* in the *ear*." STEEVENS.

Marſton in his *Satires*, 1598, alludes to this faſhion as fantaſtical:

"*Ribbanded eares*, Grenada nether-ſtocks."

And from the epigrams of Sir John Davies, printed at Middleburgh, about 1598, it appears that ſome men of gallantry in our author's time ſuffered their ears to be bored, and wore their miſtreſs's ſilken ſhoe-ſtrings in them. MALONE.

[8] *And*, to *his ſhape*, were *heir to all this land*,] There is no noun to which *were* can belong, unleſs the perſonal pronoun in the line laſt but one be underſtood here. I ſuſpect that our author wrote—

And *though* his ſhape were heir to all this land,—.

Thus the ſentence proceeds in one uniform tenour. *Madam*, an if *my brother had my ſhape, and I had his*,—and if *my legs were* &c.—and though *his ſhape were heir*, &c. *I would give*—. MALONE.

[9] I *would not be ſir* Nob—] Sir *Nob* is uſed contemptuouſly for Sir Robert. The old copy reads—*It would not be*—. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary. MALONE.

Baſt. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;
Yet ſell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death[1].

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Baſt. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Baſt. Philip, my liege; ſo is my name begun;
Philip, good old ſir Robert's wife's eldeſt ſon.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whoſe form thou bear'ſt:
Kneel thou down Philip, but riſe more great*;
Ariſe ſir Richard, and Plantagenet[2].

Baſt. Brother by the mother's ſide, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, ſir Robert was away.

Eli. The very ſpirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me ſo.

Baſt. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though[3]?
Something about, a little from the right[4],

In

[1] *— unto the death.*] This expreſſion is common among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 58, n. 6. MALONE.

* —more *great*;] *More* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

[2] *Ariſe ſir Richard, and* Plantagenet.] It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the ſurname of the royal houſe of England, from the time of king Henry II.; but it is, as Camden obſerves in his *Remaines*, 1614, a popular miſtake. Plantagenet was not a family name, but a nick name, by which a grandſon of Geffrey, the firſt earl of Anjou, was diſtinguiſhed, from his wearing a *broom-ſtalk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the firſt earl of Anjou, or by king Henry II. the ſon of that earl by the Empreſs Maude; he being always called Henry *Fitz-Empreſs*; his ſon, Richard *Cœur-de-lion*; and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John *ſans-terre*, or *lack-land.* MALONE.

[3] *Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?*] I am your grandſon, madam, by chance, but not by *honeſty*;—what *then*? JOHNS.

[4] *Something about, a little from the right*, &c.] This ſpeech, compoſed

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch[5].
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now haſt thou thy deſire,
A landleſs knight makes thee a landed 'ſquire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we muſt ſpeed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Baſt. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee!
For thou waſt got i'the way of honeſty.

[*Exeunt all but the* Baſtard.

A foot of honour[6] better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worſe.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
Good den, ſir Richard[7],—*God-a-mercy, fellow*;—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;

poſed of alluſive and proverbial ſentences, is obſcure. *I am*, ſays the ſpritely knight, *your grandſon*, a little *irregularly*, but every man cannot get what he wiſhes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his deſigns *by day*, muſt *make his motions* in the *night*; *he*, to whom the door is ſhut, muſt climb *the window*, or leap *the hatch*. This, however, ſhall not depreſs me; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to poſſeſs, but allows that *to have* is *to have*, however it was *caught*, and that he *who wins*, *ſhot well*, whatever was his ſkill, whether the arrow fell *near* the mark, or *far off* it. JOHNSON.

5 *In at the window*, &c.] Theſe expreſſions mean, to be *born out of wedlock*. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608: "Woe worth the time that ever I gave ſuck to a child that *came in at the window!*" So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "—kindred that comes in *o'er the hatch*, and ſailing to Weſtminſter," &c. Again, in *the Witches of Lancaſhire*, by Heywood and Broome, 1634: "—to eſcape the dogs, hath leap'd *in at a window*.—'Tis thought you came into the world that way,—becauſe you are a *baſtard*." STEEVENS.

6 *A foot of honour*—] A *ſtep*, *un pas*. JOHNSON.

7 —*ſir Richard*,—] Faulconbridge is now entertaining himſelf with ideas of greatneſs, ſuggeſted by his recent knighthood.—*Good den, ſir Richard*, he ſuppoſes to be the ſalutation of a vaſſal; *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own ſupercilious reply to it. STEEVENS.

'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion [8]. Now your traveller [9],—
He and his tooth-pick [1] at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries [2]:—*My dear sir*,

Thus,

8 *'Tis too* respective, *and too sociable,*
For your conversion.] *Respective* is *respectful*. So, in *the Case is altered*, by Ben Jonson, 1609: "I pray you, sir; you are too *respective* in good faith."

For your *conversion* is the reading of the old copy, and may be right. It may mean, his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope, without necessity, reads—for your *conversing*. Our author has here, I think, used a licence of phraseology that he often takes. The Bastard has just said, that "new-made honour doth *forget* men's names;" and he proceeds as if he had said, "—does *not remember* men's names." *To remember the name of an inferior*, he adds, has too much of the respect which is paid to superiors, and of the social and friendly familiarity of equals, for your *conversion*,—for your present condition, now *converted* from the situation of a common man to the rank of a knight. See Vol. III. p. 138, n. 2. MALONE.

9 — *Now your traveller*,—] It is said in *All's Well that ends Well*, that "*a traveller is a good thing after dinner*." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller. JOHNSON.

1 *He and his tooth-pick*—] It has been already remarked, that *to pick the tooth* was in that time, a mark of a man affecting foreign fashions. JOHNSON.

So, Fletcher:
"——You that trust in travel;
"You that enhance the daily price of *tooth-picks*."
Again, in Shirley's *Grateful Servant*, 1630: "I will continue my state-posture, use my *tooth-pick* with discretion," &c. So again, in *Cinthia's Revels*, by B. Jonson, 1601: "—A traveller, one so made out of the mixture and shreds of forms, that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly with a clove or *pick-tooth* in his mouth." STEEVENS.

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616 [Article, *An affected Traveller*]: "He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping; he will choke rather than confess beere good drinke; and his *tooth-pick* is a main part of his behaviour."

At my worship's *mess*, means, at that part of the table where I, as a *knight*, shall be placed. See *the Winter's Tale*, p. 136, n. 7. MALONE.

2 *My* picked *man of countries*:—] The word *piked* may not refer to the beard, but to the *shoes*, which were once worn of an immoderate length.

(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
I shall beseech you—That is question now;
And then comes answer like an ABC-book [3]:—
O sir, says answer, *at your best command*;
At your employment; *at your service, sir*:—
No, sir, says question; *I, sweet sir, at yours*:
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment [4];
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:

length. To this fashion our author has alluded in *King Lear*, where the reader will find a more ample explanation. *Piked* may, however, mean only spruce in dress. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "He is too *picked*, too spruce," &c. Again, in Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, in the description of a pretended traveller: "There be in England, especially about London, certain quaint, *pickt*, and neat companions, attired, &c. a-la-mode de France," &c."

If a comma be placed after the word *man*:—"I catechize
"*My picked man*, of countries."
the passage will seem to mean, "I catechise my selected man, about the countries through which he travelled." STEEVENS.

The last interpretation of *picked*, offered by Mr. Steevens, is undoubtedly the true one. So, in Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553: "—such riot, dicyng, cardyng, *pikyng*," &c. *Piked* or *picked*, (for the word is variously spelt,) in the writings of our author and his contemporaries, generally means, *spruce*, *affected*, *effeminate*. See Vol. II. p. 393, n. 4. MALONE.

3 —*like an* ABC-book:—] An *ABC-book*, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *absey-book*, is a *catechism*. JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Nash's dedication to Greene's *Arcadia*, 1616: "—make a patrimony of *In speech*, and more than a younger brother's inheritance of their *Abcie*." STEEVENS.

4 (*Saving in dialogue of compliment*;] Sir W. Cornwallis's 28th essay thus ridicules the extravagance of compliments in our poet's days, 1601: "We spend even at his (i. e. a friend's or a stranger's) entrance, a whole volume of words.—What a deal of synamon and ginger is sacrificed to dissimulation! *Oh, how blessed do I take mine eyes for presenting me with this sight! O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment, give me leave to interre myself in your arms!—Not so, sir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness*, &c. &c. This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be." TOLLET.

For

For he is but a baſtard to the time[5],
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
(And ſo am I, whether I ſmack, or no;)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practiſe to deceive[6],
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.—
But who comes in ſuch haſte[7], in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband,
That will take pains to blow a horn[8] before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE *and* James Gurney*.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

Lady F. Where is that ſlave, thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother Robert? old ſir Robert's ſon?
Colbrand[9] the giant, that ſame mighty man?
Is it ſir Robert's ſon, that you ſeek ſo?

Lady F. Sir Robert's ſon! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's ſon: Why ſcorn'ſt thou at ſir Robert?
He is ſir Robert's ſon; and ſo art thou.

[5] *For he is but a baſtard to the time,* &c.] He is accounted but a mean man in the preſent age, who does not ſhew by his dreſs, his deportment, and his talk, that he has travelled, and made obſervations in foreign countries. The old copy in the next line reads—*ſmoak.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[6] *Which, though,* &c.] The conſtruction will be mended, if inſtead of *Which though,* we read *This though.* JOHNSON.

[7] *But who comes,* &c.] Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dalilah with ſuch an interrogatory exclamation. JOHNSON.

[8] —*to blow a horn*—] He means, that a woman who travelled about like a *poſt,* was likely to *horn* her huſband. JOHNSON.

* —*James Gurney.*] Our author found this name in peruſing the hiſtory of King John; who not long before his victory at Mirabeau over the French, headed by young Arthur, ſeized the lands and caſtle of Hugh *Gorney,* near Butevant in Normandy. MALONE.

[9] Colbrand—] *Colbrand* was a Daniſh giant, whom Guy of Warwick diſcomfited in the preſence of king Athelſtan. The combat is very pompouſly deſcribed by Drayton in his *Polyolbion.* JOHNSON.

Baſt.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave [1], good Philip.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow [2]!—James,
There's toys abroad [3]; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* GURNEY.
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast [4]:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confess!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like [5]:
What!

[1] *Good leave,* &c.] *Good leave* means *a ready assent.* So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act III. sc. ii:

"*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.
"*Glo.* Ay, *good leave* have you, for you will have leave."
STEEVENS.

[2] *Philip?—sparrow!—*] Dr. Grey observes, that Skelton has a poem to the memory of Philip Sparrow; and Mr. Pope in a short note remarks that a sparrow is called Philip. JOHNSON.

Again, in *Magnificence,* an ancient *Interlude* by Skelton, published by Rastell:

"With me in kepynge such a *Phylyp Sparowe.*" STEEVENS.

The Bastard means: *Philip!* Do you take me for a sparrow?
HAWKINS.

[3] *There's* toys *abroad;* &c.] i. e. rumours, idle reports. So, in a postscript to a letter from the countess of Essex to Dr. Forman, in relation to the trial of Anne Turner for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury: "—they may tell my father and mother, and fill their ears full of *toys.*" *State Trials,* Vol. I. p. 322. STEEVENS.

[4] — *might have eat his part in me*
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:] This thought occurs in Heywood's *Dialogues upon Proverbs,* 1562:

"—— he may his parte on good Fridaie eate,
"And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geate." STEEVENS.

[5] Lady F. *What means this scorn, thou most untoward* knave?
Bast. Knight, knight, *good mother,—Basilisco-like:*] *I say, like* Basilisco *in the play, call me not* knave, *but* knight, *good mother.*

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—
Thou art * the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth [6],
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose [7],—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely [illegible]om Richard's hand.

He

The play alluded to, is *Solyman and Perseda*, a tragedy, which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1592, and printed in 1599. In this play Basilisco is compelled to take an oath which is dictated to him by Piston:

"*Bas.* O, I swear, I swear.
"*Pist.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—
"*Bas.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight*.
"*Pist.* *Knave*, good fellow, knave, knave." MALONE.

* Thou *art*—] Old Copy—*That* art. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

6 *Some sins*, &c.] There are *sins*, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured *on earth*. JOHNSON.

7 *Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—*
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight, &c.] Shakspeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Cœur de lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was exposed by the duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a

blow

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ah, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says, it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

France. *Before the walls of* Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, *and forces; on the other,* PHILIP, *King of* France, *and forces,* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and Attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart [8],
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,

blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles: but the original passage may be seen at large in the introduction to the third Vol. of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry.* PERCY.

8 *Richard, that robb'd,* &c.] So, Rastal in his *Chronicle:* "It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to kynge *Richard,* beynge in prison, to have devoured him; and when the *lyon* was gapynge, he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so hard that he slewe the *lyon,* and therefore some say he is called *Rycharde Cure de Lyon;* but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon,* because of his boldness and hardy stomake." GREY.

I have an old *black-lettered history of lord Fauconbridge,* whence Shakspeare might pick up this circumstance. FARMER.

In Heywood's *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington,* 1601, there is a long description of this fabulous atchievement.

The same story is told by Knighton, inter *Decem Scriptores,* and by Fabian, who calls it a *fable.* It probably took its rise from Hugh de Neville, one of Richard's followers, having killed a lion, when they were in the Holy land: a circumstance recorded by Matthew Paris. MALONE.

By

By this brave duke came early to his grave [9]:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance [1] hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,

9 *By this brave duke came early to his grave:*] The old play led Shakspeare into this error of ascribing to the duke of Austria the death of Richard, who lost his life at the siege of Chaluz, long after he had been ransom'd out of Austria's power. STEEVENS.

The producing *Austria* on the scene is also contrary to the truth of history, into which anachronism our author was led by the old play. Leopold Duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had been thrown into prison in 1193, died in consequence of a fall from his horse in 1195, some years before the commencement of the present play.

The original cause of the enmity between Richard the First, and the duke of Austria, was, according to Fabian, that Richard "tooke from a knighte of the Duke of *Ostriche* the said duke's banner, and in despite of the said duke, trade it under foote, and did unto it all the spite he might." Harding says, in his Chronicle, that the cause of quarrel was Richard's taking down the Duke of Austria's arms and banner, which he had set up above those of the king of France and the king of Jerusalem. The affront was given, when they lay before Acre in Palestine. This circumstance is alluded to in the old *King John*, where the Bastard, after killing Austria, says,

"And as my father triumph'd in thy spoils,
"And *trod thine ensigns underneath his feet*," &c.

Other historians say, that the duke suspected Richard to have been concerned in the assassination of his kinsman, the Marquis of Montferrat, who was stabbed in Tyre, soon after he had been elected king of Jerusalem; but this was a calumny, propagated by Richard's enemies for political purposes. MALONE.

1 *At our importance*—] At our *importunity*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 225, n. 4; and Vol. III. p. 431, n. 1. MALONE.

Till

Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore[2],
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital[3] to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots[*] of best advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady[4]!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—

[2] —*that pale, that white-fac'd shore,*] England is supposed to be called Albion from the *white rocks* facing France. JOHNSON.

[3] —*a* more *requital,*] I believe it has been already observed, that *more* signified in our author's time, *greater*. STEEVENS.

[*] —*the* plots—] i. e. the ground, or posts. MALONE.

[4] *A wonder, lady!*—] The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good. JOHNSON.

What

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient [5] to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife [6];
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd [7]:
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, firy voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs [8],
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er [9],
Did never float upon the swelling tide,

5 —*expedient*—] Immediate, *expeditious*. JOHNSON.
See Vol. V. p. 25, n. 4. MALONE.

6 *An Até, stirring him*, &c.] *Até* was the Goddess of Revenge. This image might have been borrowed from the celebrated libel, called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, originally published about the year 1584:—she standeth like a fiend or *fury*, at the elbow of her Amadis, to *stirre* him forward when occasion shall serve." STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—An *Ace*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

7 *With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd*:] This line, except the word *with*, is borrowed from the old play of *King John*, already mentioned. Our author should have written—*king*, and so the modern editors read. But there is certainly no corruption, for we have the same phraseology elsewhere. See also the original line, p. 449, n. 1. MALONE.

8 *Bearing their birth-rights*, &c.] So, *King Henry VIII*:
"Many broke their backs with bearing manors on them."
JOHNSON.

9 — *have* waft o'er,] *Waft* for *wafted*. So again, in this play:
"The iron of itself, though *beat* red hot,"—.
i. e. *heated*. STEEVENS.

To

To do offence and ſcath[1] in Chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumſtance: they are at hand,
To parly, or to fight; therefore, prepare.
K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* BASTARD, PEMBROKE, *and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own!
If not; bleed France, and peace aſcend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.
K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's ſake,
With burthen of our armour here we ſweat:
This toil of ours ſhould be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art ſo far,
That thou haſt under-wrought[2] his lawful king,
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity,
Out-faced infant ſtate, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief[3] into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: In the name of God,

[1] —*ſcath*—] Deſtruction, harm. JOHNSON.
[2] —*under-wrought*—] i. e. underworked, undermined. STEEVENS.
[3] —*this* brief—] Our author has elſewhere uſed *brief* for a ſhort note, or deſcription. See Vol. II. p. 523, n. 9. MALONE.

How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-mastereſt?
K. John. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, France,
To draw my anſwer from thy articles?
K. Phi. From that ſupernal judge, that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the blots and ſtains of right[3].
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whoſe warrant, I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whoſe help, I mean to chaſtiſe it.
K. John. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.
K. Phi. Excuſe; it is to beat uſurping down.
Eli. Who is it, thou doſt call uſurper, France?
Conſt. Let me make anſwer;—thy uſurping ſon.
Eli. Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be king;
That thou may'ſt be a queen, and check the world[4]!
Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy huſband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! By my ſoul, I think,

3 *To look into the* blots *and ſtains of right.*] The illegitimate branch of a family always carried the arms of it with what in ancient heraldry was called a *blot* or *difference*. So, in Drayton's *Epiſtle from Q. Iſabel to King Richard II*:

"No baſtard's mark doth *blot* his conq'ring ſhield."

Blots and *ſtains* occur again together in Act III. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

Blot had certainly the heraldical ſenſe mentioned by Mr. Steevens. But it here, I think, means only *blemiſhes*. So again, in Act III. MALONE.

4 *That thou may'ſt be a queen, and check the world!*] "Surely (ſays Holinſhed) Queen Elenor, the kyngs mother, was ſore againſt her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceyved agaynſt his mother, than upon any juſt occaſion, given in the behalfe of the childe; for that ſhe ſaw, if he were king, *how his mother Conſtance would looke to beare the moſt rule within the realme of Englande*, till her ſonne ſhould come to lawfull age, to govern of himſelfe. So hard a thing it is, to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being ſo contrary." MALONE.

His

His father never was ſo true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother *.
Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot [thee.
Auſt. Peace!
Baſt. Hear the crier [5].
Auſt. What the devil art thou?
Baſt. One that will play the devil, ſir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone [6].
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whoſe valour plucks dead lions by the beard [7];

* —*an if* thou *wert his mother.*] Conſtance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her huſband Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our King Henry II. MALONE.

5 *Hear the crier.*] Alluding to the uſual proclamation for *ſilence*, made by criers in courts of juſtice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced *O-Yes*. Auſtria has juſt ſaid, *Peace.* MALONE.

6 *One that will play the devil, ſir, with you,*
An 'a may catch your hide, *and you alone.*] The ground of the quarrel of the Baſtard to Auſtria is no where ſpecified in the preſent play. But the ſtory is, that Auſtria, who killed king Richard *Cœur-de-lion*, wore as the ſpoil of that prince, a lion's *hide*, which had belonged to him. This circumſtance renders the anger of the baſtard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. POPE.

See p. 460, n. 7; and p. 462, n. 8. This circumſtance (as Mr. Pope likewiſe obſerves) is particularly alluded to in the old play of *K. John*, Sign. C. 1. K. Richard, however, was not killed (as has been already mentioned) by the duke of Auſtria, but by Bertrand de Gourdon at the ſiege of Chaluz, a caſtle belonging to the Viſcount de Lymoges. Mr. Pope's note, which is on a paſſage in the third act, I have placed here, becauſe the alluſion to Auſtria's wearing the lion's hide here firſt occurs. MALONE.

The omiſſion of this incident was natural. Shakſpeare having familiarized the ſtory to his own imagination, forgot that it was obſcure to his audience; or what is equally probable, the ſtory was then ſo popular that a hint was ſufficient at that time to bring it to mind; and theſe plays were written with very little care for the approbation of poſterity. JOHNSON.

7 *You are the* hare *of whom the* proverb *goes,*
Whoſe valour plucks dead lions, &c.] So, in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*:
"He hunted well that was a lion's death;
"Not he that in a garment wore his ſkin:
"So *hares may pull dead lions by the beard.*" STEEVENS.

The *Spaniſh Tragedy* was exhibited on the ſtage about the year 1590. The proverb alluded to is, "Mortuo leoni et lepores inſultant." Eraſmi ADAG. MALONE.

I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass [8]:—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine [9] what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—

[8] *It lies as sightly on the back of him,*
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:] i. e. upon the *hoofs* of an ass. Mr. Theobald thought the *shoes* must be placed on the *back* of the ass; and, therefore, to avoid this incongruity, reads—Alcides *shews*. This endeavour to make our author's similes correspond exactly on both sides, is, as has been more than once observed, the source of many errours. MALONE.

The *shoes* of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. So, in *The Isle of Gulls*, by J. Day, 1606: "—are as fit, as Hercules's *shoe* for the foot of a pigmy." Again, in Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "—to draw the lyon's skin upon Æsop's asse, or *Hercules' shoes* on a childes feete." STEEVENS.

A double allusion was intended; first, to the fable of the ass in the lion's skin; then Richard I. is finely set in competition with Alcides, as Austria is satirically coupled with the ass. THEOBALD.

[9] K. Phi. *Lewis, determine*, &c.] In the old copy this line stands thus: King Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

To the first three speeches spoken in this scene by King Philip, the word *King* only is prefixed. I have therefore given this line to him. The transcriber or compositor having, I imagine, forgotten to distinguish the word *King* by Italicks, and to put a full point after it, these words have been printed as part of Austria's speech: "King Lewis," &c. but such an arrangement must be erroneous, for Lewis was not king. Some of our author's editors have left Austria in possession of the line, and corrected the error by reading here, "King *Philip*, determine," &c. and giving the next speech to him, instead of Lewis.

I once thought that the line before us might stand as part of Austria's speech, and that he might have addressed *Philip* and *the Dauphin* by the words, King,—Lewis, &c. but the addressing Philip by the title of King, without any addition, seems too familiar, and I therefore think it more probable that the error happened in the way above stated. MALONE.

King

King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou *, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child:
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no [1]!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;

* —*Anjou,*] Old Copy—*Angiers.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[1] *Now shame upon you, whe'r she does or no!*] *Whe'r* for *whether.* So, in an *Epigram*, by B. Jonson:

"Who shall doubt, Donne, *whe'r* I a poet be,
"When I dare send my epigrams to thee?"

Again, in Gower's *De Confessione Amantis*, 1532:

"That maugre *where* she wolde or not,—". MALONE.

The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague [2]
On

[2] *I have but this to say,—*
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But, God hath made her sin and her the plague, &c.] This passage appears to me very obscure. The chief difficulty arises from this, that Constance having told Elinor of her *sin conceiving womb*, pursues the thought, and uses *sin* through the next lines in an ambiguous sense, sometimes for *crime*, and sometimes for *offspring*.

He's not only plagued for her sin, &c. He is not only made miserable by vengeance for her *sin* or *crime*; but her *sin*, her *offspring*, and she, are made the instruments of that vengeance, on this descendant; who, though of the second generation, is *plagued for her and with her*; to whom she is not only the cause but the instrument of evil.

The next clause is more perplexed. All the editions read:

——plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her sin; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child.

I point thus:

——plagu'd for her
And with her.—Plague her son! *his injury*
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

That is; instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*, her immediate offspring: then the affliction will fall where it is deserved; *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the misery of her *sin*; her son will be a *beadle*, or chastiser, to her *crimes*, which are now *all punish'd in the person of this child.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick reads:

——plagu'd for her,
And with her plagu'd; *her sin, his injury.—*

We may read:

But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her;
And, with her sin, her plague, his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

i. e. *God hath made her and her sin together, the plague of her most remote descendants, who are plagued for her*; the same power hath likewise

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions [3].—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

wise *made her sin her own plague, and the injury she has done to him her own injury, as a beadle to lash that sin.* i. e. Providence has so order'd it, that she who is made the instrument of punishment to another, has, in the end, converted that other into an instrument of punishment for herself. STEEVENS.

Constance observes that *he (i. e.* pointing to *King John,* "whom from the flow of gall she names not,") is not only plagued [with the present war] for his mother's sin, but God hath made her sin and her the plague also on this removed issue, [Arthur,] plagued on her account, and by the means of her sinful offspring, whose injury [the usurpation of Arthur's rights] may be considered as her injury, or the injury of her sin-conceiving womb; and John's injury may also be considered as the beadle or officer of correction employed by her crimes to inflict all these punishments on the person of this child. TOLLET.

Not being satisfied with any of the emendations proposed, I have adhered to the original copy. I suspect that two half lines have been lost after the words—And with her—. If the text be right, *with*, I think, means *by*, (as in many other passages,) and Mr. Tollet's interpretation the true one. *Removed,* I believe, here signifies *remote.* So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"From Athens is her house,*remov'd* seven leagues." MALONE.

3 *It ill beseems this presence, to* cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—] Dr. Warburton has well observed on one of the former plays, that to *cry aim* is to *encourage.* JOHNSON.

The phrase (as Dr. Johnson has suggested,) "was borrowed from archery, *aim* having been the word of command as we now say *present.*" MALONE.

So, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windsor,* Vol. I. p. 251, where Ford says: "—and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall *cry aim.*" See the note on that passage. STEEVENS.

These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens *upon the walls.*

1. *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself:
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear us first[4].
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confronts your city's eyes[5], your winking gates[*];
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,

4 *For our advantage;—Therefore hear us first.*] If we read—For *your* advantage, it would be a more specious reason for interrupting Philip. TYRWHITT.

5 Confronts *your city's eyes,*] The old copy reads—*Comfort,* &c. Mr. Rowe made this necessary change. STEEVENS.

* —*your winking gates;*] i. e. gates hastily closed from an apprehension of danger. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
"*And winking leap'd into destruction.*" MALONE.

The

They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke[6],
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forweary'd in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it[7]; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspéct, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure[8] of your old-fac'd walls

6 *They shoot but calm* words folded up in smoke,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
"This helpless *smoke of words* doth me no right." MALONE.

7 — *that* owes *it*,] *Owe* is here, as in other books of our author's time, used for *own*. See Vol. II. p. 160, n. 3. MALONE.

8 *'Tis not the* roundure, &c.] *Roundure* means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle. So, in Shakspeare's 21st Sonnet:
"——— all things rare,
"That heaven's air in this huge *rondure* hems." STEEVENS.

Can

Can hide you from our meſſengers of war;
Though all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, ſhall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?
1. *Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.
1. *Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.
K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of England's breed,—
Baſt. Baſtards, and elſe.
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe,—
Baſt. Some baſtards too.
K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.
1. *Cit.* Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We, for the worthieſt, hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
Baſt. Saint George,—that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince,
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, ſirrah, [*to* Auſt.] with your lioneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your lion's hide[9],

[9] *I'd ſet an ox-head to your lion's hide,*] So, in the old play of *King John*:
"But let the frolick Frenchman take no ſcorn,
"If Philip front him with an Engliſh horn." STEEVENS.

And

And make a monster of you.—

Aust. Peace; no more.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*to* Lewis.] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French *Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers [1], open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English *Herald, with trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers [2], ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!

1 *You men of Angiers, &c.*] This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit of the *widow's husband* embracing *the earth*, is just and beautiful. JOHNSON.

2 *Rejoice, you men of Angiers, &c.*] The English herald falls somewhat below his antagonist. *Silver armour gilt with blood* is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in *Macbeth*:

" ——— Here lay Duncan,
" His *silver skin* lac'd with his *golden blood*." JOHNSON.

Their

Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen[3], come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

1. *Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers[4] we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured *:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one side, King JOHN, *with his power*; ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the* BASTARD; *at the other, King* PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right roam on[5]?
Whose passage vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell

3 *And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,*] It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy. JOHNSON.

4 *Heralds, from off our towers,* &c.] These three speeches seem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the best; yet *both alike we like* is a poor gingle. JOHNSON.

* —*cannot be* censured:] i. e. cannot be estimated See Vol. I. p. 113, n. 8. Our author ought rather to have written—whose *superiority*, or whose *inequality*, cannot be censured. MALONE.

5 *Say, shall the current of our right* roam *on?*] Thus the old copy. The editor of the second folio substituted *run,* which has been adopted in the subsequent editions. I do not perceive any need of change. In the *Tempest* we have—"the *wandering* brooks." MALONE.

With

With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. *Phi.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scrowl, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men [6],
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, kings [7]! back to the stained field,
You equal potents [8], firy-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

6 —mousing *the flesh of men,*] *Mousing,* like many other ancient and now uncouth expressions, was expelled from our author's text by Mr. Pope; and *mouthing,* which he substituted in its room, has been adopted in the subsequent editions, without any sufficient reason, in my apprehension. *Mousing* is, I suppose, mamocking, and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:* "Well *mous'd,* Lion!" Again, in *The Wonderful Year,* by Thomas Decker, 1603: "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *mousing* fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses." MALONE.

7 *Cry, havock, kings!*] That is, *command slaughter to proceed.* So, in another place: "He with Até by his side, *Cries, havock!*" JOHNSON.

8 *You equal* potents,] *Potents* for potentates. So, in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitulit* PHILOTUS, &c. 1603: "Ane of the *potentes* of the town,—" STEEVENS.

1. *Cit.*

1. *Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
1. *Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this[9];
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears[1], until our fears, resolv'd,
Be

[9] *A greater power than we, denies all this, &c.*] i. e. the *Lord of hosts*, who has not yet decided the superiority of either army; and till it be undoubted, the people of Angiers will not open their gates. TOLLET.

[1] King'd *of our fears,*] i. e. Our fears being our kings, or rulers. The old copy reads—*Kings*. The emendation, as the reader will find in the following note, was proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. *King'd* is again used in *King Richard II:*

"Then I am *king'd* again."

It is manifest that the passage in the old copy is corrupt, and that it must have been so worded, that their *fears* should be styled their *kings* or masters, and not they, kings or masters of their fears; because in the next line mention is made of these *fears* being *deposed*. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation produces this meaning by a very slight alteration, and is therefore, I think, entitled to a place in the text.

The following passage in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, strongly, in my opinion, confirms his conjecture:

"So shall these *slaves* [Tarquin's unruly *passions*] be *kings*, and thou their slave."

Again, in *King Lear:*

"——It seems, she was a queen
"Over her *passion*, *who*, most rebel-like,
"Sought to be *king* o'er her."

This passage in the folio is given to King Philip, and in a subsequent part of this scene, all the speeches of the citizens are given to Hubert; which I mention, because these, and innumerable other instances, where the same error has been committed in that edition, justify some licence in transferring speeches from one person to another. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton saw what was requisite to make this passage sense; and Dr. Johnson, rather too hastily, I think, has received his emendation into the text. He reads:

Kings are *our fears*,—

which he explains to mean, "our fears are the kings which at present rule us."

As

4

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers [2] flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes [3] and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem [4],

Be

As the same sense may be obtained by a much slighter alteration, I am more inclined to read:

King'd of *our fears*,—.

King'd is used as a participle passive by Shakspeare more than once, I believe. I remember one instance in *Henry the Fifth*, Act II. sc. v. The Dauphin says of England:

"— she is so idly *king'd*.

It is scarce necessary to add, that, *of*, here (as in numberless other places) has the signification of, *by*. TYRWHITT.

2 — *these* scroyles *of Angiers*—] *Escrouelles*, Fr. i. e. scabby, scrofulous fellows. Ben Jonson uses the word in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"—— hang them *scroyles*!" STEEVENS.

3 *At your* industrious *scenes*—] I once wished to read—*illustrious*; but I now believe the text to be right. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——— and put we on
"*Industrious* soldiership." MALONE.

4 *Do like the* mutines *of Jerusalem*,] The *mutines* are the *mutineers*, the seditious. So again, in *Hamlet*:

"——— and lay
"Worse than the *mutines* in the bilboes."

Our author had probably read the following passages in *A Compendious and most marvelious History of the latter times of the Jewes Common-weale*, &c. Written in Hebrew, by Joseph Ben Gorion,—translated into English, by Peter Morwyn: "The same yeere the civil warres grew and increased in Jerusalem; for the citizens slew one another without any truce, rest, or quietnesse.—The people were divided into *three parties*; whereof the first and best followed Anani, the high priest; another part followed seditious Jehochanan; the third most cruel Schimeon.—Anani, being a perfect godly man, and seeing the common-weale of Jerusalem governed by the *seditious*, gave over his third part, that stacke to him, to Eliasar, his sonne. Eliasar with his companie tooke the Temple, and the courts about it; appointing of his men, some to bee spyes, some to keepe watche and warde.—But Jehochanan tooke the market-place and streetes, the lower part of the citie. Then Schimeon, the Jerosolimite, tooke the highest part of the towne, where-

fore

Be friends a while[5], and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours[6] have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

fore his men annoyed Jehochanan's parte sore with slings and crosse-bowes. Betweene these three there was also most cruel battailes in Jerusalem for the space of foure daies.—

Titus' campe was about sixe furlongs from the towne. The next morrow they of the towne seeing Titus to be encamped upon the mount Olivet, the captaines of the *seditious* assembled together, and fell at argument, every man with another, intending *to turne their cruelty upon the Romaines*, confirming and ratifying the same *atonement* and purpose, by swearing one to another; and so became peace amongst them. Wherefore, *joyning together*, that before were *three severall parts*, they set open the gates, and all the best of them issued out with an horrible noyse and shoute, that they made the Romaines afraide withall, in such wise that they fled before the *seditious*, which sodainly did set uppon them unawares."

The book from which I have transcribed these passages, was printed in 1602, but there was a former edition, as that before me is said to be "newly corrected and amended by the translatour." From the spelling and the style, I imagine the first edition of this book had appeared before 1580. This allusion is not found in the old play. MALONE.

5 *Be friends a while*, &c.] This advice is given by the Bastard in the old play, though comprized in fewer and less spirited lines. STEEVENS.

6 —soul-fearing *clamours*—] i. e. *soul-appalling*. See Vol. III. p. 23, n. 3. MALONE.

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well:—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so:—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth: [*Aside.*
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

1. *Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

1. *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch[7],
Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love[8] should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

[7] —*the lady* Blanch,] The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, king of Castile, and was niece to king John by his sister Elianor. STEEVENS.

[8] *If* zealous *love,* &c.] *Zealous* seems here to signify *pious*, or *influenced by motives of religion.* JOHNSON.

If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O say[9], he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she[1];
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen[2] than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death[3]

Out

[9] *If not complete, O say,*] The old copy reads—If not complete *of*, say, &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

[1] —*such a she*;] Old Copy—*as* she. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

[2] —*at this match,*
With swifter spleen, *&c.*] Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he applies *spleen* to the *lightning*. I am loath to think that Shakspeare meant to play with the double of *match* for *nuptial*, and the *match* of a *gun*. JOHNSON.

[3] *Here's a* stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death, &c.] *Stay*, I apprehend, here

Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,

here signifies *a supporter of a cause*. Here's an extraordinary partizan, that shakes, &c. So, in the last act of this play:

"What surety in the world, what hopes, what *stay*,
"When this was now a king, and now is clay?"

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no *stay*."

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"What *stay* had I but Edward, and he's gone."

Again, in Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, printed about the year 1611:

"England's fast friend, and Ireland's constant *stay*."

It is observable that *partizan* in like manner, though now generally used to signify an *adherent* to a party, originally meant a pike or halberd.

Perhaps, however, our author meant by the words, Here's a *stay*, "Here's a fellow, who whilst he makes a proposition as a *stay* or *obstacle*, to prevent the effusion of blood, shakes," &c. The Citizen has just said:

"Hear us, great kings, vouchsafe a while to *stay*,
"And I shall shew you peace," &c.

It is, I conceive, no objection to this interpretation, that an *impediment* or *obstacle* could not shake death, &c. though the *person* who endeavoured to *stay* or prevent the attack of the two kings, might. Shakspeare seldom attends to such *minutiæ*.—But the first explanation appears to me more probable.—Dr. Johnson would read—Here's a *flaw*, &c. i. e. Here's a *gust* of bravery, a *blast* of menace. MALONE.

Shakspeare seems to have taken the hint of this speech from the following in the *Famous History of Thomas Stukely*, 1605. bl. l.

"*Why here's a gallant, here's a king indeed!*
"*He speaks all Mars:—tut, let me follow such*
"*A lad as this:—This is pure fire:*
"*Ev'ry look he casts, flasheth like lightning;*
"*There's mettle in this boy.*
"*He brings a breath that sets our sails on fire:*
"*Why now I see we shall have cuffs indeed.*" STEEVENS.

 Since

Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Lest zeal, now melted[4], by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,

Cool

4 *Lest* zeal, *now melted*, &c.] We have here a very unusual, and, I think, not very just image of *zeal*, which, in its highest degree, is represented by others as a flame, but by Shakspeare, as a frost. To *repress zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool*, in Shakspeare's to *melt* it; when it exerts its utmost power it is commonly said to *flame*, but by Shakspeare to be *congealed*. JOHNSON.

Sure the poet means to compare *zeal* to metal in a state of fusion, and not to dissolving ice. STEEVENS.

The allusion, I apprehend, is to dissolving ice; and if this passage be compared with others in our author's plays, it will not, I think, appear liable to Dr. Johnson's objection.—The sense, I conceive, is, *Lest the now* zealous *and to you well-affected* heart *of Philip, which but lately was cold and hard as ice, and has* newly *been* melted and softened, *should by the soft petitions* of Constance, *and pity* for Arthur, *again* become congealed *and frozen*. I once thought that "the windy breath of soft petitions," &c. should be coupled with the preceding words, and related to the proposal made by the citizen of Angiers; but I now believe that they were intended to be connected, in construction, with the following line.—In a subsequent scene we find a similar thought couched in nearly the same expressions:

"This act, so evilly born, shall *cool the hearts*
"Of all his people, and *freeze* up their *zeal*."

Here Shakspeare does not say that *zeal*, when "*congealed*, exerts its utmost power," but, on the contrary, that when it is congealed or frozen, it *ceases* to exert itself at all; it is no longer zeal.

We again meet with the same allusion in *King Henry VIII*:

"—— This makes bold mouths;
"Tongues spit their duties out, and *cold hearts freeze*
"*Allegiance* in them."

Both zeal and allegiance therefore, we see, in the language of Shakspeare, are in their highest state of exertion, when *melted*; and repressed or diminished, when *frozen*. The word *freeze* in the passages

just

Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1. *Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read [5], I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou [6], and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,

just quoted, shews that the allusion is not, as has been suggested, to *metals*, but to *ice*.

The obscurity of the present passage arises from our author's use of the word *zeal*, which is, as it were, personified. *Zeal*, if it be understood strictly, cannot "cool and congeal again to what it *was*," (for when it cools, it ceases to be *zeal*,) though a *person* who is become warm and zealous in a cause, may afterwards become cool and indifferent, *as he was*, before he was warmed.—"To what it was," however, in our author's licentious language, may mean, "to what it was, *before it was zeal*." MALONE.

[5] *Can in this book of beauty read,*] So, in *Pericles*, 1609:
"Her *face*, the *book* of praises," &c.
Again, in *Macbeth*:
"Your *face*, my thane, is as a *book*, where men
"May *read* strange matters." MALONE.

[6] *For* Anjou,] The old copy reads—*Angiers*. Mr. Theobald made the emendation; which is confirmed both by the context and by the anonymous *K. John*, printed in 1591. See also p. 469, n. *. MALONE.

 Drawn

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye [7].

[*Whispers with* Blanch.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,)
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen [8], Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—

7 — *in the flattering* table *of her eye.*] *Table*, it has already been observed, was in our author's time a term for a *picture*. *Tableau*, Fr. See Vol. III. p. 358, n. 7. MALONE.

8 — *Volquessen*,] This is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin*; in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin*, was in dispute between Philip and John. STEEV.

This and the subsequent line (except the words, "do I give") are taken from the old play. MALONE.

Philip

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well;—Young princes, close your hands[9].

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd[1].

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:—
Where is she and her son; tell me, who knows?

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent[*].

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,

9 —*Young princes, close your hands.*] See *The Winter's Tale*, p. 128, n. 9. MALONE.

1 —*I am well* assur'd,
That I did so when I was first assur'd.] *Assur'd* is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *affianced, contracted.* So, in the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. II. p. 170:
"—called me Dromio, swore I was *assur'd* to her." STEEVENS.

* *She is sad and* passionate *at your highness' tent.*] *Passionate* in this instance does not signify *disposed to anger*, but a prey to mournful sensations. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:
"—Thou art *passionate*,
"Hast been brought up *with girls.*" STEEVENS.

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the* Bastard. *The* Citizens *retire from the walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part [2]:
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear [3]
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that *;

2 —departed *with a part*:] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous. So, in *Every Man in his Humour*: "Faith, sir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money." Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "She'll serve under him till death us *depart*." STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 332, n. 3. MALONE.

3 —*rounded in the ear*] i. e. whispered in the ear. STEEVENS.

See *The Winter's Tale*, p. 135, n. 3. MALONE.

* *Who having no external thing to lose*
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;] The construction here appears extremely harsh to our ears, yet I do not believe there is any corruption; for I have observed a similar phraseology in other places in these plays. The construction is,—Commodity, he that wins of all,—*he that* cheats the poor maid of that only external thing she has to lose, namely the word maid, i. e. her chastity. *Who having* is used as the absolute case, in the sense of "*they* having—;" and the words "who having no external thing to lose but the word maid," are in some measure parenthetical; yet they cannot with propriety be included in a parenthesis, because then there would remain nothing to which the relative *that* at the end of the line could be referred. In the *Winter's Tale*, are the following lines, in which we find a similar phraseology:

"—— This your son-in-law,
"And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)
"Is troth-plight to your daughter."

Here the pronoun *whom* is used for *him*, as *who*, in the passage before us, is used for *they*. MALONE.

That

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world[4];
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker[5], this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own-determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand[6],
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand[7], as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee! [*Exit*[8].

ACT

4 Commodity, *the bias of the world*;] *Commodity* is interest. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"I will use his friendship to mine own *commoditie*." STEEVENS.

5 —*this* broker,] A *broker* in old language meant a *pimp* or *procuress*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act II.

"Do not believe his vows, for they are *brokers*," &c. MALONE.

6 —clutch *my hand*,] To *clutch* my hand, is to clasp it close. STEEVENS.

See *Macbeth*, p. 320, n. 6. MALONE.

7 *But* for *my hand*,] *For* has here, as in many other places, the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello*:

"—or *for* I am declin'd
"Into the vale of years." MALONE.

8 In the old copy the second act extends to the end of the speech of Lady Constance in the next scene, at the conclusion of which she throws herself

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The French *king's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so:
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears [9];
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow [1], husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

herself on the ground. The present division which was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by the subsequent editors, is certainly right. By this means (as he has observed) a proper interval is made for Salisbury's going to Lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage between the Dauphin and Blanch; and the chasm which the former division produced in the action of the play, is avoided. MALONE.

9 *For I am sick, and* capable *of fears*;] i. e. I have a strong *sensibility*; I am tremblingly alive to apprehension. So, in *Hamlet*:
"His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
"Would make them *capable*." MALONE.

1 *A widow*,] This was not the fact. Constance, was at this time married to a third husband Guido, brother to the Viscount of Touars. She had been divorced from her second husband, Ranulph, Earl of Chester. MALONE

Why

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds [2]?
Be these sad signs [3] confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, were grim,
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots [4], and sightless [5] stains,

2 *Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?*] This seems to have been imitated by Marston in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins,
"*Like a proud river, overflow their bounds.*" MALONE.

3 *Be these sad* signs—] The sad *signs* are, the *shaking of his head*, *the laying his hand on his breast*, &c. We have again the same words in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"So she, at these *sad signs* exclaims on death."

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—Be these sad *sighs*—&c. MALONE.

4 *Ugly, and sland'rous to thy* mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"The blemish that will never be forgot,
"Worse than a slavish wipe, or *birth-hour's blot.*" MALONE.

5 —sightless—] The poet uses *sightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable to the eyes. JOHNSON.

Lame,

Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious[7],
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop[8].

To

[7] —*prodigious*,] That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

"Over whose roof hangs this *prodigious* comet." STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 538, n. 7. MALONE.

[8] *For grief is proud, and makes his owner* stoop.] Our author has rendered this passage obscure, by indulging himself in one of those conceits in which he too much delights, and by bounding rapidly, with his usual licence, from one idea to another. This obscurity induced Sir T. Hanmer for *stoop* to substitute *stout*; a reading that appears to me to have been too hastily adopted in the subsequent editions.

The confusion arises from the poet's having personified grief in the first part of the passage, and supposing the afflicted person to be *bowed* to the earth by that pride or haughtiness which Grief is said to possess; and by making the afflicted person, in the latter part of the passage, actuated

To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let kings aſſemble [9]; for my grief's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and ſorrows ſit [1];
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herſelf on the ground.*

Enter

actuated by this very pride, and exacting the ſame kind of obeiſance from others, that Grief has exacted from her.—"I will not go (ſays Conſtance) to theſe kings; I will teach my ſorrows to be proud; for Grief is proud, and makes the afflicted *ſtoop*; therefore here I throw myſelf, and let them come to me." Here, had ſhe ſtopped, and thrown herſelf on the ground, and had nothing more being added, however we might have diſapproved of the conceit, we ſhould have had no temptation to diſturb the text. But the idea of throwing herſelf on the ground ſuggeſts a new image; and becauſe her *ſtately* grief is ſo great that nothing but the huge earth can ſupport it, ſhe conſiders the ground as her *throne*; and having thus inveſted herſelf with regal dignity, ſhe as queen in *miſery*, as poſſeſſing (like Imogen) "the ſupreme *crown* of grief," calls on the princes of the world to bow down before her, as ſhe has herſelf been *bowed down* by affliction.

Such, I think, was the proceſs that paſſed in the poet's mind; which appears to me ſo clearly to explain the text, that I ſee no reaſon for departing from it. MALONE.

9 *To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,*
Let kings aſſemble;—] In *Much ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depreſſed by her diſgrace, declares himſelf ſo ſubdued by grief that *a thread may lead him*. How is it that grief in Leonato and lady Conſtance produces effects directly oppoſite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow ſoftens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by deſpair. Diſtreſs, while there remains any proſpect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no ſuccour remains, is fearleſs and ſtubborn; angry alike at thoſe that injure, and at thoſe that do not help; careleſs to pleaſe where nothing can be gained, and fearleſs to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the paſſions. JOHNSON.

1 — *here I and* ſorrows *ſit*;] Perhaps we ſhould read—"Here I and *ſorrow* ſit. Our author might have intended to perſonify ſorrow, as Marlowe had done before him, in his *King Edward II*:

"While I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
"Where *Sorrow* at my elbow ſtill attends."

The tranſcriber's ear might eaſily have deceived him, the two readings, when ſpoken, ſounding exactly alike. So, we find in the quarto copy of *K. Henry IV*. P. I:

"The mailed Mars ſhall on his *altars* ſit,—

inſtead

Enter King JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, BASTARD, AUSTRIA, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day[2], the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist[3];
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holy-day[4].

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy-day!— [*rising.*
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides[5], in the calendar?

instead of—shall on his *altar* sit. Again, in the quarto copy of the same play we have—monstrous *scantle*, instead of—monstrous *cantle*.

In this conjecture I had once great confidence, but, a preceding line,—I will instruct my *sorrows* to be proud,—now appears to me to render it somewhat disputable.

Perhaps our author here remembered the description of Elizabeth, the widow of King Edward IV. given in an old book, that, I believe, he had read: "The Queen *sat* alone *below on the rushes*, al desolate and dismayde; whom the Archbishop comforted in the best manner that he coulde." Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543. So also, in a book already quoted, that Shakspeare appears to have read, *A Compendious and most marvelous history of the latter times of the Jewes Commonweale*: "All those things when I Joseph heard tydings of, I tare my head with my hand, and cast ashes upon my beard, *sitting in great sorrow upon the ground*." MALONE.

2 *To solemnize this day*, &c.] From this passage Rowe seems to have borrowed the first lines of his *Fair Penitent*. JOHNSON.

3 —*and plays the* alchymist;] Milton has borrowed this thought:
"——— when with one virtuous touch
"*Th' arch chemic sun*, &c." *Paradise Lost*, b. iii. STEEVENS.
So, in our author's 33d Sonnet:
"*Gilding* pale streams with *heavenly alchymy*." MALONE.

4 *Shall never see it but a holy day.*] So, in *the Famous Historie of George Lord Fauconbridge*, 1616: "This joyful day of their arrival [that of Richard I. and his mistress, Clarabel,] was by the king and his counsell *canonized for a holy-day*." MALONE.

5 —*high tides*,] i. e. solemn seasons, times to be observed above others. STEEVENS.

Nay,

Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week [5];
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd [6]:
But on this day [7], let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falshood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty [8]; which, being touch'd, and try'd,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours [9]:

5 *Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;*] In allusion (as Mr. Upton has observed) to Job iii. 3. "Let the day perish," &c. and v. 6. "Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months." MALONE.

6 — *prodigiously be cross'd:*] i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"Nor mark *prodigious*, such as are
"Despised in nativity." STEEVENS.

7 *But on this day,*] That is, *except* on this day. JOHNSON.

In the ancient almanacks (one of which I have in my possession, dated 1562) the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are distinguished among a number of other particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"By the almanac, I think
"To choose good days and shun the critical." STEEVENS.

See also *Macbeth*, p. 393, n. 8. MALONE.

8 *You have beguil'd me with a* counterfeit,
Resembling majesty;] i. e. a false coin. A *counterfeit* formerly signified also a portrait.—A representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin, the word seems to be here used equivocally. MALONE.

9 *You came in* arms *to spill mine enemies' blood,*
But now in arms *you strengthen it with yours:*] I am afraid here is a clinch intended: *You came* in war *to destroy my enemies, but now you strengthen them* in embraces. JOHNSON.

The

The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day[1] in peace; but, ere sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings![2]
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria[3]! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!

1 *Wear out the* day—] Old Copy—*days*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

2 *Set armed discord*, &c.] Shakspeare makes this bitter curse effectual. JOHNSON.

3 *O Lymoges! O Austria!*] The propriety or impropriety of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakspeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition [in 1193]; but the castle of Chalus, before which he fell, [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges; and the archer, who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore enquired no further about it.

Holinshed says on this occasion: "The same yere, Philip, bastard sonne to king Richard, to whome his father had given the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the viscount of *Lymoges*, in revenge of his father's death, &c." Austria, in the old play [printed in 1591,] is called *Lymoges, the Austrich duke*."

With this note, I was favoured by a gentleman to whom I have yet more considerable obligations in regard to Shakspeare. His extensive knowledge of history and manners has frequently supplied me with apt and necessary illustrations, at the same time that his judgment has corrected my errors; yet such has been his constant solicitude to remain concealed, that I know not but I may give offence while I indulge my own vanity in affixing to this note the name of my friend HENRY BLAKE, Esq. STEEVENS.

Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide!
Thou fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humourous ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my ſoldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for ſhame[4],
And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs[5].

Auſt. O, that a man ſhould ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Baſt. And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Baſt. And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou doſt forget thyſelf.

4 —*doff it for ſhame,*] To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. STEEVENS.

5 *And hang a calf's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.*] When fools were kept for diverſion in great families, they were diſtinguiſhed by a *calf-ſkin coat*, which had the buttons down the back; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and eſcape the reſentment of thoſe whom they provoked with their waggeries.

In a little penny book, intitled *The Birth, Life, and Death of John Franks, with the Pranks he played though a meer Fool*, mention is made in ſeveral places of a *calf's-ſkin*.—In chap. x. of this book, Jack is ſaid to have made his appearance at his lord's table, having then a new *calf-ſkin* ſuit, red and white ſpotted. This fact will explain the ſarcaſm of Conſtance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Auſtria a *fool*.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

I may add, that the cuſtom is ſtill preſerved in Ireland; and the fool, in any of the legends which the mummers act at Chriſtmas, always appears in a *calf's* or cow's *ſkin*. In the prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, 1606, is the following paſſage: "I'll make him do penance upon the ſtage in a *calf's ſkin*." Again, in the play: "I'll wrap me in a rouſing *calf-ſkin* ſuit, and come like ſome Hobgoblin."—"I mean my *Chriſtmas calf-ſkin* ſuit." STEEVENS.

The ſpeaker in the play is *Robin Goodfellow*. Perhaps, as has been ſuggeſted, Conſtance, by cloathing Auſtria in a calf's-ſkin, means only to inſinuate that he is a *coward*. The word *recreant* ſeems to favour ſuch a ſuppoſition. MALONE.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, choſen archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, from that holy ſee?
This, in our 'foreſaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,
Can taſk the free breath of a ſacred king [6]?

Thou

[6] *What* earthly *name to interrogatories,*
Can taſk *the free* breath, &c.] i. e. What earthly name, *ſubjoined* to interrogatories, can force a king to *ſpeak* and anſwer them? The old copy reads—*earthy*. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. It has alſo *taſt* inſtead of *taſk*, which was ſubſtituted by Mr. Theobald. *Breath* for ſpeech is common in our author. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene in this play:

"The lateſt *breath* that gave the ſound of words."

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*, "*breathing* courteſy," for *verbal* courteſy. MALONE.

The emendation [*taſk*] may be juſtified by the following paſſage in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"How ſhow'd his *taſking*? ſeem'd it in contempt?"

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

"That *taſk* our thoughts concerning us and France."

STEEVENS.

This muſt have been at the time when it was written, in our ſtruggles with popery, a very captivating ſcene.

So many paſſages remain in which Shakſpeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the paſſions then in motion, that I cannot but ſuſpect that time has obſcured much of his art, and that many alluſions yet remain undiſcovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by ſucceeding commentators. JOHNSON.

The ſpeech ſtands thus in the old play: "And what haſt thou or the pope thy maſter to do, to demand of me how I employ mine own? Know, ſir prieſt, as I honour the church and holy churchmen, ſo I ſcorne to be ſubject to the greateſt prelate in the world. Tell thy maſter ſo from me; and ſay, John of England ſaid it, that never an Italian prieſt of them all ſhall either have tythe, toll, or polling penny

out

Thou canſt not, cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are ſupreme head,
So, under him, that great ſupremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the aſſiſtance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence ſet apart,
To him, and his uſurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaſpheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Chriſtendom,
Are led ſo groſsly by this meddling prieſt,
Dreading the curſe that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that ſale, ſells pardon from himſelf:
Though you, and all the reſt, ſo groſsly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cheriſh;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppoſe
Againſt the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And bleſſed ſhall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worſhip'd as a ſaint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life[7].

Conſt.

out of England; but as I am king, ſo will I reign next under God, ſupreme head both over ſpiritual and temporal: and he that contradicts me in this, I'll make him hop headleſs." STEEVENS.

[7] *That takes away by any ſecret courſe Thy hateful life.*] This may allude to the bull publiſhed againſt queen Elizabeth. Or we may ſuppoſe, ſince we have no proof that

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

this play appeared in its present state before the reign of king James, that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a Spanish book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices are registered as saints. JOHNSON.

If any allusion to his own times was intended by the author of the old play, (for this speech is formed on one in *K. John*, 1591,) it must have been to the bull of Pope Pius the Fifth, 1569: "Then I Pandulph of Padua, legate from the Apostolike sea, doe in the name of Saint Peter, and his successor, our holy father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee *accursed*, discharging every of thy subjects of all dutie and fealtie that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgivenesse of sinne to those or them whatsoever which shall *carrie armes* against thee or *murder* thee. This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an *excommunicate* person." MALONE.

Lew.

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome [8],
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride [9].

Blanch.

[8] *Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,*] It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married*. Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations. JOHNSON.

[9] *In likeness of a new* untrimmed *bride.*] *Trim* is *dress*. An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undrest*. Could the tempter of mankind assume a semblance in which he was more likely to be successful? The devil (says Constance) raises to your imagination your bride disencumber'd of the forbidding forms of dress, and the memory of my wrongs is lost in the anticipation of future enjoyment. Ben Jonson, in his *New Inn*, says:

"*Bur.* Here's a lady gay.
"*Tip.* A *well-trimm'd* lady!"

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"And I was *trimm'd* in madam Julia's gown."

Mr. Collins inclines to a colder interpretation, and is willing to suppose that by an *untrimmed bride* is meant *a bride unadorned with the usual pomp and formality of a nuptial habit*. The propriety of this epithet he infers from the haste in which the match was made, and further justifies it from *K. John*'s preceding words:

"Go we, as well *as haste will suffer us*,
"To this unlook'd for, *unprepared* pomp."

Mr. Tollet is of the same opinion, and offers two instances in which *untrimmed* indicates a deshabille or a frugal vesture. In Minshieu's DICT. it signifies one not finely drest or attired. STEEVENS.

I incline to think that the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that we should read, as Mr. Theobald has proposed,—a new *and trimmed* bride. The following passage in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. appears to me strongly to support his conjecture:

"When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,—
"Came there a certain lord, neat, *trimly* dress'd,
"Fresh as a *bridegroom*,—."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"——— and forget
"Your laboursome and dainty *trims*, wherein
"You made great Juno angry."

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and *trim*—."

The freshness which our author has connected with the word *trim*, in

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith will live again by death of need:
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.
Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.
Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint

in the first and last of these passages, and the "labioursome and dainty *trims* that made great Juno angry," which surely a bride may be supposed most likely to indulge in, (however scantily Blanch's toilet may have been furnished in a camp,) prove, either that this emendation is right, or that Mr. Collins's interpretation of the word *untrimmed* is the true one. Minshieu's definition of *untrimmed*, "qui n'est point orné, —*inornatus*, *incultus*," as well as his explanation of the verb "*to trim*," which, according to him, means the same as "to *prank* up," may also be adduced to the same point. See his DICT. 1617. Mr. Mason justly observes, that "to *trim* means to *dress out*, but not to *clothe*; and consequently, though it might mean *unadorned*, it can not mean *unclad*, or *naked*." MALONE.

The

The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both[1],
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet[2]?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion[3] by the mortal paw,
A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;

[1] —*so strong in both,*] I believe the meaning is, *love so strong in both* parties. JOHNSON.

Rather, in *hatred* and in *love*; in deeds of *amity* or *blood*. HENLEY.

[2] —*this kind* regreet?] A *regreet* is an exchange of salutation. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"So bear our kind *regreets* to Hecuba." STEEVENS.

[3] *A cased lion*—] A *cased* lion, is a lion irritated by confinement. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act I. sc. iii:

"So looks the *pent-up* lion o'er the wretch
"That trembles under his devouring paws;" &c. STEEVENS.

So, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1605:

"The lyon in his *cage* is not so sterne
"As royal Henry in his wrathful spleene."

Our author was probably thinking on the lions, which in his time, as at present, were kept in the Tower, in dens so small as fully to justify the epithet he has used. MALONE.

And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss, when it is truly done[4];
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done, not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falshood falshood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion[5];

By

4 *Is not amiss, when it is truly done*;] That is, (as an anonymous writer has suggested,) *when it is not done*; for such is the meaning of *truly*; and the licentiousness of the expression is certainly sufficiently suitable to the other *riddling* terms used by the legate. In support of this interpretation the next line but one has been quoted:

"*The* TRUTH *is then* most *done*, NOT *doing* it."

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"It is *religion*, to be thus *forsworn*."

By placing the second couplet of this sentence before the first, the passage will appear perfectly clear. *Where doing tends to ill*, where an intended act is criminal, the *truth* is *most done*, by *not doing* the act. The criminal act therefore which thou hast sworn to do, *is not amiss*, will not be imputed to you as a crime, if it be done *truly*, in the sense I have now affixed to *truth*; that is, if you do *not* do it." MALONE.

5 *But thou hast sworn against religion*; &c.] The propositions, that the *voice of the church is the voice of heaven*, and that *the pope utters the voice of the church*, neither of which Pandulph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here used is irresistible; nor is it easy, notwithstanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety:

But thou hast sworn against religion:
By what *thou swear'st*, &c.

By *what*. Sir T. Hanmer reads, By *that*. I think it should be rather By *which*. That is, *thou swear'st against the thing, by* which *thou swear'st*; that is, *against religion*.

The most formidable difficulty is in these lines:

And

By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn[6];
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth thou art unsure &c.

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omission of a point. The sense, after I had considered it, appeared to me only this: *In swearing by religion against religion, to which thou hast already sworn, thou makest an oath the security for thy faith against an oath already taken.* I will give, *says he*, a rule for conscience in these cases. Thou may'st be in doubt about the matter of an oath; *when thou swearest thou may'st* not *be always* sure *to swear rightly*; but let this be thy settled principle, *swear only not to be forsworn*; let not the latter oaths be at variance with the former.

Truth, through this whole speech, means *rectitude* of conduct. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is right, and that the line "By *what*," &c. is put in apposition with that which precedes it: "But thou hast sworn against religion; thou hast sworn, *by what thou swearest*, i. e. in that which thou hast sworn, *against the thing thou swearest* by; i. e. religion. Our author has many such elliptical expressions. See Vol. V. p. 488, n. 8. MALONE.

6 — swear *only not to be forsworn*;] The old copy reads—*swears*, which in my apprehension shews that two half lines have been lost, in which the person supposed *to swear*, was mentioned. When the same word is repeated in two succeeding lines, the eye of the compositor often glances from the first to the second, and in consequence the intermediate words are omitted. For what has been lost, it is now in vain to seek; I have therefore adopted the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which makes some kind of sense. MALONE.

But,

But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be measures[7] to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse[8], your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

7 —*be* measures—] The *measures*, it has already been more than once observed, were a species of solemn dance in our author's time. This speech is formed on the following lines in the old play:

"*Blanch.* And will your grace upon your wedding day
"Forsake your bride, and follow dreadful drums?
"*Phil.* Drums shall be musick to this wedding day." MALONE.

8 *I* muse,] I wonder. See p. 371, n. 8. MALONE.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.— [*Exit* Bastard.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms, let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the BASTARD, *with* AUSTRIA'S *head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky [9],

And

[9] *Some airy devil*—] Shakspeare here probably alludes to the distinctions and divisions of some of the demonologists, so much read and regarded

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip [1], make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent [2],
And ta'en, I fear.

regarded in his time. They distributed the devils into different tribes and classes, each of which had its peculiar properties, attributes, &c. These are described at length in Burton's *Anatomie of Melancholy*, Part I. sect ii. p. 45, 1632: "Of these sublunary devils—Psellus makes six kinds; fiery, aeriall, terrestriall, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those faieries, satyres, nymphes," &c.

"Fiery spirits or divells are such as commonly worke by blazing starres, fire-drakes, and counterfeit sunnes and moones, and sit on ship's masts," &c. &c.

"Aeriall spirits or divells are such as keep quarter most part in the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it raine stones," &c. PERCY.

There is a minute description of different devils or spirits, and their different functions in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devill*, 1592. With respect to the passage in question take the following: "—the spirits of the *aire* will mix themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the region of the moone." HENDERSON.

1 —*Philip*,] Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of Sir *Richard*, calls him by his former name. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read:

Hubert, keep [then] *this boy*, &c. STEEVENS.

2 *My mother is assailed in our tent*,] The author has not attended closely to the history. The Queen-mother, whom King John had made Regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau in that province. On the approach of the French army with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief; which he did immediately. As he advanced to the town, he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The Queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

Such is the best authenticated account. Other historians however say that Arthur took Elinor prisoner. The author of the old play has followed them. In that piece Elinor is taken by Arthur, and rescued by her son. MALONE.

Bast.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* BASTARD, HUBERT, *and Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind, [*to* Elinor.
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [*to the* Bast.] away for England; haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must, by the hungry, now be fed upon[3]:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast.

3 —*the fat ribs of peace*
Must, by the hungry, *now be fed upon:*] The meaning, I think, is, "—the fat ribs of peace must now be fed upon by the hungry troops,"—to whom some share of this ecclesiastical spoil would naturally fall. The expression, like many other of our author's, is taken from the sacred writings: "And there he maketh *the hungry* to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation." 107th *Psalm.* — Again: "He hath filled *the hungry* with good things," &c. *St. Luke*, c. i. 53.
This interpretation is supported by the passage in the old play, which is here imitated:

"Philip, I make thee chief in this affair;
"Ransack their abbeys, cloysters, priories;
"Convert their coin unto my *soldiers'* use."

When I read this passage in the old play, the first idea that suggested itself was, that a word had dropped out at the press, in the line before us, and that our author wrote:

Must by the hungry *soldiers* now be fed on.

But

Bast. Bell, book, and candle [4] shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.
Eli. Farewel, gentle cousin.
K. John. Coz, farewel. [*Exit* Bast.
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*She takes* Arthur *aside.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love;
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time [5].
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:

But the interpretation above given renders any alteration unnecessary. MALONE.

The *hungry now* is *this hungry instant*. Shakspeare perhaps uses the word *now* as a substantive, in *Measure for Measure:*
" —— till this very *now*,
" When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how." STEEV.

4 *Bell, book, and candle* —] In an account of the Romish curse given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration. JOHNSON.

In Archbishop Winchelsea's sentences of excommunication, anno 1298, (see Johnson's *Ecclesiastical Laws*, Vol. II.) it is directed that the sentence against infringers of certain articles should be "—throughout explained *in order in English*, with *bells tolling*, and *candles lighted*, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity, than to the effect of such sentence." REED.

5 — *with some better* time.] The old copy reads—*tune*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The same mistake has happened in *Twelfth Night*. See that play, p. 40, n. 1. In *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. ult. we have—" This *time* goes manly," instead of—" This *tune* goes manly." MALONE.

In the handwriting of Shakspeare's age, the words *time* and *tune* are scarcely to be distinguished from each other. STEEVENS.

But

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But let it go:
The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds[6],
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night[7];

If

[6] —*full of* gawds,] *Gawds* are any showy ornaments. STEEVENS.

[7] *Sound* one *unto the drowsy race of night*;] The word *one* is here, as in many other passages in these plays, written *on* in the old copy. Mr. Theobald made the correction. He likewise substituted *unto* for *into*, the reading of the original copy; a change that requires no support. In Chaucer and other old writers *one* is usually written *on*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's Glossary to the *Canterbury Tales*. So *once* was anciently written *ons*. And it should seem from a quibbling passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, that *one*, in some counties at least, was pronounced in our author's time as if written *on*. See Vol. I. p. 122, n. 5. Hence the transcriber's ear might have easily deceived him.—One of the persons whom I employed to read aloud to me each sheet of the present work before it was printed off, constantly sounded the word *one* in this manner. He was a native of Herefordshire.

The instances that are found in the original editions of our author's plays, in which *on* is printed instead of *one*, are so numerous, that there cannot, in my apprehension, be the smallest doubt that *one* is the true reading in the line before us. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, edit. 1623, p. 15:

"——— This double worship,—
"Where *on* part does disdain with cause, the other
"Insult without all reason."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, 1623, p. 380:

"——— perchance he spoke not; but,
"Like a full-acorn'd boar, a Jarmen *on*," &c.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1623, p. 66:

"And thou, and Romeo, press *on* heavie bier."

Again, in *the Comedy of the Errors*, 1623, p. 94:

"*On*, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel."

Again, in *All's Well that ends well*, 1623, p. 240: "A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner,—but *on* that lies three thirds," &c. Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, quarto, 1598:

"*On*, whom the musick of his own vain tongue—."

Again, *ibid*. edit. 1623, p. 133:

"*On*, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes."

The

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that ideot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone[8],
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despight of brooded watchful day[9],
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:

But

The same spelling is found in many other books. So, in Holland's *Suetonius*, 1606, p. 14: "—he caught from *on* of them a trumpet," &c.

I should not have produced so many passages to prove a fact of which no one can be ignorant, who has the *slightest knowledge* of the early editions of these plays, or of our old writers, had not the author of *Remarks*, &c. *on the last edition of Shakspeare*, asserted, with that *modesty and accuracy* by which his pamphlet is distinguished, that the observation contained in the former part of this note was made by one totally unacquainted with the old copies, and that "it would be difficult to find a *single instance*" in which *on* and *one* are confounded in those copies.

Mr. Steevens justly observes, that "the repeated strokes have less of solemnity than the single notice, as they take from the horror and awful silence here described as so propitious to the dreadful purposes of the king. Though (he adds) the hour of *one* be not the natural midnight, it is yet the most solemn moment of the poetical one, and Shakspeare himself has chosen to introduce his ghost in *Hamlet*,

"The bell then beating *one*—." MALONE.

8 —*using* conceit *alone*,] *Conceit* here, as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought. So, in *King Richard III*:

"There's some *conceit* or other likes him well,
"When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit."

MALONE.

9 — *in despight of* brooded *watchful day*,] *Brooded*, I apprehend, is here used, with our author's usual licence, for *brooding*; i. e. day, who is as vigilant, as ready with open eye to mark what is done in his presence, as an animal at brood. For the hint of this interpretation I am

But, ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.
K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:

am indebted to Mr. Steevens. Shakspeare appears to have been so fond of domestick and familiar images, that one cannot help being surprized that Mr. Pope in revising these plays should have gained so little knowledge of his manner, as to suppose any corruption here in the text. He however, instead of *brooded*, substituted *broad-ey'd*, a more poetical epithet perhaps, but certainly an unnecessary emendation; though it has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. Had this alteration been made by Theobald, and had Pope been better acquainted with our author's manner and the language of his time, such a change would have afforded him an abundant topick for merriment; for it is very similar to many of those which he has introduced, by way of ridicule on all *restorers* and annotators, in his VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS: "—pronusque *magis* ter," for pronusque *magister*;" "et *brevè* ter *Trojæ*," for "breviter *Trojæ*—"; "*Infantum* regina," instead of "*Infandum* regina," &c. MALONE.

All animals while *brooded*, i. e. *with a brood of young under their protection*, are remarkably vigilant. The king says of Hamlet,

"——— something's in his soul,
"O'er which his melancholy sits at *brood*." STEEVENS.

Remember [1].—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin, go [2]:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. The French *King's Tent.*

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado [3] of convicted sail [4]
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France?

[1] *Remember.*—] This is one of the scenes to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection, and time itself can substract nothing from its beauties. STEEVENS.

[2] *For England, cousin, go.*] King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his Chamberlain; from whence he was afterwards removed to *Rouen*, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death. MALONE.

[3] *A whole* armado—] *Armado* is a Spanish word signifying a *fleet of war.* The *armado* in 1588 was called so by way of distinction. STEEVENS.

[4] —*of* convicted *sail*—] Overpowered, baffled, destroyed. To *convict* and to *convince* were in our author's time synonymous. See Minsheu's DICT. 1617: "To *convict*, or convince, a lat. *convictus*, overcome." So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— their malady *convinces*
"The great assay of art."

Mr. Pope, who ejected from the text almost every word that he did not understand, reads—*collected* sail; and the change was too hastily adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Lew.

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause [5],
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath [6]:—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel [7], all redress,

5 — *in so fierce a* cause,] A *fierce cause* is a cause conducted with precipitation. "*Fierce* wretchedness," in *Timon*, is, *hasty, sudden misery*. STEEVENS.

6 ——— *a* grave *unto a soul*;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison *of afflicted* breath:] I think we should read—*earth*. The passage seems to have been copied from Sr Thomas More: "If the *body* be to the *soule* a *prison*, how strait a prison maketh he the body, that stuffeth it with *riff-raff*, that the soul can have no room to stirre itself—but is, as it were, enclosed not in a prison, but in a *grave*." FARMER.

There is surely no need of change. "The vile prison of afflicted breath," is the body, the prison in which the *distressed soul* is confined. So, in a subsequent scene, John speaking of himself says,
"Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
"This kingdom, this *confine* of blood and *breath*,—".
Here the body is called the *confine* of *breath*, as in the text it is called the *prison* of breath. Again:
"If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
"Be guilty of the stealing that sweet *breath*
"Which was *embounded* in this beauteous clay;" &c. MALONE.

Perhaps the old reading is justifiable. So, in *Measure for Measure*:
"To be *imprison'd* in the viewless *winds*." STEEVENS.

7 *No, I* defy, &c.] To *defy* anciently signified to *refuse*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"I do *defy* thy commiseration." STEEVENS.

But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy détestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy houshold worms;
And stop this gap of breath [8] with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love [9],
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouze from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation [1].

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy [2] to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:

8 —*this* gap of breath—] The *gap of breath* is the mouth; the outlet from whence the breath issues. MALONE.

9 *Misery's* love, &c.] Thou, death, who art *courted* by *Misery* to come to his relief, O come to me. So before:

"Thou *hate* and terror to *prosperity*." MALONE.

1 —modern *invocation*.] It is hard to say what Shakspeare means by *modern*: it is not opposed to *ancient*. In *All's Well that ends well*, speaking of a girl in contempt, he uses this word: "her *modern* grace." It apparently means something *slight* and *inconsiderable*. JOHNSON.

Modern, I believe, is *trite, common*. So, in *As you like it*:

"Full of wise saws and *modern* instances." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 471, n. 9. MALONE.

2 *Thou art* not *holy*—] The word *not*, which is not in the old copy, (evidently omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber, or compositor,) was inserted in the fourth folio. MALONE.

I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I ſhould forget myſelf:
O, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!—
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf:
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up thoſe treſſes [3]: O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs!
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thouſand wiry friends [4]
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief;
Like true, inſeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Conſt. To England, if you will [5].

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Conſt. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cry'd aloud,
O that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſon,
As they have given theſe hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,

[3] *Bind up thoſe treſſes:*] It was neceſſary that Conſtance ſhould be interrupted, becauſe a paſſion ſo violent cannot be borne long. I wiſh the following ſpeeches had been equally happy; but they only ſerve to ſhew, how difficult it is to maintain the pathetick long. JOHNSON.

[4] —*wiry* friends] The old copy reads—*wiry* fiends. STEEVENS. Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

[5] *To England, if you will.*] Neither the French king, nor Pandulph, has ſaid a word of England, ſince the entry of Conſtance. Perhaps therefore, in deſpair, ſhe means to addreſs the abſent King John: "Take my ſon to England, if you will;"—now that he is in your power, I have no proſpect of ſeeing him again. It is therefore of no conſequence to me where he is. MALONE.

Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire[6],
There was not such a gracious creature born[7].
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child[8],
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;

6 — *but yesterday* suspire,] To *suspire* in Shakspeare, I believe, only means to *breathe*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
"Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down
"Perforce must move." STEEVENS.

7 — *a* gracious *creature born*] *Gracious*, in this instance, as in some others, signifies *graceful*. So, in *Albion's Triumph*, a Masque, 1631: "— they stood about him, not in set ranks, but in several *gracious* postures." STEEVENS.

A passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604, induces me to think that *gracious* likewise in our author's time included the idea of *beauty*: "— he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, spright'ning of eyes,— seeking of skinnes, blushing of cheeks,—blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an ould lady *gracious* by torch light." See also Vol. II. p. 273, n. 3. MALONE.

8 *Grief fills the room up of my absent child*,]
"Perfruitur lachrymis, et amat *pro conjuge luctum*."
Lucan. lib. ix.

Maynard, a French poet, has the same thought:
"Qui me console, excite ma colere,
"Et le repos est un bien que je crains:
"Mon dëuil me plaît, et me doit toujours plaire,
"*Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains*." MALONE.

Puts

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do[9].—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dress.*
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

Lew. There's nothing in this world, can make me joy[1]:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale[2],
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet word's taste[3],
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

9 —*had you such a loss as I,*
I could give better comfort than you do.] This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness. JOHNSON.

1 *There's nothing in this world,* &c.] The young prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years; and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride? JOHNSON.

2 *Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,*] Our author, here and in another play, seems to have had the 90th Psalm in his thoughts: "For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring *our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.*" So again, in *Macbeth*;

"Life's but a walking shadow;—
"————— it is a tale
"Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
"Signifying nothing." MALONE.

3 —*the sweet* word's *taste,*] The *sweet word* is *life*; which, says the speaker, is no longer sweet, yielding now nothing but shame and bitterness. Mr. Pope, with some plausibility, but certainly without necessity, reads—the sweet *world's* taste. MALONE.

Even in the inftant of repair and health,
The fit is ftrongeft; evils, that take leave,
On their departure moft of all fhew evil:
What have you loft by lofing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happinefs.
Pan. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men moft good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis ftrange, to think how much king John hath loft
In this which he accounts fo clearly won:
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prifoner?
Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me fpeak, with a prophetick fpirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to fpeak
Shall blow each duft, each ftraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which fhall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath feiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The mifplac'd John fhould entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of reft:
A fcepter, fnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muft be as boift'roufly maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that ftands upon a flippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ftay him up:
That John may ftand, then Arthur needs muft fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but fo.
Lew. But what fhall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lew. And lofe it, life and all, as Arthur did.
Pand. How green you are, and frefh in this old world!
John lays you plots[4]; the times confpire with you:
For he, that fteeps his fafety in true blood[5],

4 *John lays you plots*] That is, lays plots, which muft be ferviceable to you. Perhaps our author wrote—*your* plots. John is doing your bufinefs. MALONE.
5 —*true blood,*] The blood of him that has the *juft* claim. JOHNSON.

Shall

Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature[6], no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call[7]
To train ten thousand English to their side;

[6] *No scape of nature,*] The old copy reads:—No *scope*, &c. STEEVENS.

It was corrected by Mr. Pope. The word *abortives* in the latter part of this speech, referring apparently to these *scapes of nature*, confirms the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

The author very finely calls a *monstrous birth* an *escape of nature*. As if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent on some other thing. WARBURTON.

[7] —*they would be as a* call—] The image is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net, by his note or *call*. MALONE.

Or,

Or, as a little snow[8], tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions[9]: Let us go;
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Northampton[1]. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT, *and two* Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1. *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—
[*Exeunt* Attendants.

[8] *Or, as a little snow,*] Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII.* speaking of Simnel's march, observes, that "their *snow ball* did not gather as it went." JOHNSON.

[9] — strange *actions:*] Thus the old copy. The editor of the second folio for *strange* substituted *strong*; and the two words so nearly resemble each other that they might certainly have been easily confounded. But in the present instance I see no reason for departing from the reading of the original copy; which is perfectly intelligible. MALONE.

[1] Northampton.] The fact is, as has been already stated, that Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen in Normandy, where he was put to death.—Our author has deviated in this particular from the history, and brought King John's nephew to England; but there is no circumstance, either in the original play, or in this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which he is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned in some modern editions as the place, merely because in the first act King John seems to have been in that town. In the old copy there is no where any notice of place. MALONE.

Young

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad, but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night[2],
Only for wantonness. By my christendom[3],
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

[2] *Young gentlemen, &c.*] It should seem that this affectation had found its way into England, as it is ridiculed by Ben Jonson in the character of Master Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*, 1601. Again in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592: "*Melancholy!* is *melancholy* a word for a barber's mouth? Thou should'st say, heavy, dull, and doltish; *melancholy* is the crest of *courtiers*, and now every base companion, &c. says he is *melancholy*." STEEVENS.

I doubt whether our author had any authority for attributing this species of affectation to the French. He generally ascribes the manners of England to all other countries. MALONE.

[3] *By my* christendom,] This word is used both here and in *All's Well that ends well*, for *baptism*, or rather *the baptismal name:* nor is this use of the word peculiar to our author. Lilly, his predecessor, has employed the word in the same way: "Concerning the body, as there is no gentlewoman so curious to have him in print, so there is no one so careless to have him a wretch,—only his right shape to shew him a man, his *christendome* to prove his faith." *Euphues and his England*, 1581. See also Vol. III. p. 363, n. 6. MALONE.

Therefore

Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*

Arth. Are you ſick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In ſooth, I would you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*ſhewing a paper.*] How now, fooliſh rheum! [*Aſide.*
Turning diſpiteous torture out of door!
I muſt be brief; leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womaniſh tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for ſo foul effect:
Muſt you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I muſt.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me,)
And I did never aſk it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why, then you muſt.—Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot[4],
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench this firy indignation[5],
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's[6].
Hub. Come forth. [*stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, *with cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you.
Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

4 —*though* heat *red-hot,*] The participle *heat,* though now obsolete, was in use in our author's time. See *Twelfth Night,* p. 51, n. 6.
So, in the sacred writings: "He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat.*" *Dan.* ch. iii. v. 19. MALONE.

5 —*and quench this* firy indignation,] As the iron is not yet produced, perhaps our author wrote—*his* firy indignation. By *this* firy indignation, however, he might mean,—the indignation *thus* produced by the iron being made red-hot for such an inhuman purpose. MALONE.
These last words are taken from the Bible. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, we read—"a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and *fiery indignation.*" WHALLEY.

6 *I would not have believ'd him*; no tongue but Hubert's.] Shakspeare very probably meant this line to have been broken off imperfectly; thus:
I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but Hubert's—
The old reading is, however, sense. STEEVENS.

Nor

Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1. *Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt* Atrendants.

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a moth in yours[7],
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue[8],
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

7 —*a* moth *in yours.*] Surely we should read—a *mote*. Our author, who has borrowed so much from the sacred writings, without doubt remembered,—"And why beholdest thou the *mote* that is in thy brother's *eye*," &c. Matth. c. vii. v. 3. So, in *Hamlet:*

"A *mote* it is, to *trouble* the mind's *eye*."

A *mote* is a small particle of straw or chaff. It is likewise used by old writers for an *atom*. MALONE.

8 *Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,*] This is according to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us.

JOHNSON.

Arth.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief[9],
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal[1];
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live[2]; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but your are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,

9 — *the fire is dead with grief*, &c.] The sense is: *the fire*, being *created* not to hurt, but *to comfort*, is *dead with grief for* finding itself *used* in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have *not deserved*. JOHNSON.

1 *There is no malice in this burning coal*;] Dr. Grey says, "that *no malice in a burning coal* is certainly absurd, and that we should read:

"*There is no malice burning in this coal.*" STEEVENS.

Dr. Grey's remark in this passage is an hyper-criticism. The coal was still burning, for Hubert says, "he could revive it with his breath:" but it had lost for a time its power of injuring by the abatement of its heat. MASON.

2 — see *to live*;] The meaning is not, I believe,—keep your eye-sight, that you may live (for he might have lived though blind). The words, agreeably to a common idiom of our language, mean, I conceive, no more than *live*. MALONE.

That

That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me[3];
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, *crown'd;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords. The king takes his state.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd*,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous[4]: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title[5] that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

3 *Go* closely *in with me;*] i. e. secretly, privately. So, in the *Atheist's Tragedy*, 1612, Act IV. sc. i. "Enter Frisco *closely*.—Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's *Parallel*: "—that when he was free from restraint, he should *closely* take out a lodging at Greenwich." REED.

* *—once* again*—*] Old Copy—*against*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

4 *This once again,—was once superfluous;*] *This one time more was one time more than enough.* JOHNSON.

John's second coronation was at Canterbury in the year 1201. He was crowned a third time at the same place, after the murder of his nephew, in April 1202; probably with a view of confirming his title to the throne, his competitor no longer standing in his way. MALONE.

5 *To* guard *a title—*] To *guard*, is to *fringe*. JOHNSON.

Rather, to ornament with a border, or lace. See Vol. II. p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

To

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told[6];
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness[7]:
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault[8],
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To over-bear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would[9],

[6] —*an ancient tale new told*;] We have already had this allusion in a former scene. See p. 519, n. 2. MALONE.

[7] *When workmen strive to do better than well,*
They do confound their skill in covetousness:] So, in our author's 103d Sonnet:
"Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
"To mar the subject that before was well?"
Again, in *King Lear*:
"Striving to better, oft we mar what's well." MALONE.

—*in* covetousness:] i. e. Not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling; as in *King Henry V.*
"But if it be a sin to *covet honour*,
"I am the most offending soul alive." THEOBALD.

[8] —*in hiding of the* fault,] *Fault* means *blemish*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Since all and every part of what we would*,] Since the whole and each particular part of our wishes, &c. MALONE.

Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear[1])
I shall indue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes[2] of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears[3] (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise[4]?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,

[1] —(*when lesser is my fear*)] The old copy reads—*then* lesser. Corrected by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

[2] *To sound the purposes,*—] To *declare*, to *publish* the desires of all those. JOHNSON.

[3] *Why then your fears*, &c.] The construction is, If you have a good title to what you now quietly possess, why then *should your* fears move you, &c. MALONE.

[4] —*good exercise:*] In the middle ages the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, *&c.* These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where else; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

Counts

Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspéct of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience [5],
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set [6]:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks [7], I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead;
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

[5] *Between his purpose and his conscience,*] Between the criminal act that he *planned* and commanded to be executed, and the reproaches of his conscience consequent on the execution of it. So, in the next scene:

"It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
"The practice, and the *purpose*, of the king."

We have nearly the same expressions afterwards:

"Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, [in John's own person]
"Hostility, and civil tumult, reigns
"*Between my conscience and my cousin's death.*" MALONE.

[6] *Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles* set:] But heralds are not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle; though they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party, to propose terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventured to read—*sent*. THEOBALD.

Set is not *fixed*, but only *placed*; heralds must be *set* between battles in order to be *sent* between them. JOHNSON.

[7] *And, when it breaks,*] This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an impostumated tumour. JOHNSON.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick:
This muſt be anſwer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis ſhame,
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſsly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and ſo farewel.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Saliſbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt* Lords.

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent:
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Meſſenger.

A fearful eye thou haſt; Where is that blood,
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Meſ. From France to England [8].—Never ſuch a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land!
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them;
For, when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept [9]? Where is my mother's care;

[8] *From France to England.*—] The king aſks *how all goes in France*; the meſſenger catches the word *goes*, and anſwers, that *whatever* is in France *goes* now *into* England. JOHNSON.

[9] *O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?*
Where hath it ſlept?] So, in *Macbeth*:
"—— Was the hope *drunk*
"Wherein you dreſs'd yourſelf? hath it *ſlept* ſince?" MALONE.

That

That ſuch an army could be drawn in France,
And ſhe not hear of it?

Meſ. My liege, her ear
Is ſtopp'd with duſt; the firſt of April, dy'd
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Conſtance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or falſe, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in France[1]!—
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?

Meſ. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the BASTARD, *and* Peter *of* Pomfret.

K. John. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings.—Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Baſt. But, if you be afeard to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.

Baſt. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſy'd;
Poſſeſs'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:

[1] *How wildly then* walks *my eſtate in France!*—] i. e. How ill my affairs *go* in France!—The verb, to *walk*, is uſed with great licence by old writers. It often means to *go*; to *move*. So, in the *Continuation* of Harding's *Chronicle*, 1543: "Evil words *walke* far." Again, in Fenner's *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1618: "The keeper, admiring he could not hear his priſoner's tongue *walk* all this while," &c. MALONE.

And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he ſung, in rude harſh-ſounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Aſcenſion-day at noon,
Your highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſay ſo?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out ſo.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; impriſon him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he ſays,
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to ſafety [2], and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.—O my gentle couſin,
[*Exit* HUBERT, *with* Peter.
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Baſt. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Saliſbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they ſay *, is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. John. Gentle kinſman, go,
And thruſt thyſelf into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Baſt. I will ſeek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haſte; the better foot before.—
O, let me have no ſubject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion!—
Be Mercury, ſet feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Baſt. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed.
[*Exit.*

[2] *Deliver him to ſafety,*] That is, *Give him into ſafe cuſtody.* JOHNSON.

* —who, *they ſay,*] Old Copy—*whom.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

K. John.

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mes. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night [2]:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet [3],)

Told

[2] —*five moons were seen to-night:* &c.] This incident is mentioned in the old *King John.* STEEVENS.

[3] — *slippers, (which his nimble haste*
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)] Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the the disorder which he describes. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson forgets that ancient *slippers* might possibly be very different from modern ones. Scott in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* tells us: "He that receiveth a mischance, will consider, whether he put not on his shirt the wrong side outwards, or his *left shoe* on his *righ foot.*"

Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord[4]! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings[5], to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant

One of the jests of Scogan by Andrew Borde, is how he defrauded two shoemakers, one of a *right foot* boot, and the other of a *left foot* one. FARMER.

Barrett in his *Alvearie*, 1580, as an instance of the word *wrong*, says: "—to put on his *shooes wrong*." Again, in *A merye Jest of a Man that was called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date: "Howleglas had cut all the lether for the *lefte foote*. Then when his master sawe all his lether cut for the *lefte foote*, then asked he Howleglas if there belonged not to the *lefte foote* a *right foote*. Then sayd Howleglas to his maister, If that he had tolde that to me before, I would have cut them; but an it please you I shall cut as mani *right shoone* unto them." STEEVENS.

See the *Philosophical Transactions abridged*, Vol. III. p. 432, and Vol. VII. p. 23, where are exhibited shoes and sandals shaped to the feet, spreading more to the outside than the inside. TOLLET.

So, in Holland's translation of *Suetonius*, 1606: "—if in a morning his shoes were put one [r. *on*] wrong, and namely *the left for the right*, he held it unlucky." Our author himself also furnishes an authority to the same point. Speed in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* speaks of a *left* shoe.—It should be remembered that tailors generally work barefooted: a circumstance which Shakspeare probably had in his thoughts when he wrote this passage. I believe the word *contrary* in his time was frequently accented on the second syllable, and that it was intended to be so accented here. So Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*:

"That with the wind *contráry* courses sew." MALONE.

4 Had none, *my lord!*] Old copy—*No had*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

5 *It is the curse of kings*, &c.] This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary queen of Scots. WARBURTON.

It is extremely probable that our author meant to pay his court to Elizabeth by this covert apology for her conduct to Mary. The queen of Scots was beheaded in 1587, some years, I believe, before he had produced any play on the stage. MALONE.

To

To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted [6], and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head [7], or made a pause,

[6] *Quoted,*—] i. e. observed, distinguish'd. So, in *Hamlet*:
"I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him." STEEVENS.
See Vol. II. p. 378, n. 6. MALONE.

[7] *Hadst thou but shook thy head,* &c.] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis,* from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale* in *express* words, would have *struck him dumb*: nothing is more certain, than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges. JOHNSON.

When

When I spake darkly what I purpos'd;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid[8] me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought[9],
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,

[8] And *bid*—] The old copy reads—*As* bid—. For the present emendation I am answerable. Mr. Pope reads—*Or* bid me, &c. but *As* is very unlikely to have been printed for *Or*. MALONE.

[9] *The dreadful motion of a* murd'rous *thought*,] Nothing can be falser than what Hubert here says in his own vindication; for we find, from a preceding scene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him*, and that very deeply: and it was with difficulty that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and suppressed it. WARBURTON.

And

And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I cónjure thee but slowly; run more fast[6]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR *on the walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down[7]:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay. [*leaps down.*

[6] The old play is divided into two parts, the first of which concludes with the king's dispatch of Hubert on this message; the second begins with "Enter Arthur, &c." as in the following scene. STEEVENS.

[7] *The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:*—] Our author has here followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life, is not ascertained. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *evanuit*; and indeed as King Philip afterwards publickly accused King John of putting his nephew to death, without mentioning either the manner of it or his accomplices, we may conclude that it was conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians however say, that John coming in a boat, during the night-time, to the castle at Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, while supplicating for mercy, the king fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned. MALONE.

O me!

O me! my uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:—
Heaven take my ſoul, and England keep my bones! [*dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at ſaint Edmund's-bury;
It is our ſafety, and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whoſe private with me [8], of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than theſe lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then ſet forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet [9].

Enter the BASTARD.

Baſt. Once more to-day well met, diſtemper'd lords!
The king, by me, requeſts your preſence ſtraight.

Sal. The king hath diſpoſſeſs'd himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin beſtained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:
Return, and tell him ſo; we know the worſt.

Baſt. What e'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.

[8] *Whoſe* private, &c.] i. e. whoſe private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cauſe, is much more ample than the letters. POPE.

[9] —or e'er *we meet.*] This phraſe, ſo frequent in our old writers, is not well underſtood. *Or* is here the ſame as *ere*, i. e. *before*. The addition of *ever*, or *e'er*, is merely augmentative.

That *or* has the full ſenſe of *before*, and that *e'er* when joined with it is merely augmentative, is proved from innumerable paſſages in our ancient writers, wherein *or* occurs ſimply without *e'er*, and muſt bear that ſignification. Thus, in the old tragedy of *Maſter Arden of Feverſham*, 1599, quarto, (attributed by ſome, though falſely, to Shakſpeare) the wife ſays,

"He ſhall be murdered *or* the gueſts come in." Sig. H. 3.
PERCY.

Again, in *Every Man*, a *Morality*, no date:
"As, *or* we departe, thou ſhalt know."
Again, in the interlude of the *Diſobedient Child*, bl. l. no date:
"To ſend for victuals *or* I came away." STEEVENS.

Sal.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now[1].
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.
Pemb. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else[2].
Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?
[*Seeing* ARTHUR.
Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld[3],
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
What you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times[4];

[1] —reason now.] To *reason*, in Shakspeare, is not so often to *argue*, as to *talk*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Coriolanus*:
"—— *reason* with the fellow,
"Before you punish him." STEEVENS.

[2] —*no* man *else*.] Old Copy—no *man's*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[3] Have you *beheld*,—] Old Copy—*You have*, &c. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

[4] —sin *of* times;] That is, of all future times. So, in *K. Henry V.*
"By custom and the ordinance of *times*.
Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors more elegantly read—*sins* of *time*; but the peculiarities of Shakspeare's diction ought, in my apprehension, to be faithfully preserved. MALONE.

And

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world[5],
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge[6].

Pemb.

5 *—a holy vow;*
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,] This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. JOHNSON.

6 *Till I have set a glory to this* hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.] The *worship* is the *dignity*, the *honour*. We still say *worshipful* of *magistrates*. JOHNSON.

I think it should be—*a glory to this* head;—pointing to the dead prince, and using the word *worship* in its common acceptation. *A glory* is a frequent term:

"Round a quaker's beaver cast a *glory*,"

says Mr. Pope: the solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. The late Mr. Gray was much pleased with this correction. FARMER.

The old reading seems right to me, and means,—'*till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul a deed. Glory* means *splendor* and magnificence in St. Matthew, vi. 29. A thought, almost similar to the present, occurs in Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, who, Act IV. sc. iv. says to Cethegus: "When we meet again we'll sacrifice to liberty. *Cet.* And revenge. That we may praise our hands once!" i. e. O! that we may set a *glory*, or procure honour and praise, to our *hands*, which are the instruments of action. TOLLET.

I think the old reading the true one. In the next act we have the following lines:

"—— I will

Pemb. Big. Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte in ſeeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath ſent for you.
Sal. O, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the law? [*drawing his ſword.*
Baſt. Your ſword is bright, ſir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murderer's ſkin.
Hub. Stand back, lord Saliſbury, ſtand back, I ſay;
By heaven, I think, my ſword's as ſharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence [7];
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none [8]: Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lies.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Baſt. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, Faulconbridge.
Baſt. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Saliſbury:
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime;

"——— I will not return,
"Till my *attempt* ſo much be *glorify'd*
"As to my ample hope was promiſed." MALONE.

7 —*true defence*;] *Honeſt* defence, defence in a *good cauſe*. JOHNSON.

8 *Do not prove me ſo;*
Yet, I am none:] Do not make me a murderer by compelling me to kill you; I am *hitherto* not a murderer. JOHNSON.

Or-

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron [9],
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse [1] and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.
[*Exeunt* Lords.

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer [2]:

9 —*your toasting iron,*] The same thought is found in *K. Henry V.* "I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine *iron.* It is a simple one, but what though? it will *toast cheese.*" STEEVENS.

1 *Like rivers of* remorse—] *Remorse* here, as almost every where in these plays, and the contemporary books, signifies *pity.* MALONE.

2 *Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:*] So, in the old play:

"Hell, Hubert, trust me, all the plagues of hell
"Hangs on performance of this damned deed,
"This seal, the warrant of the body's bliss,
"Ensureth Satan chieftain of thy soul." MALONE.

There

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell[3]
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair.
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug, and scamble[4], and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest[5] of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,

[3] *There is not yet*, &c.] I remember once to have met with a book, printed in the time of Henry VIII. (which Shakspeare possibly might have seen) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world is exactly proportioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish between Belzebub and Judas Iscariot. STEEVENS.

[4] —*and* scamble,] i. e. *scramble*. See Vol. V. p. 452, n. 5. MALONE.

[5] *The un*owed *interest*—] That is, the interest which is not at this moment legally *possessed* by any one, however rightfully entitled to it. On the death of Arthur, the *right* to the English crown devolved to his sister, Eleanor. MALONE.

Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and diſcontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a raven on a ſick-fallen beaſt)
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp[6].
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture[7] can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the king:
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief in hand,
And heaven itſelf doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown, and Attendants.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
Pand. Take again [*giving* John *the crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your ſovereign greatneſs and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our diſcontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of miſtemper'd humour

6 *The imminent decay of* wreſted pomp.] *Wreſted pomp is greatneſs obtained by violence.* JOHNSON.

Rather, greatneſs wreſted from its poſſeſſor. MALONE.

7 —*and* cincture—] The old copy reads—*center,* probably for *ceinture,* Fr. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Reſts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent medicine muſt be miniſter'd,
Or overthrow incurable enſues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the pope:
But, ſince you are a gentle convertite [8],
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war,
And make fair weather in your bluſtering land.
On this Aſcenſion-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Aſcenſion-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that, before Aſcenſion-day at noon,
My crown I ſhould give off? Even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe, it ſhould be on conſtraint;
But heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

8 — *a gentle* convertite,] A *convertite* is a *convert*. So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:
"*Gov.* Why, Barabas, wilt thou be chriſten'd?
"*Bar.* No, governour; I'll be no *convertite*." STEEVENS.

A *convertite* (a word often uſed by our old writers, where we ſhould now uſe *convert*,) ſignified either, one converted *to the faith*, or one reclaimed from wordly purſuits, and devoted to penitence and religion.

Mr. Maſon ſays, a *convertite* cannot mean a *convert*, becauſe the latter word "in the *language of the preſent times* means a perſon that changes from one religion to another." But the queſtion is, not what is the language of the preſent time, but what was the language of Shakſpeare's age. Marlowe uſes the word *convertite* exactly in the ſenſe now affixed to *convert*. John, who had in the former part of this play aſſerted in very ſtrong terms the ſupremacy of the king of England in all eccleſiaſtical matters, and told Pandulph that he had no reverence for "the Pope or his *uſurp'd* authority," having now made his peace with "*holy church*," and reſigned his crown to the Pope's repreſentative, is conſidered by the legate as one newly converted to the true faith, and very properly ſtyled by him a *convertite*. The ſame term, in the ſecond ſenſe above mentioned, is applied to the *uſurper*, Duke Frederick, in *As you like it*, on his having "put on a religious life, and thrown into neglect the pompous court:"

"——— out of theſe *convertites*
"There is much matter to be heard and learn'd." MALONE.

Enter the BASTARD.

Baſt. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover caſtle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Baſt. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets;
An empty caſket, where the jewel of life [9]
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Baſt. So, on my ſoul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world ſee fear, and ſad diſtruſt,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horrour: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution [1].
Away; and gliſter like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldneſs, and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den?
And fright him there; and make him tremble there?

9 *An empty* caſket, *where the* jewel *of life*—] The ſame kind of imagery is employed in *K. Richard II.*
"A *jewel* in a ten-times-barr'd-up *cheſt*
"Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt." MALONE.

1 —*and put on*
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"Let's briefly *put on manly readineſs,*
"And meet i' the hall together." MALONE.

O, let

O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run[2]
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread[3],
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe[4]. [*Exeunt.*

2 —*Forage, and run*—] To *forage* is here used in its original sense, for to *range abroad.* JOHNSON.

3 *Mocking the air with colours idly spread,*] He has the same image in *Macbeth*:

"*Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,*
"*And fan our people cold.*" JOHNSON.

From these two passages Mr. Gray seems to have formed the first stanza of his celebrated ode:

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
"Confusion on thy *banners* wait!
"Though *fann'd* by conquest's crimson wing
"They *mock the air* with *idle* state." MALONE.

4 *Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,*
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.] Faulconbridge means; for all their boasting I know very well that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its strength than theirs. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

A Plain near St. Edmund's-bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent[5] to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march[6]
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up

5 —the precedent—] i. e. the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords. STEEVENS.

6 —after a stranger *march*] Our author often uses *stranger* as an adjective. See the last scene; and Vol. II. p. 450, n. 1. MALONE.

Her

Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot [7] of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee [8] unto a pagan shore [9];
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly [1]!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought [2],
Between compulsion, and a brave respect [3]!

Let

[7] *Upon the* spot—] *Spot* is used here for *stain*. So, in a former passage:

"To look into the *spots* and stains of right." MALONE.

[8] *And* grapple *thee*, &c.] The old copy reads—*And* cripple *thee*, &c. Perhaps our author wrote *gripple*, a word used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, song 1:

"That thrusts his *gripple* hand into her golden maw." STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[9] —*unto a* pagan *shore*;] Our author seems to have been thinking on the wars carried on by Christian princes in the holy land against the Saracens; where the united armies of France and England might have laid their mutual animosities aside, and fought in the cause of Christ, instead of fighting against brethren and countrymen, as Salisbury and the other English noblemen who had joined the Dauphin, were about to do. MALONE.

[1] *And not* to *spend it so unneighbourly!*] This is one of many passages, in which Shakspeare concludes a sentence without attending to the manner in which the former part of it is constructed. See Vol. III. p. 356, n. 8. MALONE.

[2] —*hast* thou *fought*,] *Thou*, which appears to have been accidentally omitted by the transcriber or compositor, was inserted by the editor of the fourth folio. MALONE.

[3] *Between* compulsion, *and a brave respect!*] This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul[4],
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake[5]:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;

bury's opinion (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*,) could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country. WARBURTON.

4 *This* shower, blown up by tempest *of the soul*,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"This windy *tempest*, till it *blow up rain*,
"Held back his sorow's tide—." MALONE.

5 —*an angel spake:*] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton read here—*an angel* speeds. I think unnecessarily. The Dauphin does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him; but seeing him advance, and concluding that he comes to animate and authorize him with the power of the church, he cries out, *at the sight of this holy man, I am encouraged as* by the voice of an angel. JOHNSON.

Rather, *In what I have now said*, an angel spake; for see, the holy legate approaches, to give a warrant from *heaven*, and the name of *right* to our cause. MALONE.

And

And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.
Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.
Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,

Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns[6]?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorify'd
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these firy spirits from the world,
To out-look conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, *attended.*

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;

6 —*as I have* bank'd their towns?] *Bank'd their towns* may mean, thrown up entrenchments before their towns.

The old play of *King John*, however, leaves this interpretation extremely disputable. It appears from thence that these salutations were given to the Dauphin as he *sailed along the banks* of the river. This, I suppose, Shakspeare calls *banking* the towns.

" ——from the hollow holes of Thamesis
" Echo apace replied, *Vive le roy!*
" From thence along the wanton rolling glade,
" To Troynovant, your fair metropolis."

We still say to *coast* and to *flank*; and to *bank* has no less of propriety, though it is not reconciled to us by modern usage. STEEVENS.

For

For thus his royalty doth ſpeak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too[7], he ſhould:
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd maſque, and unadviſed revel,
This unhair'd ſawcineſs[8], and boyiſh troops,
The king doth ſmile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the ſtrength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch[9];
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells[1];
To crouch in litter of your ſtable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To hug with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill, and ſhake,

7 —*and reaſon* too,] Old Copy—*to*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

8 *This* unhair'd *ſawcineſs*,] The old copy reads—un*beard*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Hair* was formerly written *hear*. See p. 398, n. 2. Hence the miſtake might eaſily happen. Faulconbridge has already in this act exclaimed,

"—— Shall a *beardleſs* boy,
"A cocker'd ſilken wanton, brave our fields?"

So, in the fifth act of *Macbeth*, Lenox tells Cathneſs that the Engliſh army is near, in which he ſays, there are

"—— many *unrough* youths, that even now
"Proteſt their firſt of manhood."

Again, in *King Henry V.*:

"For who is he, whoſe chin is but enrich'd
"With one appearing *hair*, that will not follow
"Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?"

Another reading has been ſuggeſted—this *unair'd* (i. e. untravell'd) ſawcineſs: but the French troops, who were now in a foreign country, could not be called *untravelled*. MALONE.

9 —*take the hatch*;] To *take the hatch*, is to *leap the hatch*. To *take a hedge* or a *ditch* is the hunter's phraſe. STEEVENS.

So, in Maſſinger's *Fatal Dowry*, 1632:

"I look about and neigh, *take hedge* and ditch,
"Feed in my neighbour's paſtures." MALONE.

1 —*in* concealed *wells*;] I believe our author, with his accuſtomed licence, uſed *concealed* for *concealing*; wells that afforded *concealment* and protection to thoſe who took refuge there. MALONE.

Even

Even at the crying of your nation's crow *,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers [2],
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
Their neelds to lances [3], and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canst out-scold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;

* —*of* your *nation's crow*,] Mr. Pope, and some of the subsequent editors, read—*our* nation's crow; not observing, that the Bastard is speaking of John's atchievements in *France*. He likewise reads in the next line—*his* voice; but *this* voice, *the voice or caw of the French crow*, is sufficiently clear. MALONE.

2 —*like an eagle o'er his* aiery *towers*,] An *aiery* is the nest of an eagle. STEEVENS.

3 *Their* neelds *to lances*,] Here we should read—*neelds*, as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Have with our *neelds* created both one flower."

Fairfax has the same contraction of the word. STEEVENS.

In the old copy the word is contractedly written *needl's*, but it was certainly intended to be pronounced *neelds*, as it is frequently written in old English books. Many dissyllables are used by Shakspeare and other writers as monosyllables, as *whether*, *spirit*, &c. though they generally appear at length in the original editions of these plays. MALONE.

And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A field of battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd[4] three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard[5] but even now:

4 —*for the great* supply,—
Are *wreck'd*—] *Supply* is here and in a subsequent passage in Scene V. used as a noun of multitude. MALONE.

5 —*Richard*—] *Sir Richard Faulconbridge*;—and yet the king a little before (Act III. sc. ii.) calls him by his original name of *Philip*. STEEVENS.

The

The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Others.*

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.
Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spight of spight, alone upholds the day.
Pemb. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by soldiers.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pemb. It is the count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold[6];
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion[7],
And

6 —*you are* bought and sold;] This expression appears to have been proverbial; intimating that *foul play* has been used. I have met with it in many old English books, but cannot at present turn to the instances. It is again used in *K. Richard III.*

" Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,
" For Dickon, thy master, is *bought and sold.*" MALONE.

7 Unthread *the rude* eye *of rebellion,*] Shakspeare in *King Lear* uses the same expression, " *threading* dark-*ey'd* night." STEEVENS.

Some one, observing on this passage, has been idle enough to suppose that the *eye* of *rebellion* was used like the *eye* of the *mind*, &c. Shakspeare's metaphor is of a much humbler kind. He was evidently thinking of the *eye of a needle*. Undo (says Melun to the English nobles) what you have done; desert the rebellious project in which you have engaged. In *Coriolanus* we have a kindred expression;

" They would not *thread the gates.*"

Our

And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means [8] to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at saint Edmund's-bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax[9]
Resolveth [1] from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;

Our author is not always careful that the epithet which he applies to a figurative term should answer on both sides. *Rude* is applicable to *rebellion*, but not to *eye*. He means in fact,—the eye of rude rebellion. MALONE.

8 He *means* —] The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis, means, &c. See Melun's next speech: "If Lewis do win the day—." MALONE.

9 — *even as a form of wax*—] This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes that it was alledged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, "that they had devised *an image of wax*, representing the king, which by their sorcerie by little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person." STEEVENS.

1 Resolveth—] i. e. *dissolveth*. So, in *Hamlet*:
"Thaw, and *resolve* itself into a dew." MALONE.

Paying

Paying the fine of rated treachery [2],
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman [3],—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course [4],
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye [5].—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness [6], that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

[2] —*rated treachery,*] It were easy to change *rated*, to *bated*, for an easier meaning; but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine* which your lives must pay. JOHNSON.

[3] *For that my grandsire was an Englishman,*—] This line is taken from the old play, printed in quarto, in 1591. MALONE.

[4] *Leaving our* rankness *and irregular course,*] *Rank*, as applied to water, here signifies *exuberant, ready to overflow*: as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party, it signifies *inordinate*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Rain added to a *river* that is *rank*,
"Perforce will force it overflow the bank." MALONE.

[5] Right *in thine eye.*] *Right* signifies *immediate*. It is now obsolete. STEEVENS.

[6] —*happy newness,* &c.] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The same. The French *Camp.*

Enter LEWIS, *and his Train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set;
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd [7] backward their own ground
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tattering colours clearly up [8],
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here:—What news?
Mes. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,

7 *When the English measur'd*—] Old Copy—When *English measure*, &c. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

8 *And wound our* tattering *colours clearly up,*] *Tattering,* which in the spelling of our author's time was *tottering,* is used for *tatter'd.* The active and passive participles are employed by him very indiscriminately. MALONE.

It is remarkable through such old copies of our author as I have hitherto seen, that wherever the modern editors read *tatter'd,* the old editions give us *totter'd* in its room. Perhaps the present broad pronunciation, almost particular to the Scots, was at that time common to both nations.

So, in Marlowe's *K. Edward II.* 1598:
"This *tottered* ensign of my ancestors."
Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington,* 1601:
"I will not bid my ensign-bearer wave
"My *totter'd* colours in this worthless air." STEEVENS.

King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the BASTARD, *and* HUBERT, *meeting.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night[9],
Have

9 — *thou, and* eyeless *night,*] The old copy has—*endless* night. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. Dr. Warburton supports it by observing that Pindar calls the moon the *eye of night.* With Pindar our author had certainly no acquaintance; but, I believe, the correction is right. Shakspeare has, however, twice applied the epithet *endless* to *night*, in *K. Richard II.*

"Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
"To dwell in solemn shades of *endless* night."

Again:

"My oil-dry'd lamp—
"Shall be extinct with age and *endless* night."

But

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk [1]:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this [2].

Bast.

But in the latter of these passages a natural, and in the former, a kind of civil, *death*, is alluded to. In the present passage the epithet *endless* is inadmissible, because, if understood literally, it is false. On the other hand *eyeless* is peculiarly applicable. The emendation is also supported by our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Poor grooms are *sightless* night; kings, glorious day."

MALONE.

This epithet I find in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:

"O *eyeless* night, the portraiture of death!"

Again, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 102. b:

"The daie made ende, and *loste his sight*,
"And comen was the darke night,
"The whiche all the daies *eie blent*." STEEVENS.

1 *The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk*:] Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who relates it in his Chronicle, as a *report*. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. MALONE.

2 *—that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.*] That you might be able

Baſt. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out: the king
Yet ſpeaks, and, peradventure, may recover.
Baſt. Who didſt thou leave to tend his majeſty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords[3] are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majeſty.
Baſt. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide,
Theſe Lincoln waſhes have devoured them;
Myſelf, well-mounted, hardly have eſcap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinſtead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly[4]; and his pure brain
(Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoul's frail dwelling-houſe)

to prepare inſtantly for the ſudden revolution in affairs which the king's death will occaſion, in a better manner than you could have done, if you had not known of it till the event had actually happened, and the kingdom was reduced to a ſtate of compoſure and quiet. MALONE.

3 *Why, know you not? the lords,* &c.] Perhaps we ought to point thus:

Why know you not, the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company? MALONE.

4 *Is touch'd* corruptibly;] i. e. *corruptively.* Such was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"The Romans *plauſibly* did give conſent—."

i. e. with acclamations. Here we ſhould now ſay—*plauſively.* MALONE.

Doth,

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. His highneſs yet doth ſpeak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon which aſſaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he ſtill rage? [*Exit* Bigot.

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.

P. Hen. O vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extremes,
In their continuance[5], will not feel themſelves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them inviſible; and his ſiege is now
Againſt the mind[6], the which he pricks and wounds
With

5 *In their continuance,*] I ſuſpect our author wrote—In *thy* continuance. In his Sonnets the two words are frequently confounded. If the text be right, *continuance* means *continuity.* Bacon uſes the word in that ſenſe. MALONE.

6 *Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,*
Leaves them inviſible; *and his ſiege is now*
Againſt the mind,] *Inviſible* is here uſed adverbially. Death, having glutted himſelf with the ravage of the almoſt waſted body, and knowing that the diſeaſe with which he has aſſailed it is mortal, before its diſſolution, proceeds, from mere ſatiety, to attack the mind, leaving the body *inviſibly*; that is, in ſuch a ſecret manner that the eye cannot *preciſely* mark his progreſs, or ſee when his attack on the vital powers has ended, and that on the mind begins; or in other words, at what particular moment reaſon ceaſes to perform its function, and the underſtanding, *in conſequence of a corroding and mortal malady*, begins to be diſturbed.

Henry is here only purſuing the ſame train of thought which we find in his firſt ſpeech in the preſent ſcene.

Our author has in many other paſſages in his plays uſed adjectives adverbially. So, in *All's well that ends well:* "Was it not meant *damnable* in us," &c. Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: "—ten times more *diſhonourable* ragged than an old faced ancient." See Vol. III. p. 441, n. 2; and Vol. V. p. 234, n. 3, where many other inſtances of the ſame kind are cited.

Mr. Rowe reads—*her* ſiege—, an errour derived from the corruption
of

With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies;
Which, in their throng and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves [7]. 'Tis ſtrange, that death ſhould
ſing.—
I am the cygnet [8] to this pale faint ſwan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude [9].

of the ſecond folio. I ſuſpect, that this ſtrange miſtake was Mr. Gray's authority for making *Death* a female; in which, I believe, he has neither been preceded or followed by any poet:

"The painful family of *Death*,
"More hideous than their *queen*."

The old copy, in the paſſage before us, reads—Againſt the *wind*; an evident errour of the preſs, which was corrected by Mr. Pope, and which I ſhould ſcarcely have mentioned, but that it juſtifies an emendation made in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, (p. 45, n. 3.) where by a ſimilar miſtake the word *flawes* appears in the old copy inſtead of *flames*. MALONE.

7 *With many legions of ſtrange* fantaſies;
Which, in their throng *and* preſs *to that laſt hold*,
Confound themſelves.] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Much like a *preſs* of people at a door,
"*Throng* his *inventions*, which ſhall go before."

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"———— which forc'd ſuch way,
"That many maz'd *conſiderings did throng*,
"And *preſs* in, with this caution." MALONE.

—*in their* throng *and* preſs *to that laſt hold*,] In their tumult and hurry of reſorting to the laſt tenable part. JOHNSON.

8 *I am the* cygnet—] Old Copy—*Symet*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

9 *To ſet a form upon that indigeſt*
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.] A deſcription of the Chaos almoſt in the very words of Ovid:

Quem dixere Chaos; rudis indigeſtaque moles. *Met. I.* WHALLEY.

"Which Chaos hight, a huge *rude* heap,—:
"No ſunne as yet with lightſome beames the *ſhapeleſs* world did view." Golding's Tranſlation, 1587. MALONE.

Enter

Re-enter BIGOT, *and* Attendants, *who bring in King* JOHN *in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare[1];—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come[2],
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw[3];

1 *Poison'd;—ill* fare;] The word *fare* is here used as a dissyllable. So *fire*, *hour*, &c. MALONE.

2 This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Wife for a Month*, Act IV. STEEVENS.

3 *To thrust his icy fingers in my maw*; &c.] Decker, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, has the same thought: "—the morning waxing cold, *thrust his frosty fingers* into thy bosome."

Again, in a pamphlet entitled *The great Frost, Cold Doings in London*, 1608: "The cold hand of winter is thrust into our bosoms." STEEVENS.

The corresponding passage in the old play runs thus:
"Philip, some drink. O, for the frozen Alps
"To tumble on, and cool this inward heat,
"That rageth as a furnace seven-fold hot."

There is so strong a resemblance, not only in the thought, but in the expression, between the passage before us and the following lines in two of Marlowe's plays, that we may fairly suppose them to have been in our author's thoughts:
"O, I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep
"*Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast*,
"And made a frost within me." *Lust's Dominion.*

Again:
"O, poor Zabina, O my queen, my queen,
"Fetch me some *water* for my *burning breast*,
"To *cool* and *comfort* me with longer date." *Tamburlaine*, 1590.

Lust's Dominion, like many of the plays of that time, remained unpublished for a great number of years, and was first printed in 1657, by Francis Kirkman, a bookseller. It must however have been written before 1593, in which year Marlowe died. MALONE.

Nor

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſom; nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not aſk you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait,
And ſo ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The ſalt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poiſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Baſt. O, I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your majeſty.

K. John. O couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the ſhrouds [4], wherewith my life ſhould ſail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſee'ſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty [5].

Baſt. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows, how we ſhall anſwer him:
For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,

4 *And all the* ſhrouds,] Shakſpeare here uſes the word *ſhrouds* in its true ſenſe. The *ſhrouds* are the great ropes, which come from each ſide of the maſt. In modern poetry the word frequently ſignifies the ſails of a ſhip. MALONE.

5 *And* module *of confounded royalty.*] *Module* and *model*, it has been already obſerved, were in our author's time only different modes of ſpelling the ſame word. *Model* ſignified not an archetype after which ſomething was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype; and hence it is uſed by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries for a *repreſentation*. So, in *the London Prodigal*, 1605:

"Dear copy of my huſband! O let me kiſs thee! [*kiſſing a picture.*
"How like him is this *model*?"

See Vol. III, p. 443, n. 6. MALONE.

As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood [6]. [*The king dies.*
Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,

[6] *Were in the washes, all unwarily, &c.*] This untoward accident really happened to king John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost by an innundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia. MALONE.

Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you[7] thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs[8].—
This England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true[9]. [*Exeunt.*

7 — *that would give* you—] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 — *let us pay the time but needful woe,*
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—] Let us now indulge in sorrow, since there is abundant cause for it. England has been long a scene of confusion, and its calamities have anticipated our tears. By those which we now shed, we only *pay* her what is her due. MALONE.

9 — *Nought shall make us rue,*
If England to itself do rest but true.] This conclusion seems to have been formed on these two lines of the old play:
"*Let England live but true within itself,*
"And all the world can never wrong her state." MALONE.

The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

175

